Sinclair Gets the Glory Vote By Walter Davenport

October 27, 1934

Collier's

NRA CODE

THE N NA WEEKLY

ROBERT O REIN

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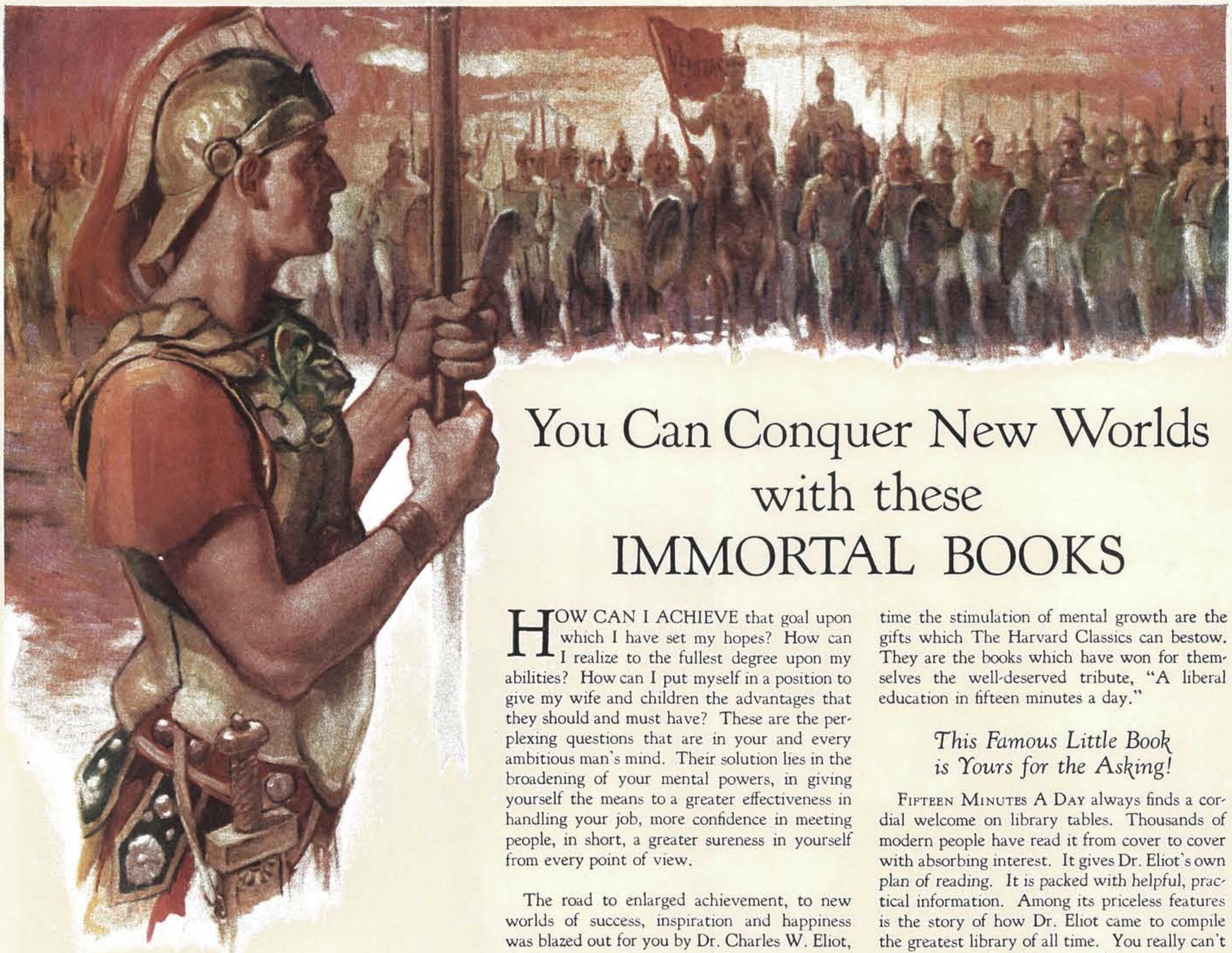

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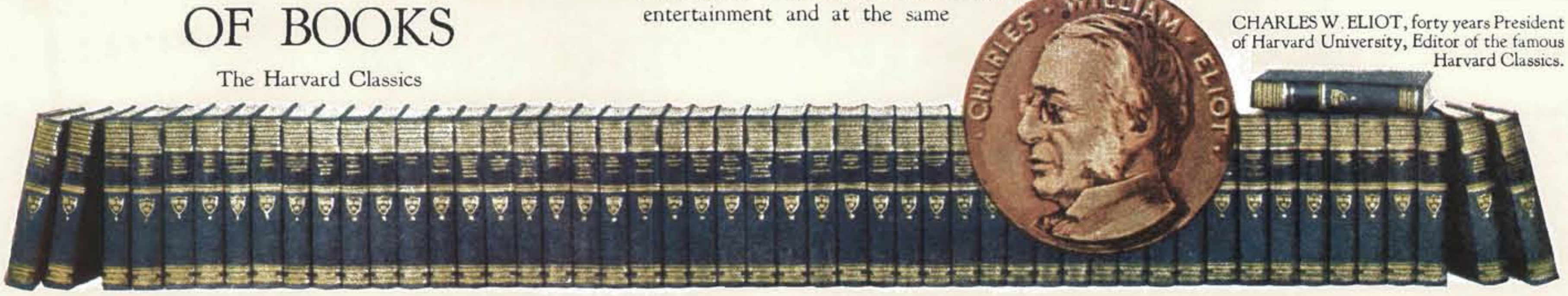

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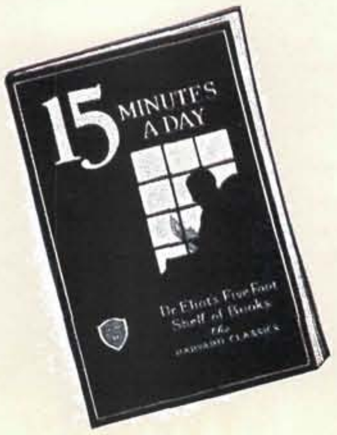
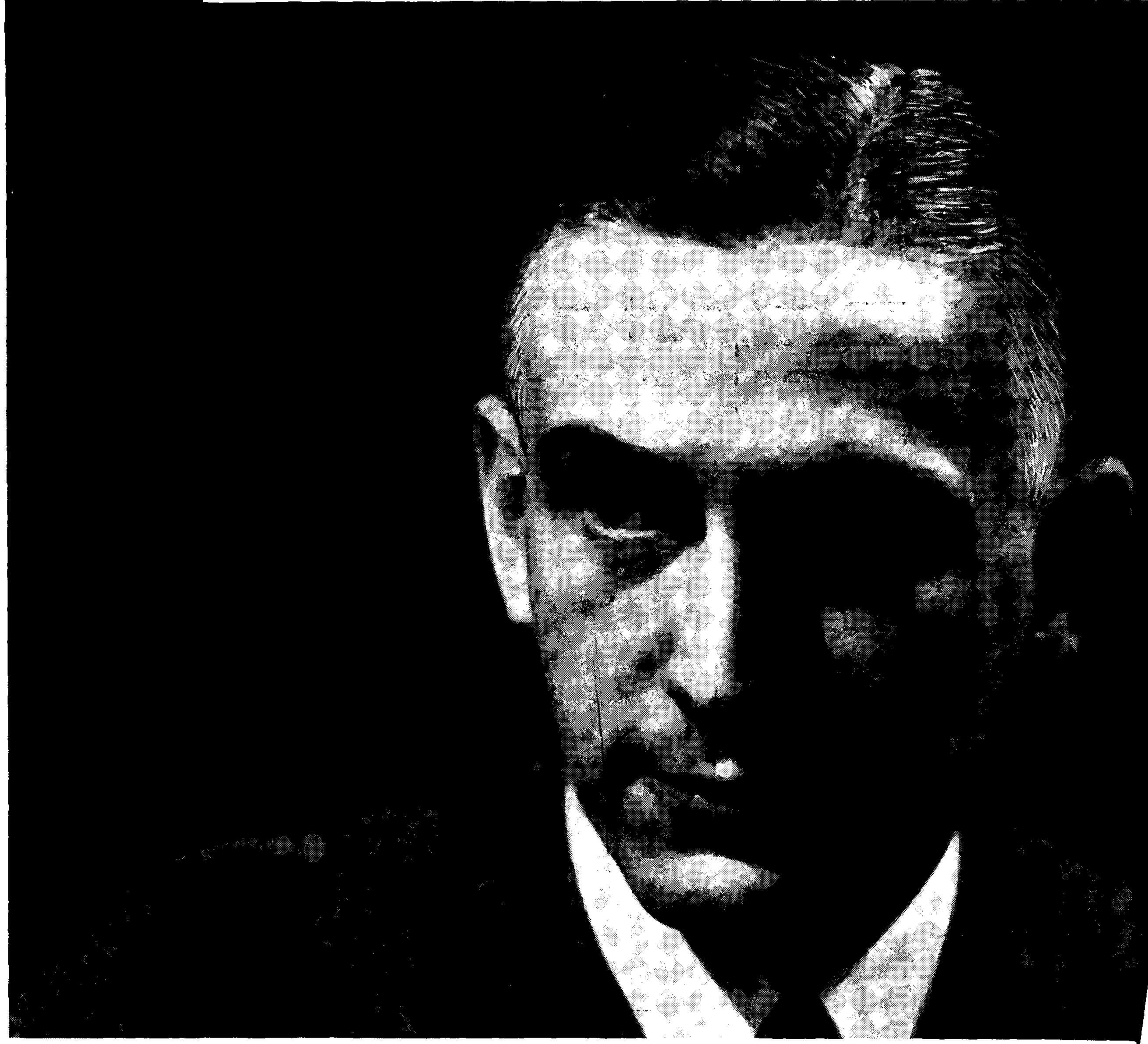


A Crack City Editor but he's a DENTAL CRIPPLE just the Same!



"PINK TOOTH BRUSH" STARTED IT ALL

This man knows more about what's going on in his city than the police and the politicians together. If he ever sleeps, it's with one eye open.

Yet he was fast asleep about "pink tooth brush." Active and alert and modern as he is, he must have heard about gum massage. And he did. But he never did anything about it.

It's his own fault that today he's a Dental Cripple. And that's a pretty high price to pay for ignoring "pink tooth brush."

Any dentist will tell you that our soft, modern foods and our national habit of hurried eating rob our gums of needed exercise. Naturally they grow sensitive and tender—and sooner or later that telltale "tinge of pink" appears. And, neglected, that "tinge of pink" is often the preliminary to gingivitis, Vincent's disease—even pyorrhea.

Follow modern dental advice. Fortify your tender gums—keep them firm and healthy—with Ipana Tooth Paste and massage. For Ipana is much more than a splendid cleansing agent.

Ipana contains ziratol, and this helps the massage to restore gums to health and vigor. Get a tube of Ipana today. Clean your teeth with it regularly. And every time massage a little extra Ipana into your gums. Follow this health habit and you'll have firmer gums and brighter teeth. And you won't have to worry about "pink tooth brush."

Professional Opinion says:

- *By a British scientist*
"The fault of present-day diets is the eating of too much soft, sloppy food, which compels no chewing."
- *From a recent dental work*
"It is absolutely imperative that the patient acquire the habit of daily brushing of the teeth, and along with this the practice of massaging the gums."
- *By an authority on dental health*
"One cannot help being enthusiastic when viewing the rapid improvement in the health of dental tissues under artificial stimulation (massage)."

TUNE IN THE "HOUR OF SMILES" AND HEAR THE IPANA TROUBADOURS EVERY WEDNESDAY EVENING—WEAF AND ASSOCIATED N.B.C. STATIONS

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TOOTH PASTE

GOOD FOR TENDER GUMS
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THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

Next Week

THEY'D been having a dry spell in Bushwhacker. Children three years old there had never seen it rain. Folks had to prime their mules to get them to sweat; and even then they didn't give off anything but a little steam. A man got reckless and tried to spit after sunup and choked to death on his own tongue.

It was just about then that the Brain-Truster showed up in Bushwhacker with a proposition to move everyone out of there. When it's dry, folks get their nerves frazzled and act mighty touchy. They didn't lynch that Brain-Truster, but it looked a mite ticklish there for a while. "One Time It Rained," by Frederick Hazlitt Brennan, gives you the particulars.

THERE are people still alive who can remember our national experiment with prohibition and what happened to it when enforcement failed. No one wants to see bootleggers abroad in the land again; but that's what we'll have if we don't look out — industrial bootleggers, who have nothing to do with booze. These are the gentry who see in the codes and regulations of the NRA an opportunity for a little quiet throat-cutting. They are at it already with the unscrupulous ingenuity of their breed. John T. Flynn shows you "The Code Chisel."

IF PHYLLIS BROWN had not been broke and hungry she would never have agreed to have dinner with Mr. Stern. And if Mr. Stern had not turned out to be a deep-dyed villain she would not have called upon Roger Toynbee to save her. And if Mr. Toynbee had not revealed himself to be a villain of an even deeper dye she would never have boarded Dick Hall's cutter. And if Dick had not been rude there would have been no Caribbean cruise. Luckily, every piece fell into place and the result is neatly reported by Lucian Cary.

OMAR GILL, the guileless little fat man with a ruby countenance and an utter lack of brains, discovered gold—lots of it. And at a very good time, too—if one time for discovering gold can be better than another—for he and his pals were down on their luck. Frank Condon describes "The Grass Valley Gold Strike" and the part played in it by Vingie Ring, Omar's old girl.

LOU LITTLE, continuing his series of articles, tells "What Football Does to You." Shepard Barclay, Owen P. White, Freling Foster and others make contributions. The serials move forward smoothly under the expert direction of Messrs. Roche and Chamberlain. And all's right with the world—or almost.

This Week

October 27, 1934

Cover by Robert O. Reid

GEORGE AGNEW CHAMBERLAIN
Two on Safari, Part I. Beginning the story of an indomitable girl and a ruthless man in the African bush. Page 7

HARLAN WARE
Poet and Princess. Rapid romance. Page 10

WALTER DAVENPORT
Sinclair Gets the Glory Vote. Southern California's new messiah. Page 12

WILLIAM SLAVENS McNUTT
Little Girl Makes Good. She thought she could write. Page 14

LOU LITTLE
What It Takes. Headwork on the gridiron. Page 16

TALBERT JOSSELYN
On Your Own Feet. The girl with one fault. Page 18

AIMEE LARKIN
Right This Way. Flowers that bloom in the fall. Page 20

ARTHUR SOMERS ROCHE
Shadow of Doubt, Part III. Under suspicion of murder. Page 21

OWEN P. WHITE
Cutting Free. Mr. Bronson Cutting, the cultivated and independent gentleman from New Mexico. Page 24

WILLIAM MacHARG
The Key Man. About three years old. Page 26

FRELING FOSTER
Keep Up with the World. Kernels of fact. Page 53

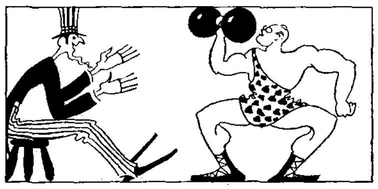
EDITORIAL
Yellow Journalism in the Senate. Page 58

Any Week

"MIND you," says Miss Ulalia Brent of (with a beauteous name like that) Hollywood, California, "I am not saying it isn't as it should be, but some of us think it is sort of wheezy of Mr. Will Hays who, as you know, is doing an Olympian job of saving the movies from national censorship which, we think, would be a national calamity. But Mr. Hays has found time recently between his broadcasts against censorship, which he calls undemocratic, to ask the Screen Actors' Guild to aid him in curbing the fan magazine yarns and put a stop to 'uncensored stories' appearing in these gay and festive publications. It's quite a situation."

AND Mrs. John R. McSweeney of Boston, Massachusetts, asks us to consider the threats of the Republican National Committee to fight harder than ever now that Maine refuses to be saved from the New Deal. "They tell me," says Mrs. McSweeney, "that Republican headquarters promises 'to redouble its efforts all along the line.' I bet that Mr. F. Harold Dubord, the Democrat who almost snatched Senator Hale's seat out from under him, wishes they had done it in Maine."

FURTHER assurances that the country is all right come from Mr. Herman J. Buchann of St. Louis, Missouri. Says he: "The folks are a little cockeyed at the moment, but it's not the first time. And it won't be the last. The time to be scared is when we get to the point when we, as a country, can't get up on our hind legs and shake ourselves."



THE time has come, thinks Mr. Stuart O'Connor of Miami, Florida, for President Roosevelt to demonstrate just how strong he is. "Our President has started something—the most powerful force any ruler has to reckon with. It is a popular state of mind, something no police nor military can check or imprison. The great masses of America have taken his liberalism and, here and there, are converting it into license. Without capable leadership and spurred on by shyster politicians and professional radicals this license can become insane radicalism. Properly directed, courageously managed and intelligently administered, this new liberalism can be our salvation. Mr. Roosevelt has started something. Now let us pray that he has the strength to control it."

ANOTHER O'Connor, a patrolman in New York City with the Christian name of Michael, has fewer apprehensions. Patrolman O'Connor was importuned by an elderly lady from Grand Rapids, Michigan. She explained that she was in the metropolis with her daughter on a holiday. "Is it true that our country will be communistic before the end of the week?" she asked. Patrolman O'Connor expressed grave doubts. "I heard so just an hour ago," said she. "A man was making a speech right in Times Square and he said—" But Patrolman O'Connor told her that people were making speeches everywhere and to pay no attention. "Well," she said, "I want to know whether we better go right home where it's safe or stay here for three more days as we planned." And the gallant Patrolman O'Connor said: "Lady, stay as long as you want. Have a good time. And if anybody tries to stop you come to me. That's what I'm paid for."

BUT of course one can't go anywhere these days without being a bit shocked. For example, there is Mr. Franklin White of Oakland, California. Mr. White was stopped dead in his tracks the other day by a sign reading: "Pedal Extremities Artistically Lubricated and Illuminated for the Infinitesimal Remuneration of Ten Cents Per Operation."

AND Mrs. Mary Munn Osborne of Dallas, Texas, says that "you haven't any idea the comfort I got from a sign I saw over a dry-cleaner's door." She copied it and sent it to us without delay. "Mussolini, Hitler, Stalin and all the rest of you. No matter what happens, we will be right here knocking spots out of anything from 1928 overcoats to the NRA for forty cents."

AND Mr. Clarence E. Boggs suspects fraud. "I have come to the conclusion," says he, "that either every letter you get is unusually funny or you completely rewrite them or you select only those that appeal to your sense of humor. Surely you must get a serious letter occasionally."

MRS. LAURA KENYON, eighty-eight years old, is not worried. "Collier's," says she, "gets more valuable every week."

YOU too, Mrs. Kenyon.

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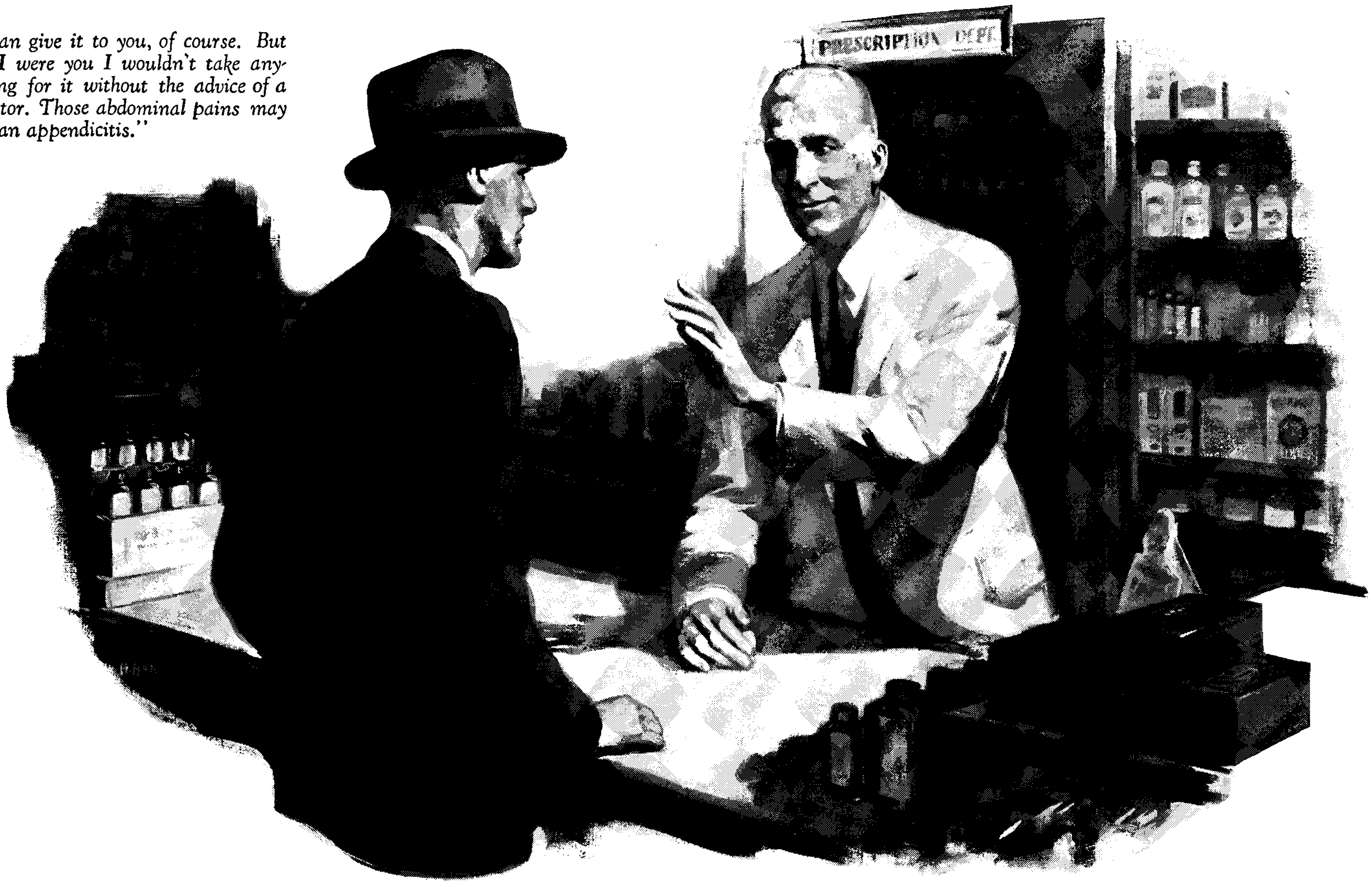
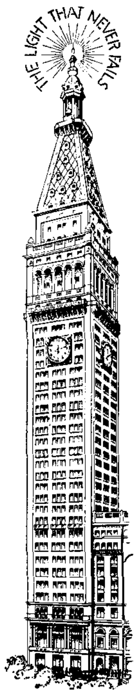
Appendicitis Warnings


PRESCRIPTION DEPT.

"I can give it to you, of course. But if I were you I wouldn't take anything for it without the advice of a doctor. Those abdominal pains may mean appendicitis."

THE symptoms of appendicitis vary. Almost always, continued pain and tenderness in the abdomen are the first indications of an acutely inflamed appendix. Of course, not all intestinal aches are caused by appendicitis, but anyone who has continued, unrelieved abdominal pain, especially if it is accompanied by nausea or vomiting, needs competent medical attention at the earliest possible moment and not self-medication.

If it is appendicitis the use of a laxative is dangerous. It stimulates violent intestinal action and may spread the inflammation, cause the appendix to rupture, or induce peritonitis. Moreover, the sufferer should not be given food, drugs or medicine of any kind unless prescribed by the attending physician.


THE LIGHT THAT NEVER FAILS

Send for your doctor immediately if there is any suspicion of appendicitis. In making his diagnosis he may find it necessary to make one or more blood cell counts or to observe your temperature for a few hours, keeping you quietly in bed under close observation. He may decide that the attack does not clearly denote appendicitis and can be relieved without an operation. But if it is a clear case of acute appendicitis, he will probably recommend an operation within the shortest possible time.

Performed by an expert surgeon, early in the attack, before the appendix has burst or peritonitis has begun, an operation for acute appendicitis should cause little concern.

METROPOLITAN LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY

FREDERICK H. ECKER, PRESIDENT

ONE MADISON AVE., NEW YORK, N. Y.

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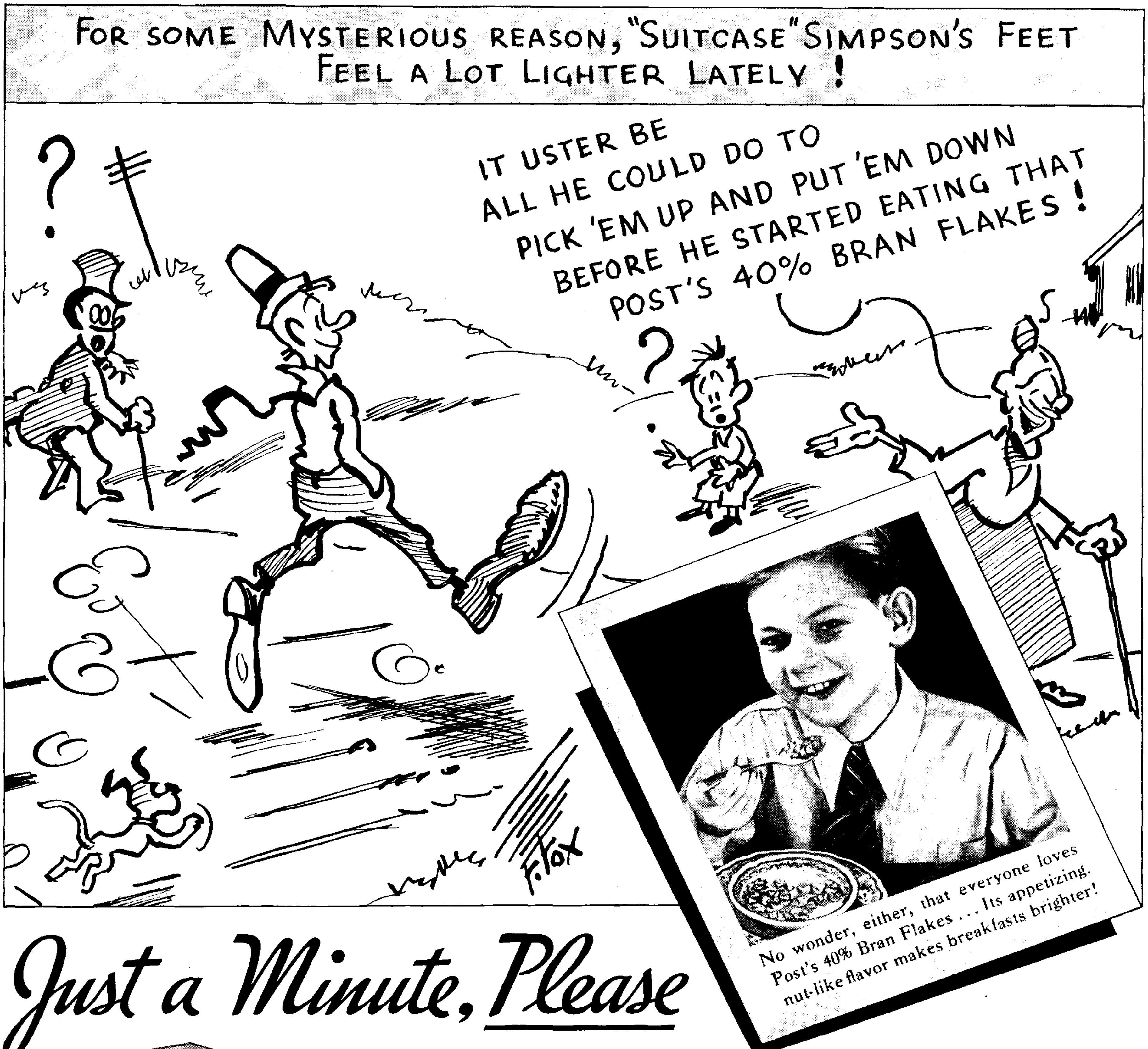

FOR SOME MYSTERIOUS REASON, "SUITCASE" SIMPSON'S FEET FEEL A LOT LIGHTER LATELY!
IT USTER BE ALL HE COULD DO TO PICK 'EM UP AND PUT 'EM DOWN BEFORE HE STARTED EATING THAT POST'S 40% BRAN FLAKES!
F. Fox

No wonder, either, that everyone loves Post's 40% Bran Flakes . . . Its appetizing, nut-like flavor makes breakfasts brighter!

Just a Minute, Please

. . Before you accuse us of gross exaggeration!

A Delicious Cereal
A Gentle Laxative
Post's 40% BRAN FLAKES WITH OTHER PARTS OF WHEAT
MALT SYRUP, SUGAR AND SALT
THE NEW CRISP PACK

AS A MATTER OF FACT, we frankly agree that our artist rather ran away with himself when he drew this amusing (but somewhat incredible) picture. Our *own* claims for Post's 40% Bran Flakes are really quite modest!

We only go so far as to say that if *you* are feeling somewhat logy and not quite as energetic as you'd like to be . . . it may be because you have a sluggish intestine, due to lack of bulk in your diet.

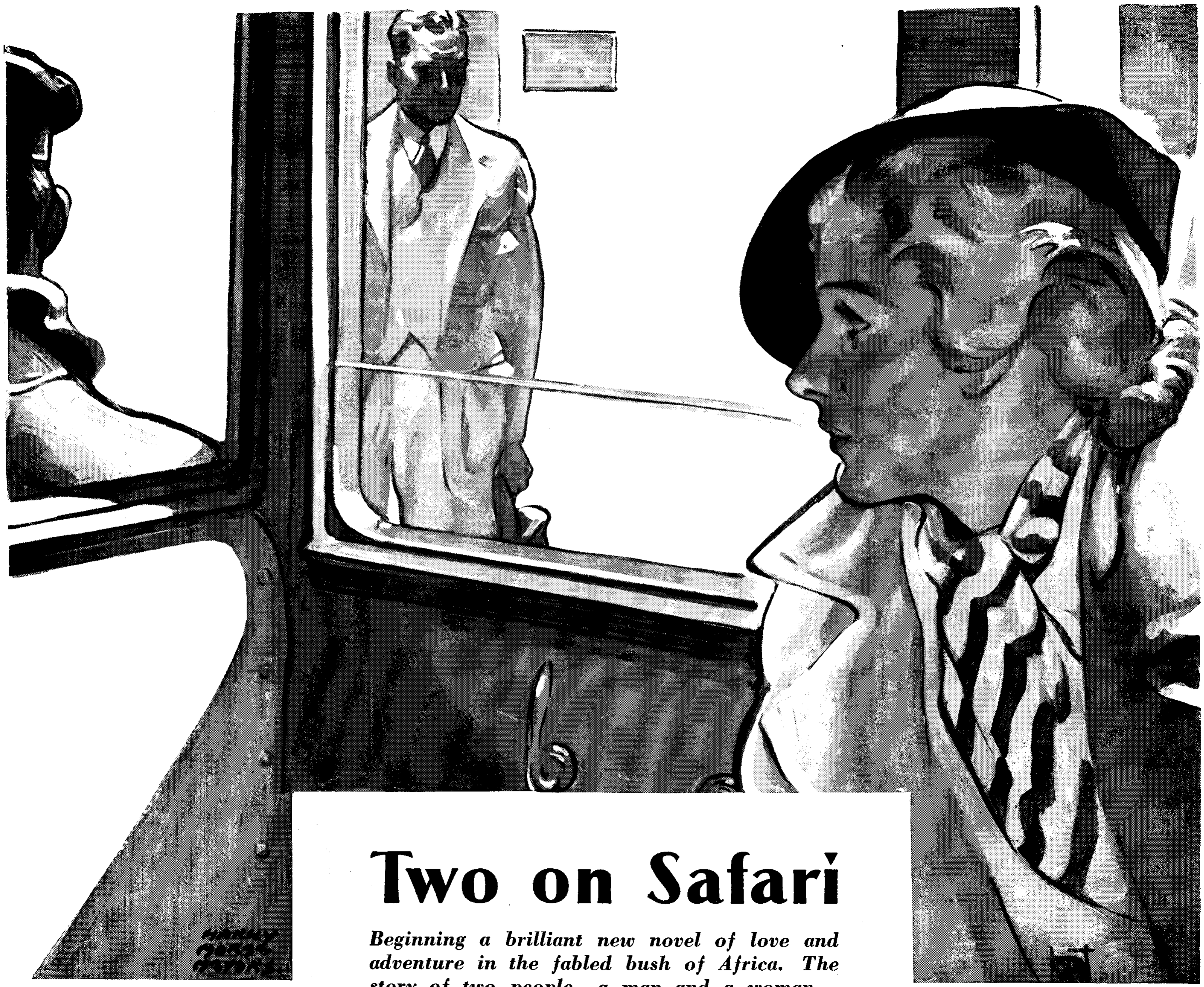
And if that's the case, Post's 40% Bran Flakes might be a big help to you. It contains bran to supply the bulk that's needed to keep food wastes moving naturally and easily along the intestinal tract, and to promote natural elimination.

It also contains other parts of wheat to give it that appetizing flavor.

Why don't you try this delicious cereal, and see if it won't make a difference? We know you'll like its nut-like flavor and tempting crispness. Try it, too, with fruit and berries . . . it combines just perfectly.

Post's 40% Bran Flakes With Other Parts Of Wheat is a product of General Foods. Every grocer has it . . . and it costs so little!

Collier's · The National Weekly for October 27, 1934



He caught again the gleam of a face in half shadow, cut by the slanting line of a chic little felt. Whoever owned the hat was observing him intently

Two on Safari

Beginning a brilliant new novel of love and adventure in the fabled bush of Africa. The story of two people—a man and a woman—and the land which makes no compromise

By George Agnew Chamberlain

ILLUSTRATED BY HARRY MORSE MEYERS

THE lounge in the St. James' Club overlooking the Green Park was empty except for two Americans, Ballard Mallory and Andrew Fox. They had met for breakfast because they had been classmates, because London, well as they knew it, gave them a sense of isolation, and finally because Fox was due to sail that day for his new post as Secretary of the Embassy at Buenos Aires.

Ballard stood to his cigarette. He was lean, wide at the shoulders, narrow at the hips. Though barely thirty, he seemed older, possibly because a look of dissatisfaction clouded his brow. While his heart was full of dreams of snow leopards in Sechuan and cave tigers in Amoy, his head was telling him that the American dollar, anywhere outside the national fence, had been cut nearly in half. To spend the whole of it you had to go home, do things you weren't interested in doing.

Andrew Fox at an early age had quit worrying about his figure, molded by fate into a ball of flesh. Everything about him was round—his head, his body, his face—but all this passive rotundity was neutralized by his eyes. They were active; though imprisoned, they could leap about, scintillate, dart, pierce and occasionally bore like gimlets. They warned the world in general that Mr. Fox was nobody's fool. Sunk into the depths of a low leather chair, with his round knee cocked over one of its arms, he was reading the agony column on the front page of the solemn Times for a laugh. Abruptly his restless eyes fastened on an item.

"Here's a queer one, Bally, and it's right down your alley."

Ballard disliked being called Bally almost as much as Mr. Fox resented the shortening of Andrew to Andy. "It's probably queer, Andy, but I can't conceive of its being down my alley."

"Andrew, if you please," said Mr. Fox metallically, as if he were ringing a worn bell. "I'll read it to you," he continued. "'Wanted: Leader for South African safari, no professional need apply, references as to experience only, interview by appointment.' That's all, except for the telephone number, and I repeat—it's both down your alley and it's queer."

"Give me the paper," said Mallory, stepping forward.

Idly curious as to his reaction, Fox watched his face as he read the item, but Ballard had played poker too often for casual betrayal.

"So you get it too!" exclaimed Fox, experimenting with a surprise attack.

"Get what?"

"The queerness."

"IT'S exactly what I don't get," declared Ballard. "Compared with the ordinary run of the agony column this notice seems way above par as to sense and wording."

"That's more than I can say for your mental coefficient," commented Fox, and promptly continued: "What are you doing but agreeing with me? It's exactly because it's a little masterpiece that it's queer. Note 'professional' in the singular, note that bit about references as to experience only. Why?"

"I'll admit your buried brain," said Ballard slowly, his frown tightening into a knot of concentration. "But—"

"Let me write the reference for you," interrupted Fox, apparently helpful but inwardly intent on escape from doing anything for anybody. "I'll put it on embossed Embassy stationery: 'Ballard Mallory, Esquire, fairly well off. Gray eyes. Dark hair, cropped close to keep it from curling. Sheds women the way a duck sheds rain. Though barely thirty, has spent three seasons in Africa; witness his Monograph on the Habitats of the True Inyala. Cost of publication, including trips, twelve thousand dollars; sales to date, for cash—' "

"Oh, forget it!" snapped Mallory.

"Don't you wish you could?" jeered Fox, struggling to rise from the deep chair. "Well, I'm off for the pampas. Be good to yourself, Bally."

"Same to you, Andy."

Thus they parted. Through the broad window Ballard watched his fat friend's habitual struggle as to whether he would walk or ride; as usual he rode.

But it was stretching it to think of him as a friend; he was merely a habit, an accident of propinquity. He had probably never done a kindly act in his life without first making sure it would cost him nothing. Naturally he had a redeeming feature, some element that forced people to put up with him, and of course it was his brain—quick and tenacious as a steel trap. Consequently, since he had said this advertisement was queer and a little masterpiece, it was sure to be both and perhaps more. Ballard read the item again, memorizing the telephone number, scowled, tossed the paper aside and made for the door.

ONE thing he had learned in Africa: never to do anything in a hurry. He sauntered across the Green Park, turned left along the Bird Cage Walk, passed the Parliament Buildings and half crossed Westminster Bridge before his mind had attained the calm which he considered a safe foundation for action. The progression of reasoning was characteristic. He was bored—young and bored. Without being a lush spender, he hated skimping—and no other word could fit an income of ten thousand at home cut to six thousand abroad. But what about this chance to let somebody else pay for a trip? It looked good. Besides—experience only. Fox had been right; those words were queer, a veil drawn across the hidden face of adventure. He turned and made quickly for the nearest post office. Presently he was telephoning.

"I am answering your advertisement in this morning's Times," he stated.

"I will refer you to Mr. Menck," came the answer, and after a considerable pause what sounded like the same voice, disguised, asked gruffly, "You wish an appointment in regard to the African expedition?"

"Yes," said Ballard.

"What is your name?"

"Ballard Mallory."

"Have you ever been in Africa?"

"Three years."

"What part?"

"Southeast."

"We will see you tomorrow at four. Grast, Furman & Menck, Solicitors, Red Lion Square. Ask for Mr. Menck. Have you the name and address? Grast, Furman & Menck—"

"Red Lion Square," interrupted Ballard, and hung up.

The delay suited him perfectly; it gave him time to think the thing over, look up the harshly named firm and make up his mind as to procedure. By evening he had learned that Grast, Furman & Menck had a standing and reputation all their own. Solicitors by profession, they were in reality glorified money lenders, with a particular genius for inventing ways of raising the wind on a large scale for the needy rich. Apparently they could create valid collateral out of thin air. They were clever—clever enough to be feared though not respected. He decided to keep the appointment if only to satisfy the curiosity first awakened by Andrew Fox and now already fortified.

ON THE next afternoon he dressed himself in his seediest tweeds, slipped a copy of the monograph into his pocket, together with his passport, and started out from the quaint little hotel he affected in Brook Street, allowing himself ample time to walk. As he was about to turn into Red Lion Square, a vintage custom-made car drew up at the curb just ahead of him. He was amused by its ancient lines and its supercilious air, as if its shabbiness disdained the shabbiness of the neighborhood. A white-haired driver, dressed in worn livery, slipped from behind the wheel, opened the door and stood back.

From the tonneau descended an old man who instantly arrested attention. He was dressed in a sack suit of sober cheviot, wore a black bowler hat and carried a cane. But what made him remarkable was his face, bloodless as a wax mask. Out of it stared pale eyes, equally lifeless. His flesh, his clothes, the driver and the car, though stamped with the hallmark of patrician lineage, all had the air of fungi drawing breath from a dead tree. Walking like an automaton, the bloodless old aristocrat entered a rather tawdry building and it was some moments before Ballard discovered that the same hallway harbored the name plate he himself was seeking. A few minutes later he was ushered into a large, disorderly room furnished with four desks—three flat and one so high that the old clerk who attended it had either to stand or climb up on a stool.

Messrs. Grast, Furman and Menck were disposed in an irregular triangle, while off to one side, his waxen hands folded over the button of his straight stick, sat the old gentleman of the vintage car. Since Ballard was not offered a seat he continued to stand, his exotic hat hanging beside him. He had worn it on purpose as a sort of badge of experience and he was pleased to note the glint of interest the battered double felt aroused in the eyes of Mr. Menck, who now assumed the rôle of spokesman.

"Everything aboveboard here, Mr. —er—er—"

"Mallory—Ballard Mallory."

"Yes, indeed," proceeded Mr. Menck. He nodded his head sidewise toward the old gentleman. "Lord Morland of Morland." He nodded in the opposite direction. "My partners." He threw his head backward. "Clerk William Jones. Everything aboveboard, Mr. Mallory; anybody is welcome to hear what we have to say."

BALLARD was somewhat puzzled by this opening gambit, but feeling the eyes of the three lawyers fixed on his face, he took care to keep it expressionless. "Yes, sir," he murmured noncommittally. "We might save time," he added, "if you can state at once the locale of your expedition."

"Pardon me, young man," said Mr. Menck crustily, "did you come here to be examined or to examine us?"

"Neither," said Ballard coolly. "Africa is a huge continent. If the district involved lies north of Tanga or west of Lake Nyasa, I'm not interested." He turned as if to go.

"One moment," broke in the eldest of the partners, and then addressed himself to the old clerk: "What about it, Jones? Answer Mr. Mallory's question."

Silence drew Ballard's eyes toward the high desk, fixing his attention on William Jones. It was immediately apparent the old man was trying desperately to speak and equally evident his employers did not expect him to succeed for some time. What a type! What was he doing here? The answer to that was easy—galley slave, chained to an oar. He was tall, cadaverous, threadbare—Celtic in every bone. His china-blue staring eyes were neither bold nor frightened; what they suggested was that they were perpetually shocked. He dragged at his long fingers, cracking the joints one by one. Finally he spoke with startling calm and precision.

"The region is within the limits mentioned."

"Now, Mr. Mallory, if you please," resumed Mr. Menck. "May we venture to ask for your credentials?" Ballard stepped forward and handed over his passport. "Yes, quite so," continued Mr. Menck and proceeded to read: "Ballard Mallory. American. Twenty-eight two years ago. Passport renewed. Author. Purpose of passport, travel. Visaed for Great Britain and possessions, Portugal and its colonies." He raised his eyes. "Why Portugal, Mr. Mallory?"

"BECAUSE the true inyala, as distinct from the Abyssinian," replied Ballard, "has three habitats. The most northerly is in British Nyasaland. The remaining two are both in Portuguese territory, one inland from Inhambane, the other on the west bank of the Maputa River."

"Did you mention the Port of Inhambane?" asked the partner who had not yet spoken.

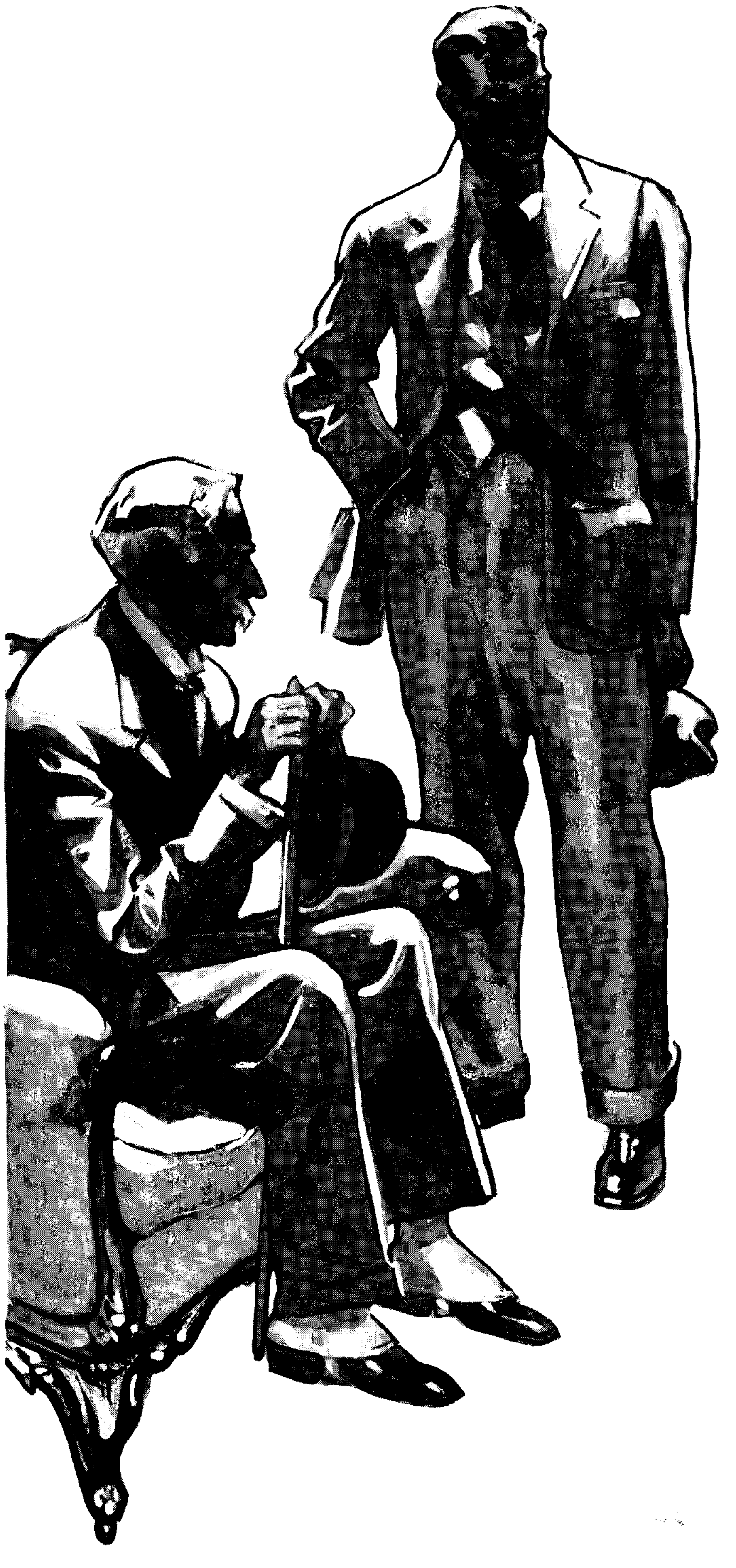
"I did," said Ballard, turning to him.

"This becomes interesting," said Mr. Menck. "Of what books are you the author, Mr. Mallory?"

"Only one," said Ballard, again stepping forward, "and here it is."

"Monograph on the Habitats of the True Inyala," read Mr. Menck aloud. "I never heard of it."

"That's not surprising," said Ballard. "The book was bought only by collectors of Africana and a few libraries." He was getting a little tired and quite angry; never in his short life had he been required to stand while other men sat. Then he remembered his seedy tweeds and almost smiled; they had produced exactly the effect he had planned, so why get sore? Rather than



ask for a chair he moved easily to the nearest of the vacant flat-topped desks and half sat across its corner. “If you don't mind,” he murmured.

William Jones seemed horribly shocked by this informality, Lord Morland paid no attention, the three partners appeared to be slyly pleased. Mr. Menck resumed the negotiations.

“Your qualifications are better than we could have hoped,” he stated. “I am now prepared to furnish you a brief explanation. One year ago a young man in whom we are interested entered Africa through the Port of Inhambane. He has never been heard from since. Rumors of his death have reached us from time to time, but they remain mere rumors. Now I wish to ask a question of your experience. In sending a competent man on his trail, are we pursuing a will-o'-the-wisp, embarking on a search for a needle in a haystack? In short, is our project absurd?”

“NO,” said Ballard. “Unless he has crossed the continent and sailed from the other side I could certainly find him, dead or alive.”

“You are very positive.”

“Africa is the great contradiction,” said Ballard, an odd luminosity deepening his gray eyes. “It keeps no secret; what has once been written in its sands is never effaced.” Suddenly he felt like a fool. How could he expect these three pawnbrokers, this mummified nobleman or the goggle-eyed, doddering old clerk to get what he was talking about? “But never mind all that,” he added quickly. “If I start after him you can be sure I'll find him.”

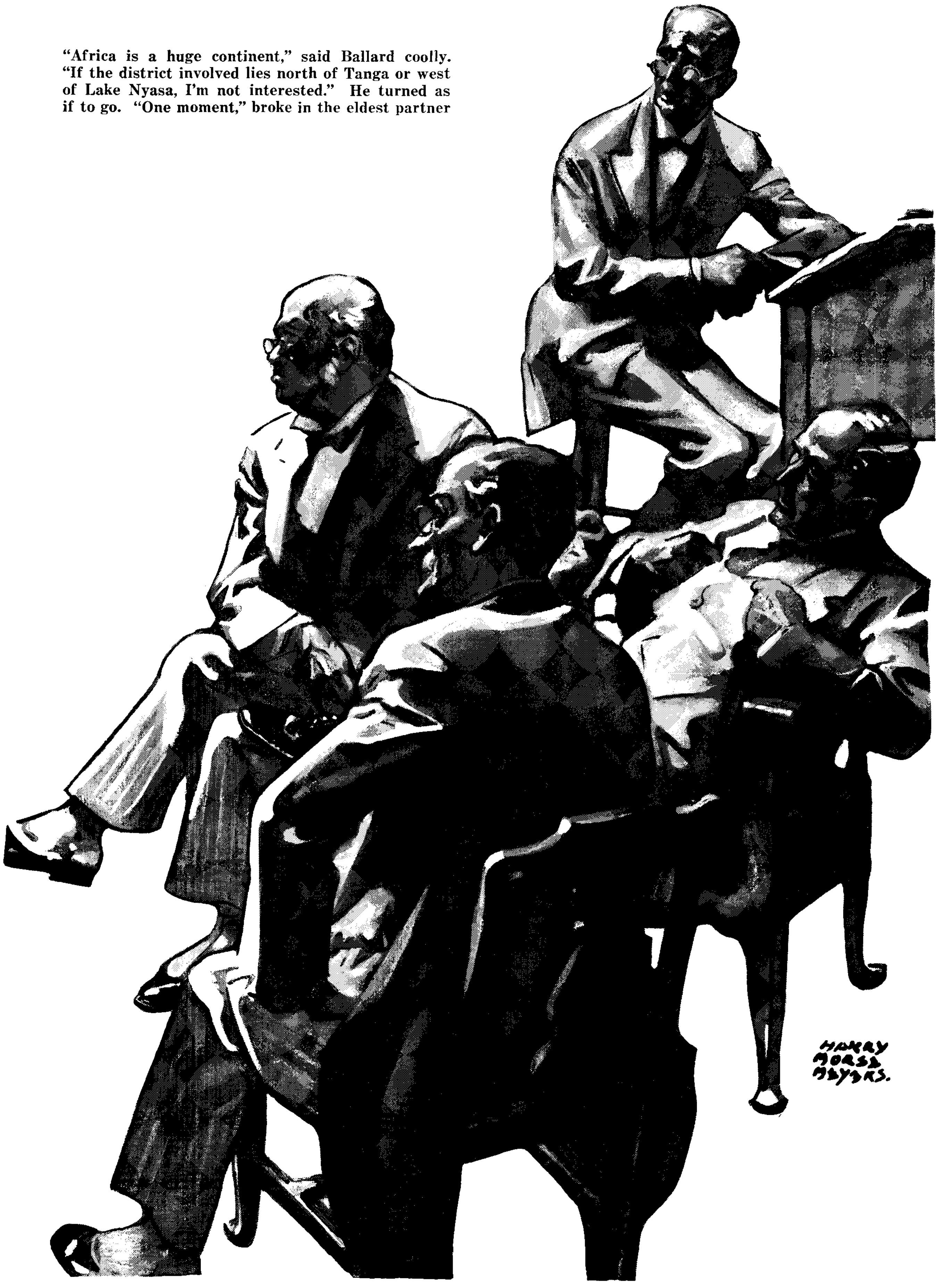
“Perhaps you can even tell us how long it will take?”

“What was he after? Big game? Ivory?”

“No.” Mr. Menck consulted his partners with a raised eyebrow; they gave their assent with nods. “He went to trace the source of certain samples of gold ore which he had reason to believe originated inland from Inhambane but east of the Limpopo.”

“Was he a person of any prominence?” asked Ballard.

“Rather!” said Mr. Menck, leaning forward. “We are discussing the whereabouts of the Honorable Laurence Morland, though he may have traveled as L. P. C. Morland, or even quite simply as Larry Morland.”


HARRY MORSE MEYERS.

“Africa is a huge continent,” said Ballard coolly. “If the district involved lies north of Tanga or west of Lake Nyasa, I'm not interested.” He turned as if to go. “One moment,” broke in the eldest partner

“How old?”

“About your age. Perhaps a year or two younger.”

“I'll undertake to locate him within three months from the day I start in from the coast.”

“Reasonable, very reasonable,” commented Mr. Menck. “I suppose you would require a very expensive outfit—motor lorries, advance shipments of fuel, perhaps the charter of an airplane?”

Ballard gave him a withering look. “You can't read a spoor from the air. Incidentally, the region we're talking about lies behind a zone of sand fifty miles broad—sand so deep and fine no motor has ever succeeded in crossing it. There is only one way to come up with your man and that is to go as he went, ride where he rode, walk where he walked. It's slow, but it's sure. What I can't promise is to find him alive.”

“As it happens, Mr. Mallory,” said Mr. Menck deliberately, “our enterprise has no sentimental feature. We are not interested in the young man's welfare. We are concerned only with facts; assurance that he still lives or proof—incontrovertible proof, acceptable in the Courts of Chancery—that he is dead.”

IN SPITE of himself Ballard was shocked, not necessarily by Mr. Menck's words themselves but by their intonation. For an instant he lost control of his reflexes and his glance shot first at Lord Morland, then at the old clerk, brushed the intent faces of the three partners and fell to the floor. So rapid had been its sweep that he doubted whether it had been noticed, but as for himself, the split second of observation had been ample to set his brain to whirling like a gyroscope.

From the inception of the interview Lord Morland had not moved by the flicker of an eyelash, yet his stillness at this moment seemed astonishing, beyond credibility. Undoubtedly he was alive, but in a body released from the ordinary functions of lungs, heart and flowing blood. He was an effigy in wax—with ears. In sharp contrast the ungainly figure of William Jones, including his long face and shocked eyes, was being twisted this way and that by noiseless contortions. As for the three partners, they reminded Mallory with sudden violence of the curious little creature known to the Portuguese as *espia maré*—the crab, all eyes and legs, that spies on the tide, ready to run.

“That makes it simple,” said Ballard, and so swiftly does the human mind work under pressure that his words followed on the heels of Mr. Menck's statement.

“I was inquiring as to costs,” proceeded Mr. Menck.

“The actual cost,” said Ballard without hesitation, “excluding my remuneration, will be about a thousand pounds—not more.”

A breath of relief, so simultaneous as to be comical, stirred the shirts of the three partners. The eldest, by now identified as Mr. Grast, interjected his unctuous voice. “Reasonable, but even so, Mr. Mallory, we confront a difficulty. Whatever our inclination we can hardly hand you a thousand pounds and tell you to go ahead.”

“No,” admitted Ballard, “and at the moment I'm not in a position to advance the sum.” To his bewilderment this assertion struck all three as a shining example of American wit; they rubbed their hands and chuckled. He flushed, but again remembering his disreputable clothes, he was delighted at

(Continued on page 47)

Poet and Princess

An odd story about a man of genius. It tells how he wooed and won the only girl in the world who could cope with him—and how the girl managed to bring it about

By Harlan Ware

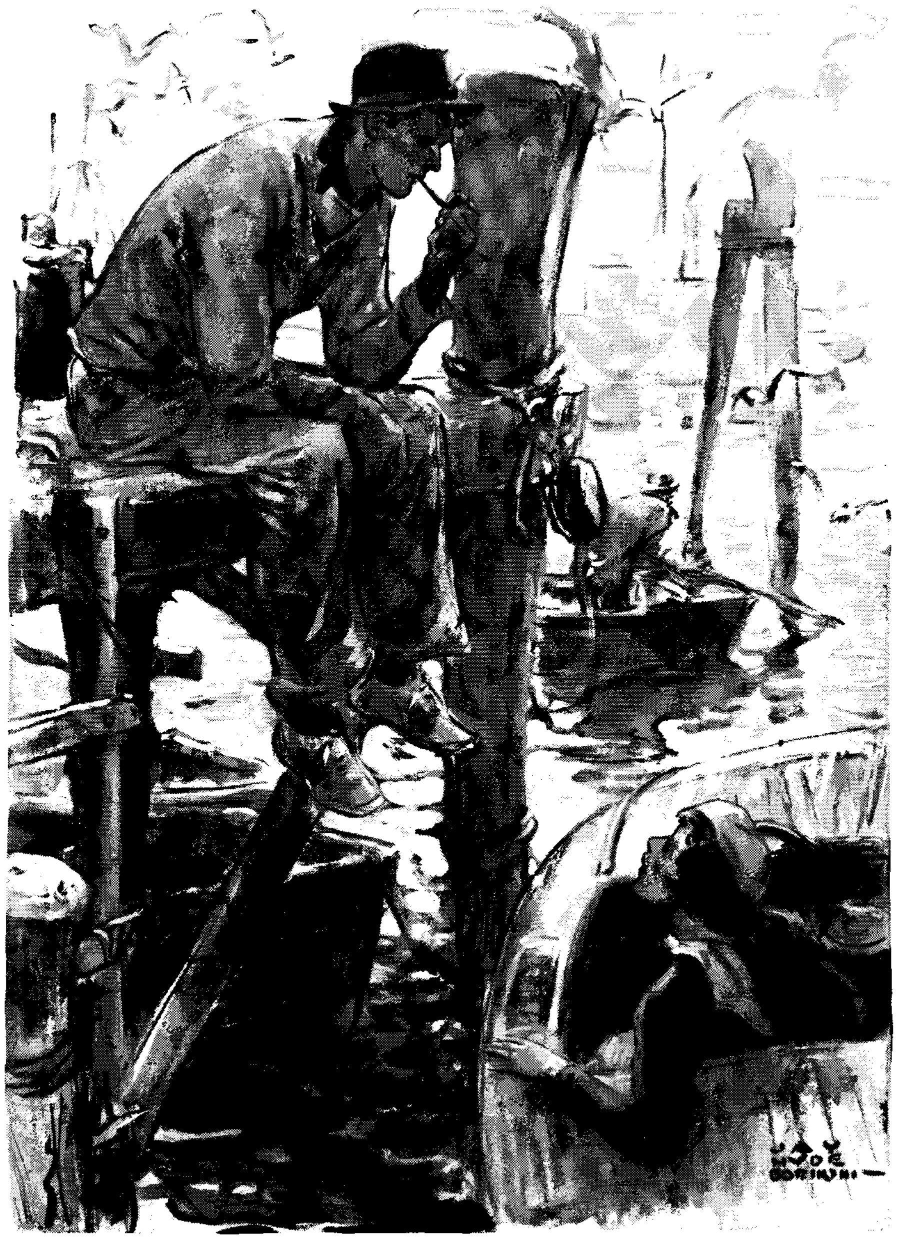
POETS are lean, not very tall men, with curly hair and sensitive faces. They *cannot* be depended upon and may go wandering off after a butterfly in the middle of a sentence. Or so I have been led to believe.

He wasn't like that. He was six feet two inches tall and looked like an athlete. The first time I saw him he was rattling a snare drum at a week-end party. He had straight blond hair and a definite chin. His long legs were around the drum and he was snapping out queer rhythms. Somebody was playing the piano. Four girls were singing. It was a noisy party.

Never having seen him before, I naturally asked who he was. Laura Hancock, our hostess, said he was Barton Lang, the man who had been winning all the prizes. When I asked, "All what prizes?" she said he had been winning all the poetry prizes. A Poetry Foundation had just given him a thousand dollars and the use of a cottage in Carmel, California, for writing a thin book called "An Egg Yolk in a Blue Bowl." It was an odd-sized book, full of sturdy, earthy poems. As soon as his check arrived he would depart for the West to boil out another one called "Hawks Swoop Down" . . . .

I said let it go. I said I'd had a hard day at the office and didn't want to hear any more. About that time Lang stopped drumming and picked up a violin. Presently I was sitting on the edge of my chair thinking that he was a first-rate violinist. Really first-rate, I mean. He called it "fiddling."

He played easily, as if amusing himself. His fingers were surprisingly thin and quick and accurate. He improvised—it was daring and thoroughly good. Now and again he would stop, take a drink out of a glass on the piano, and then go brilliantly on where he left off.



She looked him over. Then she said, "If you want to go fishing, hop in"

ILLUSTRATED BY JAY HYDE BARNUM

BUT that was not the most remarkable thing about him.

Later in the evening the hostess asked him to give us Hamlet's soliloquy. His reading was so intelligent we forgot where we were.

At midnight Laura mentioned that Lang had scratched out some etchings. She took me into the library to see them. His name was signed to them. They were darned good etchings.

She also showed me a sad-eared little elephant that he had carved for her out of a solid block of wood. It was a humorously contrived bit of wood-carving. It was better than first-rate.

"Well," I said, "he's some kind of a genius."

"Genius! He's just the greatest find in years, that's all."

Laura ought to know. She and Bob have had some dandy geniuses around for week-ends and sometimes longer.

When we returned to the drawing-room Lang was playing the piano—superbly. All the women were clustered around him but he didn't seem aware of them.

He had come alone. Along about four o'clock in the morning he put on his hat and went home alone.

This happened at a summer colony not far from New York. Lang didn't leave at once for Carmel, so naturally I ran into him several times. Finally, the last week, he took to dropping in for dinner. His check from the Foundation hadn't come yet and he said that along toward dinner time he got kind of hungry.

We found out he had been living largely on raspberries and things that he picked out in the woods. He rented a one-time chicken coop on an estate, where he was writing his poems. He also slept in the chicken coop. He said he didn't give a darn. He liked the frugal life.

After dinner he would settle his shoulders deep in a chair, stretch his feet toward the middle of the room and talk. He talked to us—Alice, my wife, and me—every evening that last week. Afterward, out of the conversation we put his story together.

Let me give it to you briefly, because the real story is about his romance:

His father was a violinist in a symphony orchestra. Very temperamental, hair-on-end sort of a man. Lang had developed a distaste for temperament. He prided himself on being logical. He preferred Einstein to Whistler and Newton to Bach. He had a thirst for knowledge. He left college in his freshman year because they weren't giving it to him fast enough. He liked problems. Liked to mull things over.

HE JOINED a show as an actor. The show was a success. After forty or fifty weeks he was bored.

His father persuaded him to go on a concert tour with his fiddle. The tour was a success, but he had to attend a lot of teas.

He'd always liked wood-carving—he called it "whittling." He whittled out the first of those funny, sad-eared elephants and some manufacturing firm bought the rights and dribbled an occasional royalty check. He lost interest in wood-carving.

Then, in an old book in a Connecticut library, he read about a poet starving to death in an attic. He moved to our town, rented that chicken coop and went to work. He had a good, big job on hand. He had wasted time, allowing himself to be intrigued by four or five arts, but now he was going to narrow down to one of them and plug away at it. He was thirty years old. Time was speeding by. He selected poetry because it was the tough one. An art wasn't an art unless you could make a living at it. To make a living out of poetry looked to him like a job that could keep a man interested and excited all his life.

He didn't think of himself as being amazingly gifted. He was interested in some arts, that's all. He was going to whack away at the hardest one. He wasn't interested in getting married. He was not the family type.

I felt, and so did Alice, that he was in dead earnest about this. . . . He turned up at our house in Hollywood two years later, out of nowhere, in a limousine, with a wife—very pretty—and four children—the oldest was eight.

IT'S hardly necessary to tell you that we were surprised.

He came wandering in alone, first. He was very casual.

"Hello, there," he said. "We're down here for a visit. You ought to meet Bunny. The kids are here, too—shall I bring them all in?"

We said: "Sure. Why not?"

He went out to the car and herded them in. First there was Eduardo—he was eight. Then Jaimie Roderique—six. And Celestine—she was four. And the little one, the baby, Camilla, three, and toddling. The children's last name seemed to be Martinez, but he introduced Bunny—

"And Mrs. Lang—Bunny to you."

He said quietly: "Sit down, kids."

The youngsters all but saluted him and found chairs in a hurry. Then they folded their fingers and sat looking at him as if he were Tarzan. So did Bunny.

Bunny was a beautiful little thing. She didn't look a day over twenty-six. She had blue-black hair, an olive complexion, and dark eyes that tried to hide a twinkle in their depths. For a few minutes she didn't say much, but finally she gave way and was very funny and bright.

The nurse, they said, was waiting at the hotel to put the baby, Camilla, to bed. They couldn't stay long. They paid us a decent, semi-formal little visit, and all trooped out.

At the door the four children did a quartette bow and were pleased to have made our acquaintance. Best behaved, most polite kids I'd ever seen in my life.

Alice was sinking down on the stairs when I turned around, after closing the door. Her face was a study; she was finally giving way to surprise. She shook a finger at me.

"It's up to you to find out all about *that*," she said. "I can't stand it. I've got to know."

We mightn't have learned the rest of this story if it weren't for a sweater. It was a tan, woolly sort of sweater. It was in a shop window on Hollywood Boulevard. A few nights after his first surprising visit, Lang, Bunny and I were walking down the street on our way to a theater where we were to meet Alice, when this sweater caught their eye. Bunny saw it first. She stopped.

"Look!" she said.

They both forgot all about me. They stood close to the window, studying the sweater. I took a peek. It was a smart sweater, all right.

Finally Lang said:

"Want it?"

She nodded.

"Why don't you get it?" said Lang.

She was in the shop a long time—you know how women are in stores. While she was away Lang told me the story. Here it is:

HIS cottage at Carmel was neat and comfortable. There were two rooms and a kitchenette. He liked Carmel—it's a quaint, simple place, you know, throbbing with the Arts. He had a good time, living alone, working, hiking along the beach. He put his thousand dollars in the bank and drew out twenty-five dollars a week, which was more than he needed. He did his own cooking and ate on paper plates.

As he expected, he didn't sell any poems. It looked like a long battle, and he was satisfied. Everything was simple and nice and frugal—just the way he liked it.

He often hiked over to the wharfs at Monterey. Early in the morning, with the sunrise cracking, it was pleasant to watch the fishing boats puttering in. He was happy. Whenever he saw things he didn't know about he looked up the facts in books. He found out about ocean temperatures, and abalone diving, and trolling for salmon. He knew how many tons of sardines were landed at the fisheries every day during the season. He knew the population of all those seacoast towns. He went about everything with cool logic, finding out what he wanted to know and living that quiet life.

One morning, just after sunrise, he was sitting on a wharf, with his feet hanging over, wearing an old gray sweatshirt, black hat, khaki pants and sneakers, when a speed boat came slashing into the bay. You don't usually see those fast boats early in the morning unless they have been out all night. So he watched it. It carved spray toward the wharf. The motor throttled down; it slipped to a stop directly below him. There was a girl in it. She was alone.

"Hello," she said.

Lang said hello and lit his pipe.

"Are you a fisherman?" she asked.

"Nope."

"Then what are you doing up so early?"

"I like it early," said Lang.

"What do you do?"

He wouldn't tell her. He said he didn't do anything.

She looked him over for about thirty seconds. Then she said: "If you want to go fishing, hop in."

He knocked out his pipe and climbed down the ladder.

I don't expect you to believe it. That's the way he told it to me, though; he says this is exactly the way it happened:

They went fishing. They caught a ten-pound salmon and a stingaree. By the time they docked at Pebble Beach he was in love with her. He was in love with her, he said, head over heels.

Her name was Bunny Martinez. She had always wanted to go fishing at sunrise but she didn't know anybody who would get up that early. She said she'd go over to Monterey and get an ordinary fisherman. She got Lang, instead.

At nine o'clock they took her car from where she had parked it, drove to his cottage at Carmel and cooked breakfast. She seemed to enjoy hearing him talk. She went home after breakfast and came back and cooked dinner. After dinner they went to the movies.

Under a dwarf cypress, on the beach, in the moonlight that same night, they decided they would get married because Bunny thought Lang was just about perfect. Then they walked along the white beach, arm in arm, to his cottage. She read aloud from "An Egg Yolk in a Blue Bowl."

They decided he could do better.

BUNNY dropped in at the cottage every day for about a week. She came in different cars, long ones, usually with the top down. He saw them, but they didn't register. Also, he apparently took it for granted that she should reverse the customary procedure and call on him. He was busy with a long narrative poem and she wasn't busy at all—besides, she could fry eggs.

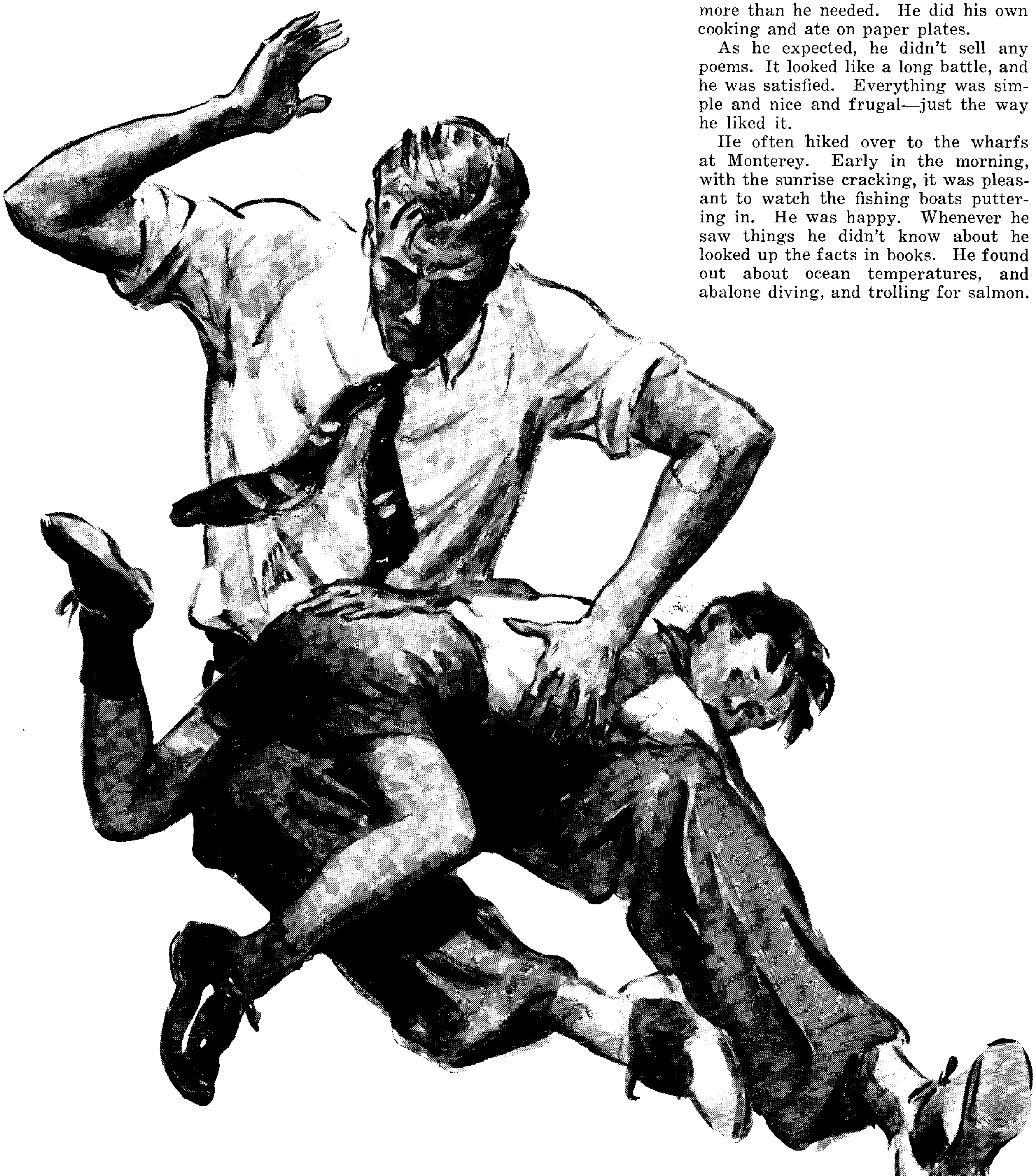
She could hand him a fried egg sandwich over his shoulder, while he was working, without interrupting him. She was a genius in a way, too.

When the time came for Bunny's people to meet him he was ready. He was full of knowledge and theories on marriage. He hadn't, however, put the obvious facts together. Of course, he had been working in a glow, and he'd been deep in study, but the fact that Bunny owned a speed boat and three cars should have registered. The whole thing came to him as a terrific shock.

On that pleasant evening when they motored over to meet her parents, they passed through a great stone gateway. A sign said: Rancho de la Morello y Roderique.

They drove down a wide, well-graded gravel road bordered by tall pines.

(Continued on page 45)



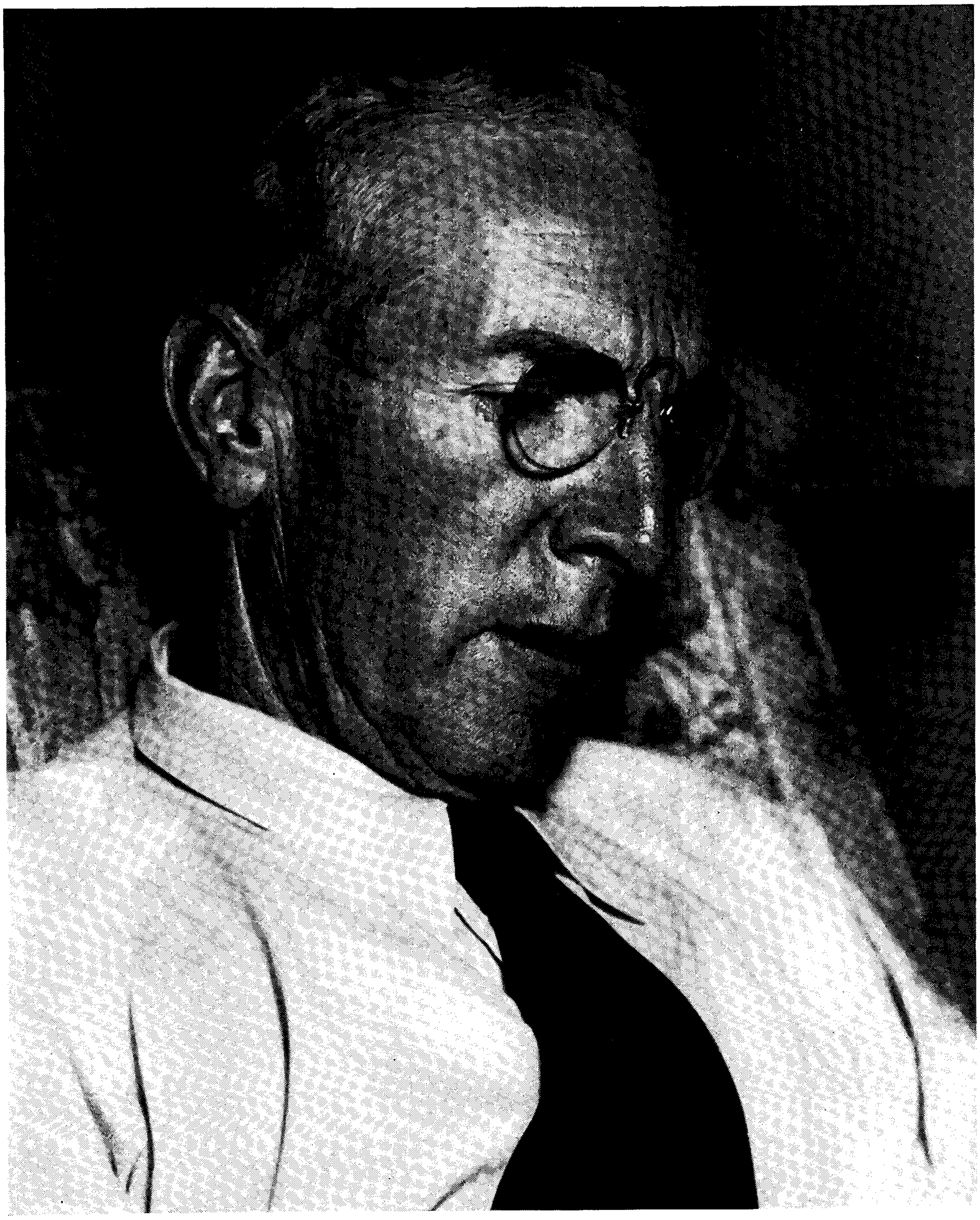
Then Eduardo started to act up. When Lang couldn't stand it any more he turned Eduardo over and all but made him smoke

Sinclair Gets the Glory Vote

By Walter Davenport

"You can end poverty. You can save democracy. You can employ the unemployed." Mr. Upton Sinclair, who may be the next governor of California, believes in no half measures. He is the messiah of a new day, in a state which abounds in messiahs. He is quiet, determined, undemonstrative. But his followers make up for their leader's lack of color. They're an arm-flinging, camp-meeting crowd. Hosanna, brother, salvation is free

PHOTOGRAPHS ON THIS PAGE BY IFOR THOMAS, COLLIER'S STAFF PHOTOGRAPHER



Upton Sinclair hopes to lead California through the ballot-box wilderness into the New Utopia

WHILE they waited they sang hymns. Between the hymns and under the melting influence they testified among themselves. Their testimony was without rancor. You heard no hatred for any man or class of men. Here and there you might have heard a speaker ask his little group the eternal question: Why is there hunger and want in this land of material plenty? But the question had no lash, carried no sting. There was regret in the voice but no fire. Up in San Francisco, with Harry Bridges, the Australian Communist, putting that question to his brother dock-wallopers, there would have been an ugly response. Up there they'd have raised cries of violence, of taking, of burning, of lynching. But here in Los Angeles it was Yea, brother, and Amen.

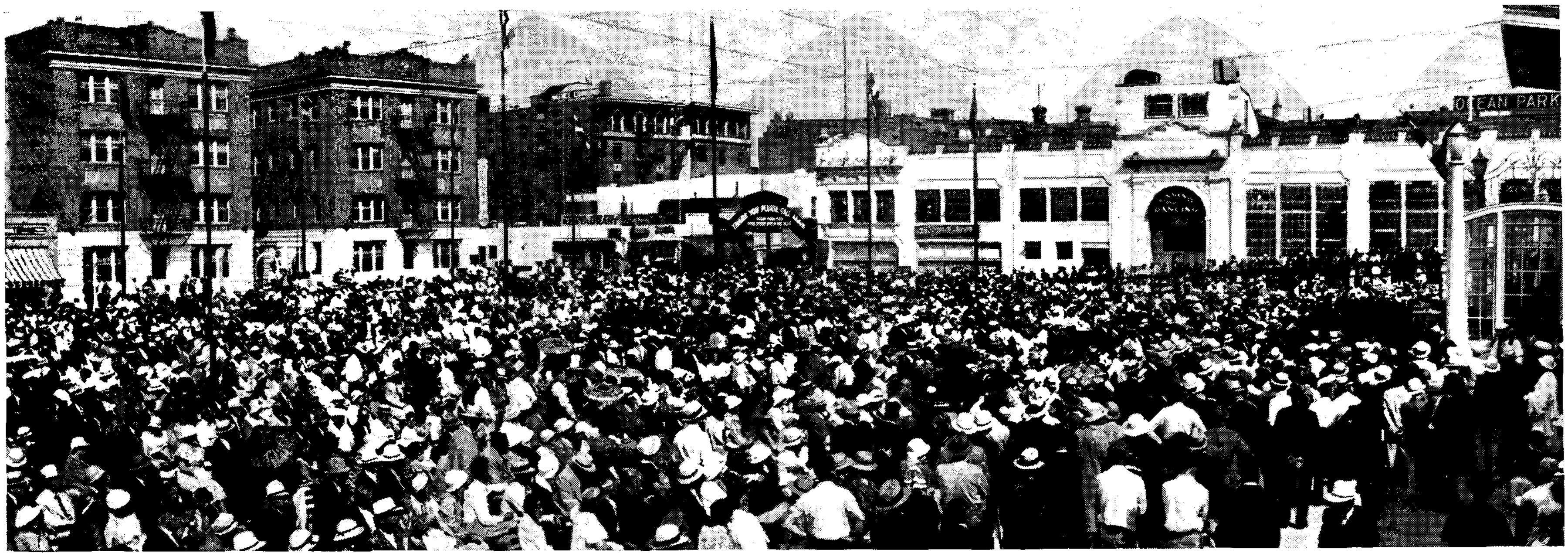
Or perhaps a queer hybrid prayer asking God's favor upon America, Upton Sinclair and his EPIC Plan, for the Utopian Society of America, Inc., for rain in Kansas and Nebraska, for Franklin Roosevelt, for peace, for justice. Or, as it frequently happened, the answer would come in song. How the singing came, raised your emotions to a swift boiling!

Far up on the hillside, hidden from you by the shadow of the mountain that had grown threefold in bulk and grandeur since sunset, one of these devotional groups had launched My Country 'Tis of Thee or Jerusalem the Golden and it had been as if a mountain pool had broken over its brim of stones. Swiftly the song spread and swelled as group after group took it up. And presently it flooded the great bowl, fifteen thousand people singing. As the tide caught the singers they rose, like a lazy billow.

A New Kind of Political Rally

In the darkness it was magical. You looked forward at the speaker's stand down the gentle slope expecting a glowing sign of dawning miracle—a fiery cross, perhaps, or a gigantic apparition in white. But all you saw was a huddle of fussy men and women preparing the place for the coming of Upton Sinclair. A woman, a fat little woman who seemed almost globular from the hillside, was standing on the table pretending to lead the rising tide of song with a flag. Going down a bit we see that it is the Stars and Stripes. She isn't facing the enraptured throng. She is peering down the path up which Sinclair must come.

For Sinclair was coming. And when he arrived, this transfigured throng who looked upon him as a prophet, even a savior, would rise again and sing Praise God from Whom All Bless-



CHARLES BURMAN

Seekers after the Promised Land. One of the overflow crowds in Southern California gathered to hear a campaign speech by Upton Sinclair

ings Flow, waving little American flags and forgetting for the moment in their revivalistic fervor that for most of them their material blessings had already flown. That is why they were here. Thus under another influence they would have greeted Aimee Semple McPherson Hutton as she wafted whitely across her platform in Angelus Temple a few miles away. Or the Reverend Billy Sunday as he bounded to his pulpit croaking his homely anathema upon forty-seven devils. Or Gypsy Smith scratching his whiskers with a holy thumbnail.

Five years ago, such horseshoe pitching, prayer-meeting thousands, spread fanwise upon the mountain side under a tropical sky, gave Herbert Hoover their hosannas. And before that they belonged to Calvin Coolidge and Warren Harding. Five years ago such as these would as soon have voted for Satan as Sinclair or any other Socialist, whatever political cloak he might be wearing. These were people who threw Gene Debs into jail, who spat upon the war objectors as they marched through the streets to prison, who hated old Bob La Follette for the mild boatrocker he was, who threatened political death and worse to any governor of California who might dare unlock Tom Mooney's cell.

And now, if you would believe all you heard, they were radicals! With the Psalms, the Sermon on the Mount, the Beatitudes and the Lord's Prayer on their tongues, they now were Russian Red, torch-brandishing disciples of a German named Marx, of whom ninety-nine per cent of them had never heard, flag- and Constitution-burning followers of an anti-Christ Communist named Sinclair, who spoke and wrote revolution. That is why we, who had attended so many political rallies and listened to so many prophets, finding them swollen with prejudice, hypocrisy and bunk, had come out.

We had arrived early, just at sunset. The great bowl was already filled. The crowd had begun to trickle in before five, filling the adjacent streets and roads with their cars. Ordinarily it was an easy climb of no more than two minutes from the street to the amphitheater; now our way was blocked by a pamphlet-hawking and tract-distributing horde which, to our mild surprise, seemed to consist chiefly of middle-aged people with a pronounced leaning toward the evening side. Youth of course was present, but in a noticeable minority. A most serious and unlaughing youth it was; and they perhaps were your radicals. They sold you leaflets for a nickel that you might read of the dismal condition of the fruit and vegetable harvesters in the Imperial Valley. Or for your five cents you could read a blood-curdling tale of starvation vouched for by the Cannery and Agricultural Workers Union and signed by the union's compelling young secretary, Caroline Decker, a mere slip of a girl with heavy artillery in her heart. If you lacked the nickel, they gave you the leaflets, like as not, and threw in a few burning words by Lincoln Steffens and his wife, Ella Winter, trumpeters to the woebegone army of itinerant crop-pickers.

These perhaps were the radicals, but they seemed incidental to the crowd, not a part. Hugely in the majority were the somber oldsters who met you in solid phalanx offering for sale the pamphlets of the man they had come out to hear, Upton Sinclair. You bought I, Governor of California, and How I Ended Poverty. This was sixty-four pages of prophecy. A tiny woman in antique black silk, whose appearance from her prissy nose glasses to her flat-heeled shoes proclaimed an inflexible respectability, told you that she carried a copy in her Bible and read it, along with the four gospels. Twenty cents, thank you, and surely you would want The Way Out: What Lies Ahead for America. Twenty cents, thank you, and had you any dear, dear boys—your sons—at home? Of course you had—so you must buy an extra copy of The Way Out because therein were those priceless Letters to Perry. Perry was Every Boy, and every boy should read them that he might be prepared for the future.

A Cure for Insomnia

Oh, yes, she has change for you. Here you are, sir—twenty cents, and five are twenty-five, and fifty are seventy-five and—but have you EPIC Answers, sir? Oh, you must have EPIC Answers. Have you ever suffered with insomnia? Oh, dear, I suffered for twelve years beginning right after my husband's funeral. We came from Liberty, Missouri. For twelve years I did not sleep a wink—hardly. It was my nerves. I tried everything and one night not long ago at a Utopian meeting they gave me EPIC Answers. Fifteen cents—thank you. And ten (that's fifteen out for EPIC Answers, sir) is your dollar.

By now you were besieged by a dozen hawkers. Before you had reached midhill your pockets were stuffed with pamphlets, handbooks, circulars, clipsheets, tracts, manuals, pledge cards and posters. You were exhorted to join Utopia. Perhaps three quarters of this throng were Utopians. You have had your chance to become a Rosicrucian too. The Rosicrucian man was so mild, so gentle and beamed upon you so complacently that you gave him your name and address. And he spoke with a prim Oxford accent. Or maybe it was only Back-Bayish Boston. Anyway he just about defeated you with his appeasing persistence.

You were invited by a tall, oblong woman with a vast bosom and a Sophie Braslau contralto voice to breathe deeply, rise with the dawn and join a New Life League. It costs one nothing, absolutely not one penny, comrade. And may the imperishable health and strength of Mother Earth fill you. You are beginning to worry about all these cards you're signing and all the leagues and what-nots you are joining. But what of it? You have probably never seen a crowd like this. And they're all so polite and—oh, sort of folksy. It's like a chautauqua. Or a state fair. No, a chautauqua. Hear that? A double quartette of lady trumpeters. At the brow of the hill, there. See them. They're all in white and you're thinking those gals have lungs. And you're right. You think too that the clarion thing they're playing is some composer's idea of what Gabriel is going to unloose on That Great Day.

But you have to keep going. Otherwise you'll never get inside the bowl at all. You have to ignore a lot of invitations to join Youth movements, High Sierra Nudist colonies, World Peace societies, Dawn, Inc., the Free Mooney League and the Free Money League. In this higgledy-piggledy hullabaloo you are likely to get those latter two confused anyway. Notice how many economists assail you. You rather wish you had kept count of the financial schemes and money systems you've been invited to subscribe to. What a place this would be for all those razzle-dazzle money wizards you've met in Washington! There was one lady whose bosom was crossed by a solid diagonal of emblems. We couldn't, of course, recognize all of them. But we remember that she belonged to the Christian Endeavor, the Epworth League, the W. C. T. U. and the Loyal Temperance Legion. She is against all minted metal. Whatever her league or society may be, it has its anti-coinage foundation on Judas' Thirty Pieces of Silver.

Slow going through this mob. You are run down by the wheel chairs of the crippled and whacked by the canes of the blind—some of them selling the writings of Upton Sinclair and some offering lithographs of Franklin Roosevelt bound gaudily in red, white and blue. A legless and one-armed war veteran offers you his own cartoons of Sinclair and Roosevelt shaking hands across the nation. You pause to hear a frenzied man pray and suspect that he is given to fits. You're glad he doesn't have one while you're standing next to him, but by this time you are just about past being startled. Just behind you a dozen men and women are reciting in unison A Political Prayer from Mr. Sinclair's EPIC Answers:

Give me a little pity
And give a little peace;
Give me a little beauty,
And then let me cease.

Give me a little battle
And a little woe;
Give me a little victory,
And then let me go.

Mob Conservatism

From within a crowd tightly huddled around a great pepper tree you catch faint, despairing cries: "Please get a doctor. Oh, help, help. Oh, please." Fraternal society potentates, sultanas, sachems, poo-bahs, lamas, satraps and exalted mistresses weave back and forth about you in full regalia, dispensing literature. You'll probably never read it, but take it anyway. Now that you move closer to the gates the signs and banners are all the reading material you can manage. Very entertaining, too. The big one yonder tells you: "You can end poverty. You can save democracy. You can employ the unemployed. You can avert violent revolution." Nice to know that. And across the way there's another big one: "Was Jefferson a Socialist? Was Jackson a Socialist? Was T. R. a Socialist? Was Wilson a Socialist? Is F. R. a Socialist? Well, neither are we!"

Anyway, you are pretty well convinced by now that this mob is just about as radical as the horde that followed Cromwell. Or Luther. Or stumbled after Peter the Hermit. If you expected to hear La Marseillaise or the Internationale sung, you'll have to be satisfied with Onward, Christian Soldiers and The Son of God Goes Forth to War. That's what you hear now—The Son of God Goes Forth to War—because you're at the gates and the crowd inside is in the midst of one of its song floods.

At the gate they ask you for twenty-

(Continued on page 32)

Little Girl Makes Good

The story of a success that happened in Hollywood—and couldn't have happened elsewhere

By William Slavens McNutt

ILLUSTRATED BY HARRY BECKHOFF

THERE were four of us—a pathetically hopeful associate producer, Jimmy Duncan, a veteran director, another screen writer, and myself—sitting up with a sick script and stalling for time by telling each other what ailed the business and all the people connected with it at that moment absent from the studio office.

So the morning ran something like this: From nine to nine fifteen, the producer told us about the good points of the Llewellyn setter he'd purchased the previous week. This reminded Jimmy Duncan of a time in the silent days when he directed a dog star in a series, which gave me an opportunity to recall an experience with huskies in Alaska, and led the other writer to a reminiscence of sign-painting in the Middle West. This, in turn, motivated the producer to take up the task of time-wasting by telling us how well his wife was getting along with water colors of the desert. After he ran down on his wife's artistic progress, there ensued that embarrassing, pregnant silence which so frequently precedes the actual beginning of an unpleasant task.

The other writer picked up a copy of the script from the producer's desk and weighed it distastefully in the palm of his left hand.

"They expect us to dive overboard with this load of hay and come up with an acre of nice green lawn," he said bitterly. "What do they think we are?"

"I'd hate to tell you," Jimmy said solemnly.

"Good writers are hard to get," the producer said sadly.

"Good writers," said Jimmy Duncan, "are hard to *be*. But the man doesn't live on this earth who isn't secretly convinced that he could make a sucker out of Shakespeare if he just had time to learn to spell or whatever it is he thinks he needs to know. And as for women—"

He walked to the window and stood for a moment looking out on the lot below. Then he turned to the other writer.

"Were you here when Dick Hess was the head of the studio?"

The other writer shook his head. "I'm only a young fellow," he protested. "Doing work on bad scripts gives me this aged look. Believe me or not, Jimmy, I was born following the Battle of Gettysburg."

"Yeh?" said Jimmy. "Well, did you know Micky King?"

"The writer?" said the other writer. "Sure. He and I were in the gag room together at Sennett's once. Great ribber."

"That's the baby," said Jimmy. "Did he ever tell you about the time here on this lot that he and I framed a little part-time stenog who was in on a rain check during a busy period helping us out?"

The other writer shook his head. "I never heard that one," he said.

JIMMY looked at the neglected script on the desk top, glancing at his wristwatch and then at the producer.

"Won't take a minute," he said.

The producer tried to frown and missed. He drew a long breath.

"Go ahead," he said. "Don't mind me."

"I was under contract with MGM at the time," Jimmy said; "and they loaned me to this outfit to do one picture with Don Standing. Dick Walsh was producing the thing and Micky King was on the writing end. We had nothing to go on but a character and an idea. So Micky and Dick Walsh and I dug in, in an office on the second floor in the old administration building and started in batting routines around and chucking gags in the air, trying to get some sort of story lined up on the thing. Well, of course, you know what happened when we three got together in one office. All the old-time two-reel comedy baboons on the lot got to dropping in on us. Pretty soon we had an old-time Sennett gag room around there. Everybody chipping in to help us out with the yarn and cutting up old touches between times.

"I suppose if any banker's representative had wandered in that room by mistake while we were kicking the story together, we'd all been blackballed out of the business. Nobody but an old-timer in story conferences would've believed that we were doing any work at all. But we were. You know how it goes in one of those things. An hour or more of punching the bag on stuff that hasn't got a thing in the world to do with the story you're supposed to be writing, and then one of the boys pops up with:

"'Say, listen, I just had an idea. How'd it be if you threw the old grandfather right out the window and turned that character into the girl's uncle instead, huh? You know. Young fellow about twenty-two or -three and—'

"And then somebody else jumps up and says, 'You're crazy. You can't do that. But listen—that gives me a hunch. Why don't we open with the grandfather when he's a young fellow just graduated from college, then—'

"And so on, for hours—everybody contributing an idea.

"WELL, after a week or so of this kind of thing, we had a pretty good story cooked up, and Micky, all set to start writing the script, sent for a gal to take dictation. All the regular writers' stenographers on the floor were busy. So he drew a kid working part-time over in the department where they mimeograph the stuff. As soon as she walked into the office we knew we weren't going to go shy of laughs for a while. She wasn't a bad-looking kid. Girl about twenty-four or -five, I guess—somewhere along in there—and she had the usual number of eyes, legs and arms, and so forth. For the life of me I couldn't tell you right now just what there was about her that spelled sap in such big letters. But whatever it was, that's what it spelled and did it stand out! Umm! Made to order for any gag. One of these super-earnest 'oh, gosh, I hope I can do the work all right' kind. Know what I mean? One look at her and you'd figure that you could give her an argument about Santa Claus and make her believe in the old coot all over again.

"Mick gave her a quick flash when she came in the office and slid me the high sign. Then right away he went into his big-business-man act, and I started playing straight for him.

"'Let me see,' Micky says very seriously, studying a blank piece of paper on his desk as though it had a lot of facts and figures on it. 'Your name is—'

"'Sherwood,' she said.

"'Forest?' Micky asked her.

"'No, sir,' she said. 'Sherwood.'

"Micky looked over at me. 'What do you think?' he asked.

"I walked up and down the room a couple of times with my eyes on the girl. She hadn't the faintest idea what it was all about. She figured it had something to do with her and she was so darned earnest and scared about it all I felt like throwing down my cards and passing the hand, but I stayed in.

"'I don't know,' I said, looking her over very carefully. 'I think—maybe.'

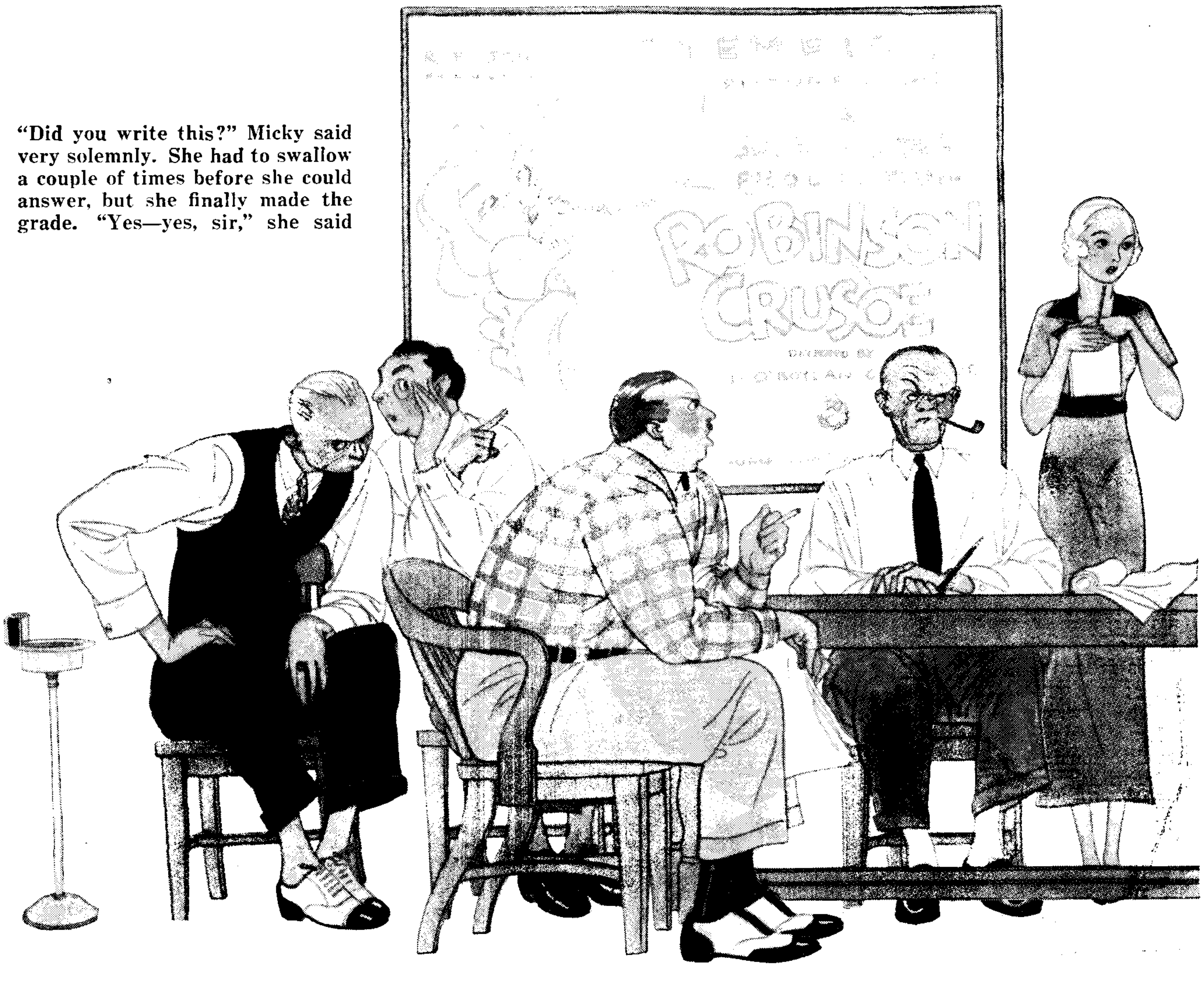
"'I'm not so sure,' Micky said. He turned to the girl. 'I understand this is your first experience taking dictation from a writer,' he said.

"She looked as though he were discussing the possibility of having her shot at sunrise.

"'Yes, sir,' she said.

"'Mmm,' said Micky, very solemn. 'What's your background?'

"'My what?' she said, looking scared.



"Did you write this?" Micky said very solemnly. She had to swallow a couple of times before she could answer, but she finally made the grade. "Yes—yes, sir," she said

“‘Begin at the beginning,’ Micky said severely. ‘Were you born? And if so, where?’

“She played it so straight that I began to figure we had a smart wren on our hands giving us an act that was topping ours. But it was no act. She was on the level about it. Told Micky where she was born and why and whatnot. And then when he'd wrung the gag dry of laughs, he said:

“‘The reason I ask all these questions is that we have to be careful. You see, we're writing a story.’

“‘Yes,’ she said. ‘They told me.’

“‘They did?’ said Micky. ‘They shouldn't've done that.’ He looked up at me. ‘You see,’ he said, ‘it's beginning to leak out already.’ Then he turned to the girl again. ‘It's a story about a boy and a girl,’ he said, ‘and we don't want the word to get around Hollywood.’

“The girl nodded.

“‘All these studios have spies working, you know,’ Micky said.

“‘Do they?’ she asked, wide-eyed.

“MICKEY nodded. ‘Some of them,’ he said solemnly, ‘even have spies that aren't working. You don't talk in your sleep, do you?’

“‘I don't—I don't think so,’ she said.

“‘I hope not,’ Micky said. ‘You know the angle we're depending on to make this story a standout smash is this: at the end of the picture the boy gets the girl.’

“The girl nodded. ‘I think they'll like that,’ she said.

“‘Who?’ Micky asked.

“‘Why,’ she said, ‘the people that see it.’

“‘You've got a good story mind,’ Micky said owlishly. ‘Do you promise solemnly not to repeat anything you hear in this office?’

“‘I promise,’ she agreed.

“‘Okay,’ Micky said. ‘Let's go.’

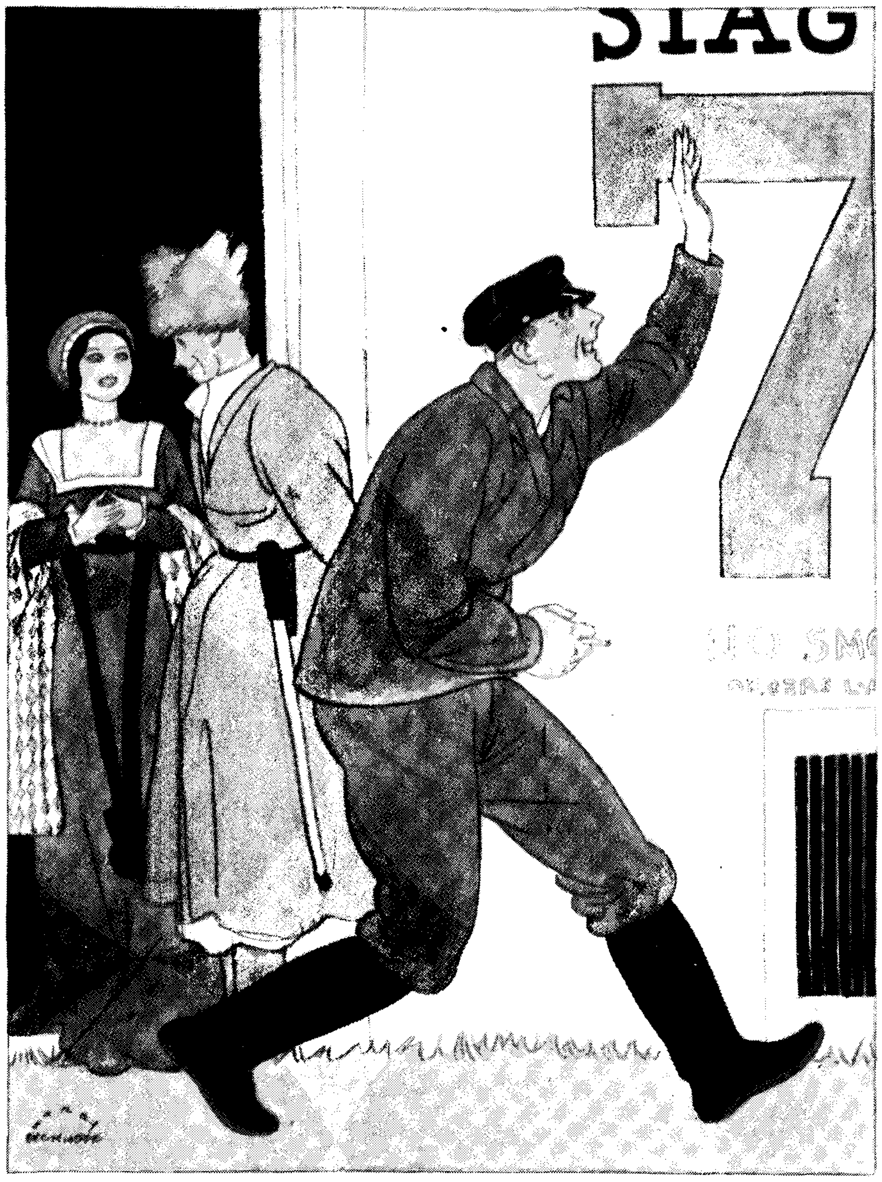
“Micky and I will probably boil in oil through all eternity for the gags we pulled on that girl the next couple of weeks. Did we lather her along! Fake stories of scandal and intrigue involving high-ups in the business. We talked the stuff over casually, and then pretended to remember she was in the room and swore her to secrecy on it. She got so full of fake low-down and important political misinformation she began to walk like a detective. When we spoke to her unexpectedly, she'd jump and shake her head and say, ‘I don't know anything about it,’ just automatically.

“And then one morning she showed up with a manuscript and asked Micky if he'd have time just to look through it some day and tell her if it was any good. It was a story called Beyond the End, done in scenario treatment form, and she admitted having written it.

“‘Of course, I don't suppose it's any good,’ she said, ‘but I had the idea and I wrote it down. I thought maybe you'd just take a look at it.’

“THAT afternoon after lunch Micky looked at it. I heard him having hysterics as I came down the hall toward the office. When I walked in he was sitting at his desk with the manuscript of Beyond the End open in front of him, the tears running down his cheeks and his face the color of a ripe plum from laughing too hard.

“‘Listen,’ he said, choking, ‘get a load of this,’ and he read me some of the stuff between gasps.



Dick Garland was cutting across the lawn toward a sound stage, dressed in sea boots, dungarees and a blue sailor cap

“It was pretty gosh-awful all right. I don't know why it is, but thoroughly sensible, sane people can certainly put queer words on paper when they get choked up with emotion and try to transfer it to writing. Whee-yoo! When I think back and remember some of the things I've put on paper when I was trying to help out with a story! I burn, I tell you! Say, I can lie in bed by myself in the middle of the night with the light out and nobody else in the house, and blush all over just thinking of some of those phrases I've written down. Wow!

“This Beyond the End manuscript was one of those things. Something about an Arctic explorer who went up north and got lost, a girl back in New York and—oh, I don't know. Just stinko! I remember one little bit where he was cooped up in a snow house or something of the sort up in the Arctic with a couple of cakes of ice for carpet slippers and his features all frost-bitten, starving to death and dying of scurvy at one and the same time, and listening to a radio that was bringing him his sweetheart's voice. She, it seems, had gone for a vocal teacher while he was absent, and had become a great bet on the radio. And there she was, singing from New York, and there he was, starving and frozen and falling apart from scurvy up in the drear, drab wastes of the Arctic with a swell radio which he had managed in some miraculous fashion to keep in perfect condition throughout all of those frightful experiences, listening to mamma warble.

“And mamma, I may say, was some warbler. According to the script, when her voice emanated from that radio the feet unfroze and the ice melted, the flowers bloomed, the guy got well of scurvy and shot a bear. The ship showed up and— Could that gal croon!

“SOME of the rest of the gang on the floor heard us laughing and dropped in to see what it was all about. Pretty soon there were half a dozen of us there in the office, all having more fun than anyone's entitled to without buying a ticket. In the middle of it Micky had an idea.

“‘Wait a minute,’ he said, drying his eyes. ‘Can you mugs sober up and play straight if I pull one?’

“We told him we'd try.

“‘I'll get her in here,’ Micky said, ‘and the gag is this: We've all read this thing and, being veteran writers, we know that no amateur such as she is could possibly have written such a masterpiece. Get me? We know she must've stolen it from some place or else she's under control.’

“‘What do you mean?’ somebody asked.

“‘The spirit gag,’ Micky explained. ‘You know — Shakespeare working through her—one of those things. How about it?’

“We agreed, God forgive the lot of us, which I wouldn't if I was Him, and Micky sent for her. She came in with her notebook and pencil and looked around sort of surprised at seeing so many of us. We were all sitting around giving it the serious take. Then she noticed the manuscript of Beyond the End lying open on the desk in front of Micky. I saw her give a little half gasp.

“‘Miss Sherwood,’ Micky said very solemnly, ‘did you write this?’

“She had to swallow a couple of times before she could answer, but she finally made the grade. ‘Yes—yes, sir,’ she said.

“Micky looked around at all of us and made sort of a grimace. Then he looked back at the girl.

“‘Are you real sure of that, Miss Sherwood?’ he asked.

“She was trembling all over. ‘Why, yes, I—I wrote it. Why? What is it? What's the matter?’

“‘Nothing's the matter,’ Micky told her, ‘except that we've read it and—well, frankly, Miss Sherwood, we don't believe that you wrote it.’

“‘But I did,’ she protested. ‘Honest I did.’

“‘I want you to remember that most of us here are writers, Miss Sherwood,’ Micky said. ‘We're familiar with literary material. We don't believe it's possible that you could have written this alone and unaided.’

“‘But I did,’ she insisted. ‘Really, I did. Why—why don't you think I wrote it?’

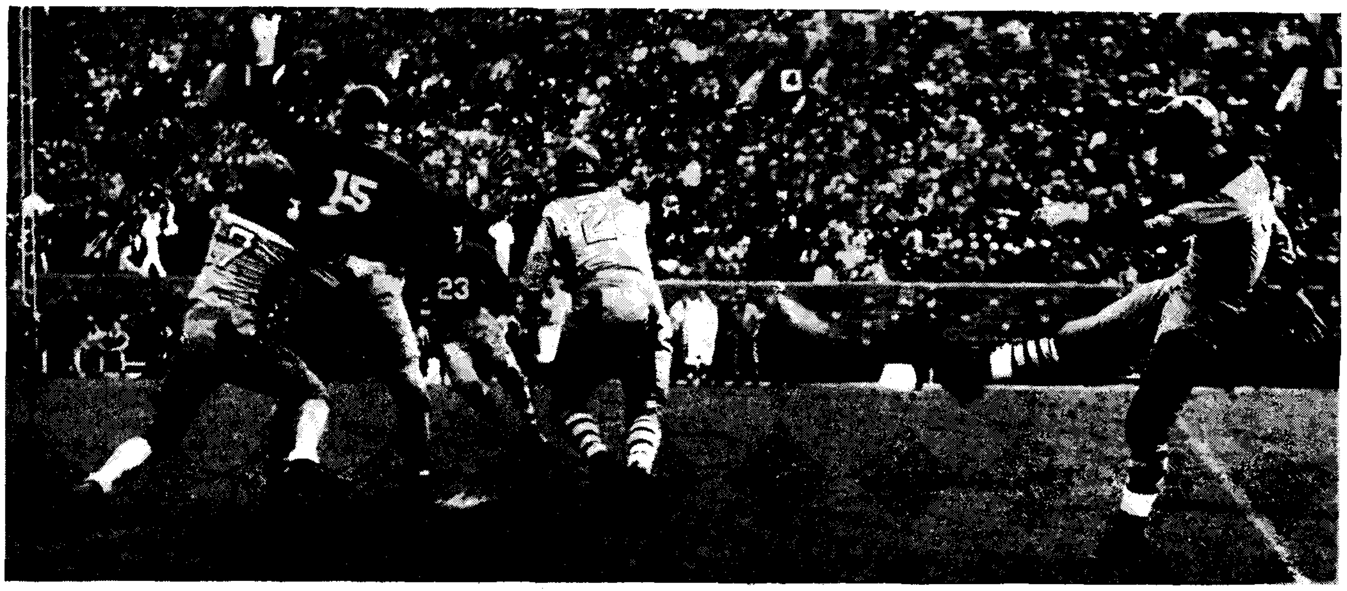
“‘Because,’ Micky said, ‘literary and dramatic excellence is never a gift. A person may be born with a knack for writing, Miss Sherwood, but craftsmanship—the degree of craftsmanship that is evident in every page of this script

(Continued on page 40)

What it Takes

By Lou Little

Smartness and precision—with those assets a light team can run circles around heavier opponents. But the little team has to keep the big fellows guessing all the time. Here a famous gridiron coach shows you how to hit the other fellow "where he ain't"—when he least expects it



WIDE WORLD

Cliff Montgomery, Columbia quarterback, punting in the 1934 Rose Bowl game with Stanford

GEORGETOWN University's football squad, one of the lightest teams I have ever coached, moved on to New York in the late autumn of 1928 with the sincere condolences of the Washington sports writers who had covered our earlier games.

The New York University eleven, with an extremely violent record of winning for the season, was to be the party of the second part at the Yankee Stadium on Saturday afternoon. Ken Strong, N. Y. U.'s magnificent running back, had piled up a remarkable record of scoring, aided and abetted by Ed Hill, a blocking back who had become Public Enemy No. 1 to opposing ends and defensive halfbacks.

Heading the interference, Hill all season had been throwing savage, perfectly timed blocks at the defensive end, pinning him to the line of scrimmage or driving him inside while Strong, with the ball, was galloping around the flank to be reinforced by running linemen as interferers. Ed Hill was that greatest of comforts to the football coach, the well-nigh perfect blocker. He was a fast, hard-hitting, well-poised boy who gloried in the rugged contact for which his assignment called. He cared not who carried the ball so long as he might be permitted to chop down the living obstacles in the runner's path. Hill's exceptional blocking, no doubt about it, had been a pivotal factor in the power of his team's attack. Ordinarily it requires the assignment of two men, the blocking back and a running lineman, to assure effective blotting out of the defensive end—and then they often fail. But Hill was no ordinary blocker. He did his job alone, releasing an additional lineman for down-field harrying of the secondary defense.

To permit this pair to function as it had functioned in earlier games, behind a line that averaged well over 200 pounds, would be plain suicide. Our scouting staff—and we had scouted N. Y. U. as thoroughly as possible—had come home with that judgment after watching the violent Violets in three games. We were to be the "little feller," out-manned, out-powered, outspeeded. It followed certainly that Georgetown would be out-scored, as well, unless this New York University Goliath could be out-smarted by our defense. Generalship, you know, is a thing not wholly of the attack.

Plainly, the situation called for a desperate, gambling move. But what?

Well, the scouts had come back with word that almost invariably Strong ran to the right and outside when the N. Y. U. formation was unbalanced to that side. Hill's assignment on the play invariably was to nail the defensive left end, pinning him in with a body block that had all the finesse of Paderewski at the piano keyboard.

Now, the play-calling tendencies of quarterbacks and the running habits of star halfbacks seldom change in a single week. In the important situation, the natural, almost invariable action is to go back to the play which has gained ground on previous Saturdays. Obviously Strong liked to run to the right behind the dynamic, meticulous blocking of Hill. He had been doing so all season and going for touchdowns.

In other words, this N. Y. U. eleven was a heavyweight boxer with a perfectly timed, terrific kick in his right hand but with a less potent left. Perhaps he would change in this week but we doubted it. We doubted it to the extent that we decided deliberately to weaken our defense against his left in the attempt to gain abnormal strength against his swinging right-hand attack.

A Gamble That Won

On Tuesday afternoon we set up the defense in practice. The first move was to shift our entire defensive line toward the prospective N. Y. U. right side. And then—

"In addition, you play wider than usual from your tackle," I told the slightly amazed left end. "When Mr. Hill comes driving at you, as he surely will do, attempting to block you in, your job will be to go across the line of scrimmage, keep your feet and 'hand-fight' him, playing him on his outside and paying no attention whatever to the inside. Only keep your feet, play Hill on his outside shoulder and carry him as wide as possible.

"Then, you see, Strong will be forced to run wide to get around you. Our defensive backs will have more time to come up and nail him while he's still running laterally. Of course, if you can dispose of Hill and take an occasional shot at Strong, it will be much appreciated. That, however, will not be your primary job."

"But what," asked the end, "if Strong cuts inside through the hole I'm leaving between the tackle and me?"

"We'll try not to think of that," I told him. "I hope he doesn't do it and I don't believe he will. But if he runs for touchdowns all day inside you, that will not be your responsibility—not, at least, until we've tried this out."

Thus overshifted, deliberately weakened in one spot but artificially strengthened in another, a more vital place, Georgetown gambled. The sweeping attack of Strong, Hill and Company rumbled under way as advertised soon after the game began. I shivered, slid down within a big coat and waited, first prayerfully, then hopefully. The thing was working out.

Hill, driving joyously out to smack the end, found that said end was not where he was supposed to be. To his marked surprise, Hill found that the end was harder to reach, was playing through his outside shoulder, keeping his feet while "hand-fighting" and drifting out, forcing Hill back. Strong, with the ball, discovered that he was running farther before he could round the end and "turn the corner" up-field, at which point two backs usually waited to "gang" him, even though not always with immediate success. That Strong at any time might have cut back through the weak spot we had deliberately created between end and tackle seemed to occur neither to him nor his quarterback.

A superlative back, Strong gained many, many yards that day against Georgetown, several times when, in spite of himself, he was forced inside by our secondary defense tacklers and involuntarily cut back through the hole we had left open. But never did he run for a touchdown because time after time Georgetown was able to bring up reinforcements on the outside flank, barring the boulevard over which he had rambled to glory on previous Saturdays.

Our gamble that this All-America back would not in a single week change his habits had won. A lucky touchdown came to Georgetown on a fumble and a 95-yard run. The "little feller," boxing at long range and watching the big guy's right hand, had won the decision. The final was Georgetown 7; N. Y. U. 2.

"Hit 'Em Where They Ain't"

Football strategy, the chief asset in the light, out-manned team's fight against superior power, may be summed up simply as "doing the unexpected thing at the right time."

It has been said often by the football wise men that there is no substitute for power. Twenty-five years ago that statement might have been accepted without quibble. Today it is still substantially true. The foundation of the successful football attack must still be power. But it is more true today than ever before that deception, the ability to mask power, must be a definite, essential phase of the offensive scheme. Make your opponent think you are going to do what he expects you to do—and then don't do it.

So far as I know, Abraham Lincoln never kicked a football and the relative merits of the waiting and smashing end constituted no part of his worries, although I judge from my reading of his young manhood that he might have made a whale of an end or tackle, at that. But when Mr. Lincoln remarked that "you can fool all of the people some of the time and some of the people all of the time but you can't fool all of the people all of the time," he was talking our football language. An attack based entirely on deception never will win consistently. A certain major eleven of the East tried building its entire offensive scheme on deception not so many seasons ago and failed. Any well-devised offense must, of course, have its generous element of power. But power alone is a giant which can be hobbled often by intelligent, resourceful opposition. The offense the present-day coach strives for and the one you like most to see on a Saturday afternoon is the attack so rounded and balanced that the defense must likewise be perfectly diversified, not daring to armor one point at the expense of another.

"Hit 'em where they ain't," advised that outstanding American philosopher, Willie Keeler.

"Look over the defense and hit 'em where they ain't," I tell our quarterbacks, usually adding, "and when they least expect it."

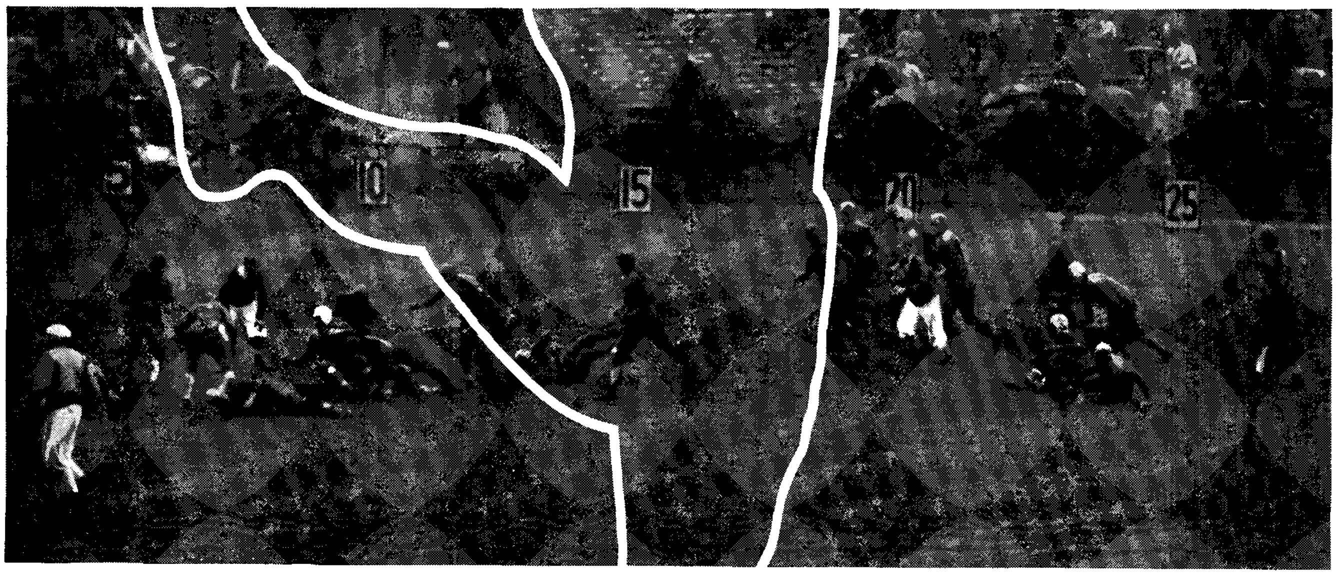
When Tactics Can't Be Changed

Sometimes the deception, the surprise element, either offensively or defensively, continues through the entire game in which it is the decisive factor. It is almost impossible in the stress of a hard-fought, objective game to change basic tactics of either offense or defense in which the team has been thoroughly drilled for weeks. The inability of N. Y. U. to alter its flanking attack to meet the special, unorthodox defense set up by Georgetown in the instance cited illustrates the point. Had N. Y. U. in that game suddenly started to cut back or to attack to the weak side, the carnage might have been terrific. The unexpected stratagem by which Notre Dame in 1932 countered Army's great smashing ends by a floating back who managed to pin the Army ends at the line of scrimmage where other teams had failed to handle them provides a similar instance, but reversed. This time it was the defense, not the offense, which was unable to meet quickly a surprising element. The game swung on that point.

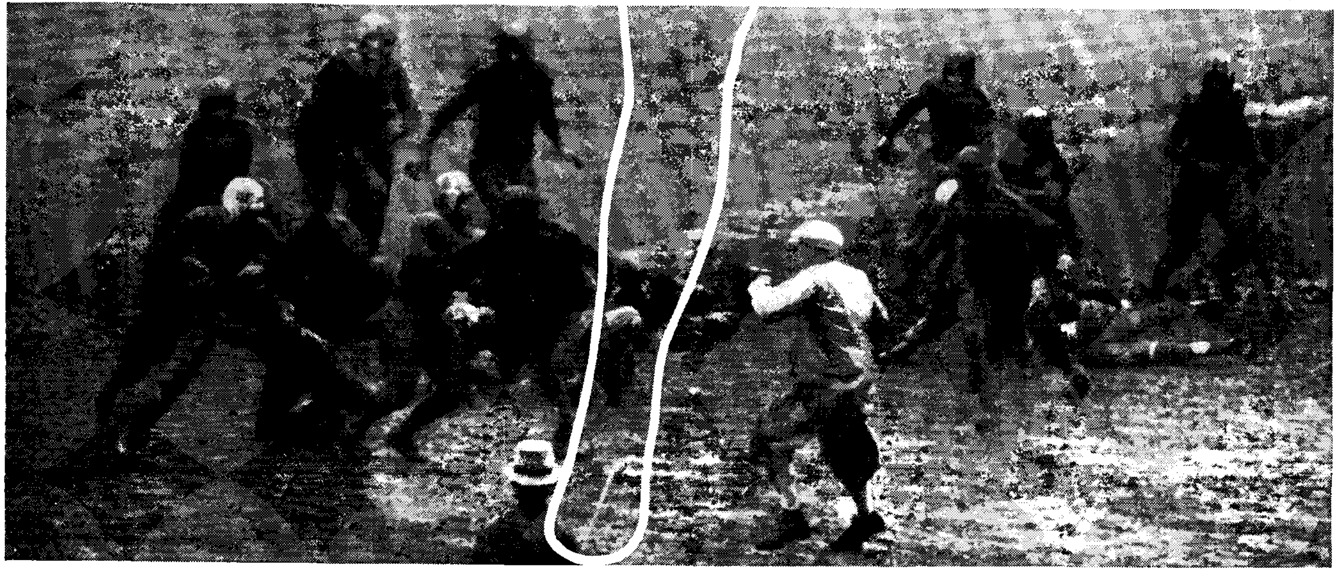
But games swing also on the deception of a single play, on the audacious, chance-taking decisions of quarterbacks who spot a weakness and gamble a season's success or failure in the fraction of a second.

I mean now the sort of play which won the Penn State-Pitt game of 1919. That contest helped to make Bob Higgins, now a coaching colleague at Penn State, the most famous end of the season and an All-America choice of the late Walter Camp. It is only fair to add that Higgins' reputation as a superlative end rested on much more than a one-game distinction. The country has seen few more consistent, intelligent, fighting ends. But it was one play which made his name famous from Maine and Galveston to the Golden Gate.

U. & U.



INTERNATIONAL NEWS


ACME

Ken Strong, New York University's All-America back in 1928, and two scenes from the Georgetown-N. Y. U. game of that year. Upper: Strong tackled after a slight gain. Lower: Running back a Georgetown punt

Pitt was a heavy favorite on that Thanksgiving Day as the major rivals, many of the players veterans home from the World War, went into action at Pittsburgh in their season's greatest battle. Early in the game, State's Nittany Lions were driven back deep into their own territory. The ball was on the 10-yard line as Hess, State's fullback, dropped back to punt from a yard behind his own goal-line. In that precarious spot, every inch of distance on the kick is important, of course, but eleven yards of protection from the defensive line that will come charging through at the snap of the ball is none too much. I like my kicker twelve yards back unless he is exceptionally fast at getting the ball away.

"Block that kick," came booming from the stands. Ten Pittsburgh men crowded up to the line of scrimmage to do that thing. It was perhaps with some difficulty that Pop Warner on the Pitt bench restrained himself from getting out there with them. The first team to score usually won these Pitt-Penn State classics in the days when both rivals were leaders in Eastern football. This was Pitt's chance. A blocked kick and—

Perhaps Penn State's quarterback, Robb, was thinking along those lines. Perhaps he was a genius or perhaps just a gambler who felt his luck was due. Or, more likely, he was another of these "little fellows who have what it takes."

At any rate, with his team in orthodox punt formation; with Bill Hess, the punter, going through the pantomime of the nervous kicker examining his footing, Robb called the pass signal. Hess fakes the kick cleverly and then—back he fades, tossing a 20-yard running pass to Higgins, who tucks the ball in on his 15-yard line and turns, headed up-field.

Victory to the Under Dog

Higgins was the forgotten man so far as Pitt and its ten-men defensive line was concerned—but not for long. As Higgins gathered the oval in tenderly, snuggled it under a careful arm and started for the Pitt goal, he picked up a convoy. Brown, Penn State's other end, swooped over to cut down the lonesome Pitt safety man and Higgins ran 85 yards to a touchdown. Pop Warner is reported to have expressed himself volubly on the subject of eccentric quarterback generalship and Penn State went on to win an under dog's victory by 20-0.

Don't ask me what would be my reaction at the sight of a Columbia quarterback throwing a forward pass from behind his own goal-line with the score tied in the first quarter of the season's objective game. If replying honestly, I might have to describe the chilly feeling with which I watched Quarterback Cliff Montgomery throw a forward pass from kick formation on fourth down deep in his own territory against one Columbia opponent last fall—with the score still 0-0. Fourth down, remember. An incompletion would be almost as disastrous as an interception. It was a moment to make strong men's blood run cold.

Montgomery faked the kick. The defensive line came charging in, as defensive lines will insist upon doing at the most embarrassing times. Left End Owen McDowell took four strides as if going down under a punt, then wheeled. As straight as Carl Hubbell's fast ball, but somewhat easier to handle, came Montgomery's pass. McDowell, a lanky, pass-catching end whose winter forte was basketball, clutched the ball safely

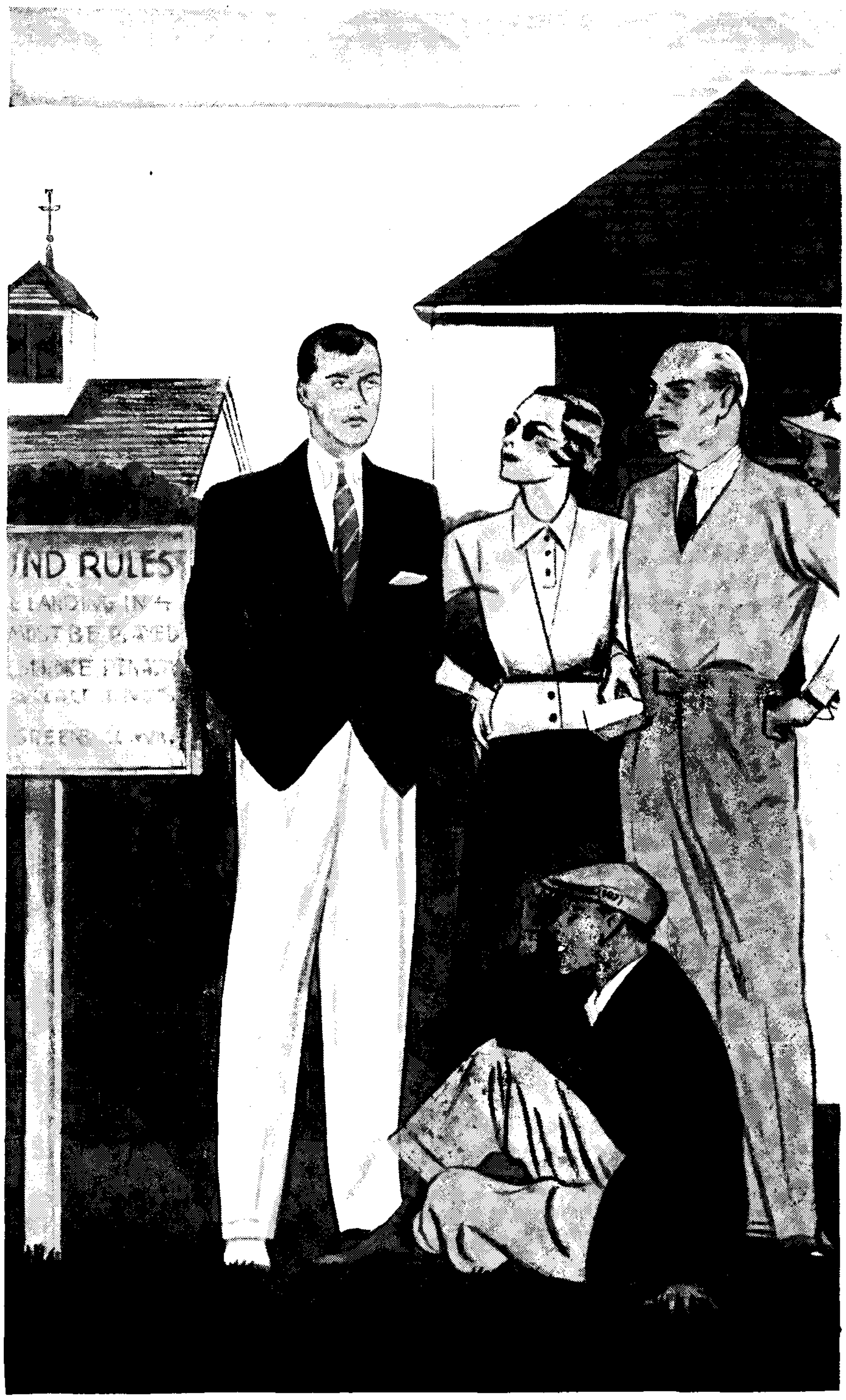
(Continued on page 38)

On Your Own Feet

The story of Millicent Lansing, golfer, and one of those men who are not interested in girls. Old Uncle Joe Sturgis is still chuckling

By Talbert Josselyn

ILLUSTRATED BY GEORGE HUGHES



OLD Joe Sturgis told himself that he hadn't seen a prettier girl in years than this niece of his, Millicent Lansing. The last time he had seen her she was a gangling youngster of fourteen, with big blue eyes—no, they were eyes that were more violet than blue—and a mop of yellow hair and a promise of great beauty; and now here she was, a grown-up young woman of nineteen with the promise of beauty entirely fulfilled.

He gazed and gazed at her as she stood on the first tee of the Hotel Del Grande golf course, ready for a practice round in preparation for the Women's Gold Vase championship. It wasn't going to make a bit of difference, old Joe told himself, if she couldn't hit a golf ball a lick. There she was, his niece, a darned pretty girl—and pride glowed within him.

Of course, as far as he was concerned, she'd have looked even prettier if she hadn't been quite so dressed up; if, instead of a shimmering silk sweater she'd been wearing a rough woolen one, and if she hadn't had on a little hat with a feather in it and a pair of gloves. But that, old Joe told himself, was probably due to her mother, his sister Clara; she'd always gone in for such things. He glanced at where Clara was standing—a Clara who might have been taken for an older sister of Millicent's.

Then he had forgotten all this, had forgotten everything but the fact that Millicent had driven . . . and the ball was sailing high and far and true down the fairway. She had smacked one . . . like a champion! And old Joe Sturgis was going forward, was putting a hand on the shoulder of this lithe, slender girl, and was saying, "Say, but you know how to hit a golf ball!"

Millicent smiled up at him with little crinklings at the corners of her eyes, and swiftly it came to Joe Sturgis that she smiled just as her father used to smile—John Lansing, Joe's best friend and business associate, dead these ten years. She spoke, and her voice rippled just as her father's used to ripple.

"I'm glad you liked it, Uncle."

"Liked it!" said old Joe. "Say, I never hit a drive as far as that in all my life. Where do you get all that power?"

"I guess it's a gift," said Millicent, and smiled again, showing dazzling white teeth.

A voice sounded at Joe's elbow; a cool, correcting voice.

"I wouldn't talk with her too much, Joe. She's got to concentrate on her game."

For a moment Joe Sturgis stared blankly at his sister, and then, "Uh, why . . . sure!" he was hastening. "Of course, of course!" And he was trudging in silence along the fairway . . . and a hollow little sort of feeling was going through him . . . Clara, running things, even to her daughter's golf.

They came to where the ball lay, and here Millicent, standing with gloved hands on hips, studied the distant green. The caddie, a man in his middle twenties, stood at her side and studied it with her. Finally he began to speak, talking to her in a low, crisp voice. He talked at length . . . then with swift precision drew a club from the filled bag, handed it to her and stepped aside. Millicent took a couple of practice swings, slow and full and rhythmic, stepped up to the ball, carefully took stance . . . and sent the ball winging, winging until it had reached the very apron of the green.

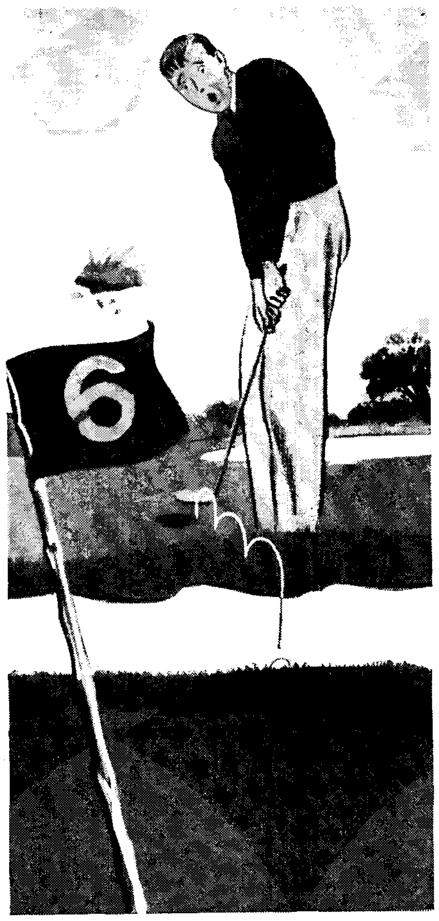
"Beauty!" breathed Joe Sturgis. He started to speak to Millicent, then checked himself. They went on.

THEY went on, and in time the pleasure that was on Joe Sturgis' face became tinged with puzzlement, with question. He edged over to his sister and spoke from behind his hand.

"Hey, doesn't she ever haul a club out of the bag without all this deep conference stuff from her caddie and sock it one? Isn't she ever on her own?"

Clara gave him a look, and although Joe hadn't seen that look for five years, he remembered it instantly. "Millicent's only four over par to here, isn't she?"

"Uh, why . . . yes," said Joe. He'd never been four over par to there in all the years he'd known Del Grande. He winced, yet rallied his forces. "Just the same, I don't think it's wise to rely so much on a caddie. If she was to get one that didn't know anything. . . ."



"The day we arrived at Del Grande, a week ago," said Clara, "we got the best caddie they had. He's been Millicent's regular caddie ever since, and will continue to be."

Old Joe grunted. That was two rounds for Clara. If he hadn't been stubborn he'd have quit. But old Joe was stubborn; being so had gotten him where he was; had enabled him to keep going during an era when others had quit—yes, and incidentally it had enabled Clara to live as she pleased on her share of a business that still made money.

So Joe persisted: "I'm not saying that Millicent's pro hasn't done a swell job; he has—he's made her a fine player. But a pro can do only so much, and the best caddie in the world can do only so much, and beyond that it's up to the player; and if that player hasn't schooled himself to meet things all by himself, sooner or later he's going to get an awful shellacking. In this life, whether it's golf or anything else, a person's got to learn to stand on his own feet."

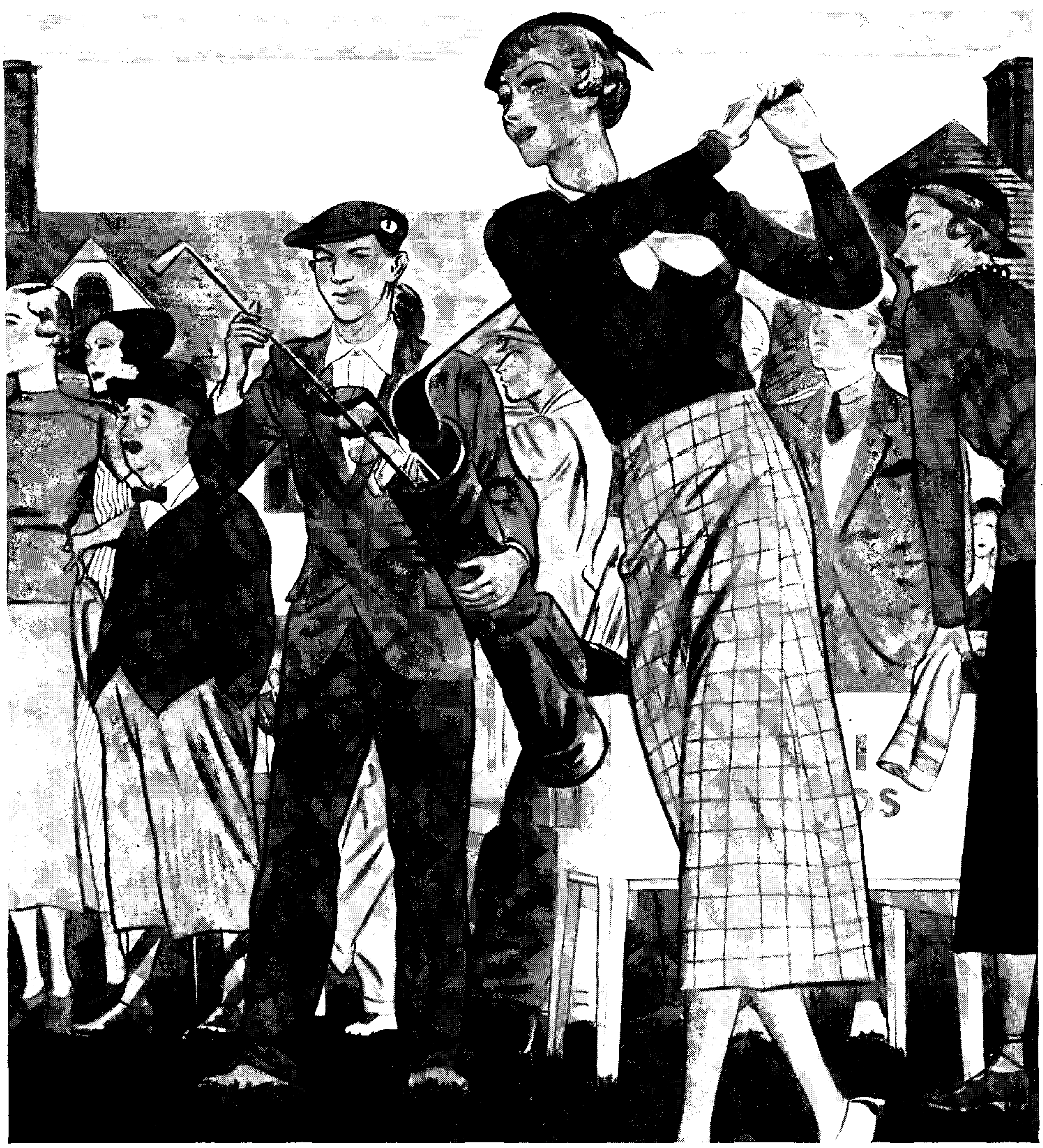
Clara Lansing looked at her brother out of long-lashed eyes, then smiled as she shook her head. "You haven't changed, have you, Joe? When I planned this trip to the Coast, I told myself that you'd probably start in lecturing right away, but I wasn't going to let that spoil my trip, was I? So . . . Ooh, did you see that pitch of Millicent's? It's not three feet from the pin!"

Old Joe said nothing further. But as he trudged along a feeling of anger began to grow within him; anger, not against Clara—she had already ceased to be considered, ceased to be anywhere in the picture—but anger against himself that he had failed in his share of helping bring up this niece of his, this daughter of John Lansing. He had continued to think of her as a small child, had been so busy in these late years trying to hold together what John and he had earned that time had stolen a march on him, and now here was Millicent grown up.

WELL, he'd try to make up for it now! Yes, even to golf! He smiled with sardonic humor as he thought of his own brand of golf, in the high nineties, and Millicent shooting around eighty, and yet . . . Her golf was just as though it was radio-controlled, with a caddie doing all the thinking for her. That's what it was! And where would she be if the radio went on the blink; if there happened unexpectedly things that always happen at golf championships? She'd have to learn to stand on her own feet, to do her own thinking.

Old Joe Sturgis' mind went into high gear.

An hour later and two hundred miles



Millicent Lansing continued her game of precision; continued to look right through the young man in the gallery as though he were thin air. At noon she was three up

away from Del Grande, a bronzed young man pulled himself out of a mountain lake onto a float and listened once more to the shouted statement of a fellow camper where he stood on the porch of a big log cabin at the top of a tree-fringed bluff.

"Telephone! Long-distance, from Mr. Sturgis, down at Del Grande!"

The bronzed young man strode swiftly shoreward and took the rock steps two at a time. He reached the top of the bluff, crossed the slab-floored porch and in another moment was picking up the telephone.

"Hello," he said.

"Hello!" sounded the voice of Joe Sturgis. "Is that you, Charlie?"

"Yes," said young Charlie Owen, "it's Charlie in person, in a pair of swimming trunks. You got me straight out of the lake. What's caught fire now?"

"Nothing's caught fire. Everything's going fine. But I need you. I want you to come right down to Del Grande and . . ."

Charlie Owen emitted a squawk.

"What, me come down to that place, when the fish are biting and everything's just swell up here and . . ."

"Well, you'll come down," said Joe Sturgis. "And you'll bring your golf clubs—*and* your dinner clothes."

Charlie groaned. "Now look here! I'm not coming down there to dance around with a lot of women! And—"

"You'll come down," pursued old Joe Sturgis imperturbably. "And I want you to be here by the middle of this evening. That's important. Listen, boy—" old Joe's voice became even more insistent—"when I say I need you, I mean it."

Charlie Owen chuckled. "Okay! I'll be there!"

AT EIGHT o'clock that evening he sat in Joe Sturgis' room in the big resort hotel of Del Grande. He was in dinner clothes, and a most strikingly well-groomed young man he was; one who would have been called mighty good-looking if it hadn't been for the expression on his face at that moment. For old Joe Sturgis had just finished telling why he had sent for him, and the Owen expression was a combination of appalled wrath and incredulity.

"You mean," Charlie Owen finally managed to find voice, "you mean that you sent for me to come away down here just to play golf . . . with your darned kid niece?"

"She's not a kid," hastened old Joe. "That's just it. I thought she was, but here she is all grown up, and that's why . . ."

"I don't care whether she's grown up or not," cried Charlie. "You know what I think of 'em; all of 'em!"

"Well, you're here now," said old Joe. "And you're not going to let a pal down. Have I," he added quickly before Charlie could speak, "have I ever let you down?"

Charlie looked long at him. Finally he shook his head. "No, darn it." He sighed. "All right, go ahead and tell me all."

Joe Sturgis told. Told at length, and finished with: "There. And you're the only one I know who can put it over. You're not the sort who'll be getting mushy around a good-looking girl. You'll stick right to the main issue."

"I'll say I will," said Charlie grimly.

"Millicent's got to learn to stand on her own feet."

"We'll teach her," said Charlie.

"And," old Joe made final suggestion, "if you'll just sort of put your best foot forward during the evening, it'll help that much more for later on."

"I'll put it forward," said Charlie stoutly. "All right then, let's go."

Never, for the next several hours, did a young man put his best foot forward any better than young Charlie Owen. He danced, talked small talk and smaller talk; did the many innumerable things calculated to make a pleasant evening for a hotel-staying mother and daughter—a mother who, he figured, was somewhere around forty and who tried to look younger; and a daughter who was maybe nineteen or twenty, and who was sort of pretty (sort of pretty!) with her corn-yellow hair and blue eyes—no, eyes that were more violet than blue—and wearing a white evening gown, and who seemed to know enough to be content to keep quiet and listen.

Yes, Charlie Owen put his best foot forward, and that he succeeded was evident from the animation on the faces of Clara Lansing and Millicent. Also, on the face of old Joe Sturgis.

THEY had just returned to their table from the dance floor.

"Say," said old Joe, "I don't know when I've had a better time! I wish this foursome could go right on." Then he was beaming around the table. "Say, I don't know why it couldn't!"

Clara and Millicent regarded him with pleased expectancy; Charlie with expectancy of another sort. It had come.

"Yes, sir," said old Joe Sturgis, "it's just occurred to me—" and the casual way in which he said this would have done credit to one deeply versed in the Machiavellian school of thought "—it's just occurred to me that we could all go out on the course tomorrow morning and play a foursome."

There was a momentary silence, and then, "Why, say now, that sounds fine to me!" No voice could have had a truer ring of sincerity than Charlie Owen's. Unless it was Millicent's . . . and she meant it. "I think it would be loads of fun!" and her eyes were shining.

Clara Lansing started to nod . . . then stopped.

"Oh, I'm afraid we couldn't do it! You see, it's the last day for Millicent to practice; she's still got a lot of work to do with her irons and . . ."

"Nonsense," said Joe Sturgis. "There's such a thing as too much practice. Isn't there, Charlie?"

Charlie nodded portentously. "So I've been told."

"We-ll, of course," said Clara.

"Of course!" said old Joe. "Practice is off for tomorrow. It's a foursome. And to make it more fun, we'll make it a Scotch foursome—partners playing the same ball. I suppose they call it Scotch because they save half the number of golf balls that way. Well, le'see," and Joe glanced around the table, "how about Millicent and Charlie as partners against you and me, Clara?"

CLARA gasped. "Against *us?* That wouldn't be any match at all! With Millicent playing the way she does and Mr. Owen . . ."

"That's just it!" said old Joe. "Mr. Owen doesn't. The sort of golf he plays should be exhibited in a museum. Eighteen or twenty handicap and . . ."

"Eighteen or twenty?" said Clara Lansing, and for the first time that pleasant evening she looked at Charlie Owen with something less than pleasure. For a young man of the build and accomplishments of Mr. Owen to be such a golfing nonentity. . . .

Charlie shook his head at her. "Sad but true. But, you see . . ." He plunged into a long, discursive narrative of early upbringing, travel . . . distant lands. . . . "And of course a man couldn't play golf when there wasn't any place to play golf," he concluded.

Clara smiled tolerantly. "Oh, of *course* not," she said.

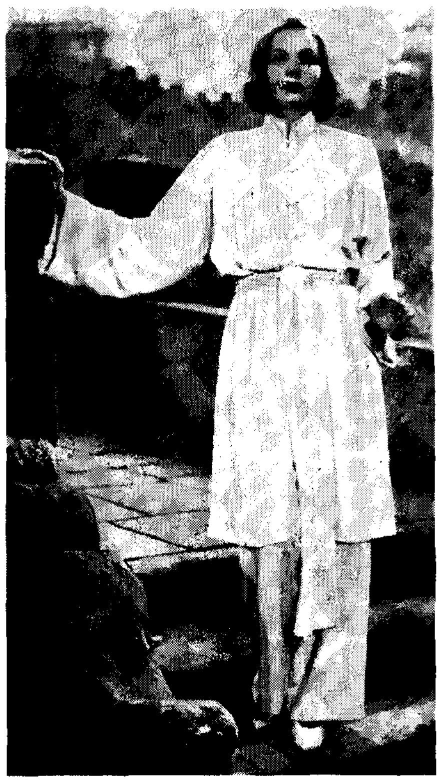
At a spot along the sixth fairway of the picturesque, forest-flanked Del

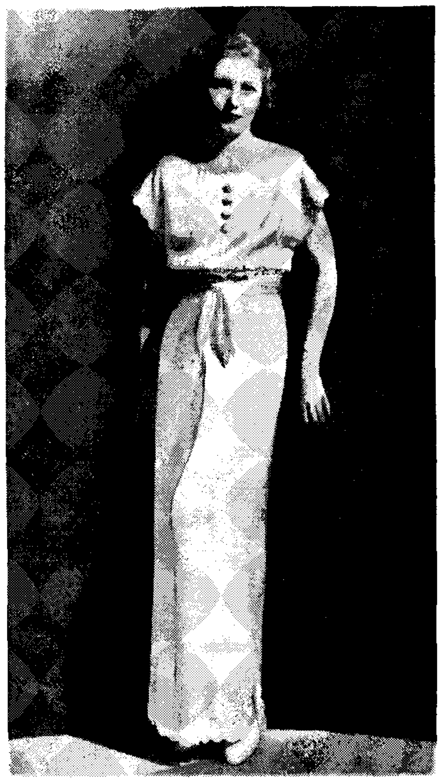
(Continued on page 51)

Right This Way

Smart answers to your clothes problems from Aimee Larkin, Collier's Stylist, in a season when cockeyed fashions are the rule and you want to be the exception

By Aimee Larkin





Fashion is easily influenced this season, and borrowing everywhere. A favorite is the Chinese influence, perfect for the lounging robe (left) Greta Garbo wears in The Painted Veil. Josephine Hutchinson's charming nightgown (below) would make an equally fetching dinner gown

LOTS of people tell you this winter's clothes are going to be the most cockeyed and extravagant in years—a sort of Empress Josephine-Little Women mixture, with sidelights from the modes of Messrs. Lenin, Socrates, Chiang Kai Shek, Richard the Lion-Heart and George IV. They mention mermaid silhouettes, skirts sixteen yards around and high-waisted "nightgown" evening dresses. They talk of Cossack and postillion coats, Guinevere girdles and troubadour sleeves, boot-top and slit skirts, pokes, pill-boxes and conical-crowned hats, every material from transparent paper to wood. To hear them, you'd think any gal without millions in her purse and masquerades in mind might just as well go nudist.

But don't you believe them. The way to be smart, in a season of tricks, is to seize on a couple of cardinal principles and buy accordingly. This year's mode *does* stress important, luxurious fabrics. It *does* emphasize suitability to the occasion for which each costume is worn. And just about everything else is froth that a good puff of winter wind will blow off the fashion map.

Get your thrill in the beauty of your materials and have them handled as simply as possible—it's better to be flattered than photographed. Get your variety in choosing one appropriate outfit for each of the things you do—it's safer to be right than new. Then—get ready to feel superior when you see the overstyled, story-book people looking silly, and the clean-cut moderns like yourself looking as though they belonged.

But you'll have to begin by facing the fact that you're seeing several months ahead of most women. For one dress, coat, hat or shoe of the kind you've decided to buy, the average store has stocked dozens of the tricky variety. The crowd is flocking in to love them, flocking out to wear them and flocking around talking about each other's inability to get away with them—instead of going off alone with their mirrors to see whether these new creations are hits or flops on the person concerned.

In the meantime, you haven't been wasting hours or dollars doing costume plays. You're trotting around in what they'll wish they'd bought, when they sober up. For office, shopping, spectator sports or all-around knockabout, you're playing a tweed suit—the kind that looks, feels and costs as though it would stand rain and hard wear. Bright colors are good this year, particularly green, but that's incidental. The shortish fur coat lined with tweed, with skirt to match, is a smart and useful suit. Such details as box or swagger cut—finger-tip, full or almost any other coat-length—skirt length about the same as last year's—are a matter of figure. The main idea is the casual, well-bred, efficient picture. You're dressed to *do* something, in the twentieth century.

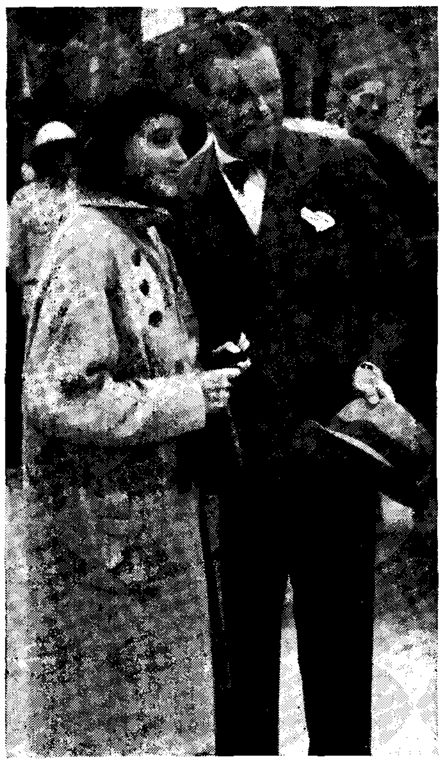
For this costume, simple, tailored shirts are first choice in blouses—heavy crêpe, flannel, jersey, with trim, slim lines. Top them with a raft of scarfs and bound them at the bottom of the sleeve with doeskin or fabric gloves to carry a good-sized leather handbag. Sweaters are good, too—the mannish, Brooks-type, also the hand-knits. Hats for tweeds play the eccentricities of the season down instead of up—crowns higher, some square or pointed, turned up in back if you like, all a bit devil-may-care. Choose a good-quality felt you can punch and twist into different crown and brim lines and don't be afraid to treat it rough. Shoes will be hard to find, because you won't want the out-and-out sports feeling of brogues, and the manufacturers seem to think the popular oxford and the classic pump of this year's vintage ought to be much more fancy than usual. If you can get calf instead of kid for your walking shoe, a built-up leather heel instead of a wooden pin, a sensible height instead of a stilt—you're lucky. Also, you're smart.

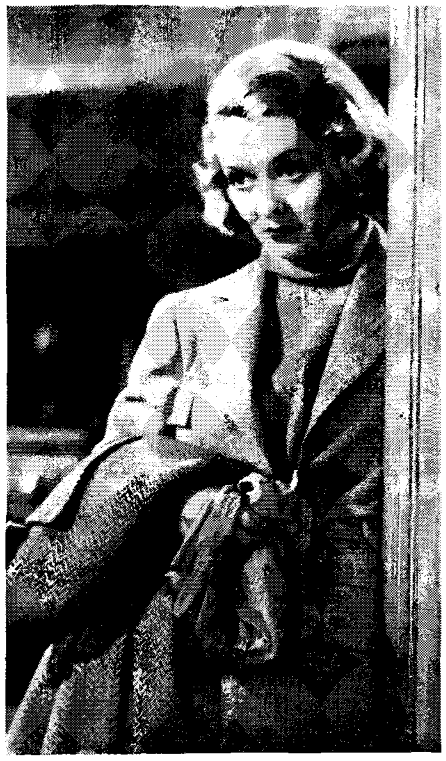
If your budget runs to two topcoats, have a good warm one with a loose back, big enough to go over your suit. Rough wool that won't show creases, dust or rain is the right technique, and checked or monotone tweeds in rich, dark colors are ideal. The reversible, fur-lined coat is a good bet. Keep this entry for knockabout, sports, motoring and travel. Five years is a short life for it, particularly if you avoid fur trimming, so pay as much as you can and you'll always have the kind of distinction that makes men tell their wives to find out where you get your clothes.

When you aren't wearing your suit, you'll want woolen dresses to go under your topcoat. Two pieces lead this year, but don't let that influence you if you don't look well in them. An interesting weave, rougher and hairier than last year, a brightish or quite darkish color, and simplicity of cut are what to look for. Colored accents at a high neck are good and give a chance for change-offs.

But you must also think of a coat for your less formal woolen dresses and for those of silk. If you can think twice and not unbalance the exchequer, you may decide to get two more coats. But you can easily manage with one. This agile compromise will be straightish, plain-colored, slightly rough and entirely furless, for the furless coat was the news of the Paris Openings. When you want to play down its formality for wool dresses, you'll wear a wool scarf. When you want to look dressed up, you'll wear a scarf of heavy, plain silk or a separate fur on scarf, ascot or cape lines. The strictly afternoon coat of velvet or velours-like fabric, lavishly furred, is all very well for purely decorative occasions. But so many women buy it and wear it

(*Continued on page 44*)





The stars wearing simple clothes—and did you ever see Connie Bennett (right, above) look better than she does in this tweed suit in The Green Hat? Greta Garbo's travel suit (above) from The Painted Veil is perfect for general use anytime anywhere. Wear a low neckline if it is more becoming—Kay Francis does on this simple dress (below, right) in British Agent

Shadow of Doubt

By Arthur Somers Roche

ILLUSTRATED BY MARIO COOPER

The Story Thus Far:

IN LOVE with Trenna Plaice, a motion-picture actress, who repeatedly declines his offers of marriage, Sim Sturdevant, a prominent New York advertising man, dines with her in her apartment, tells her of a radio hour he is planning for a client, asks her to sing in it. Her answer shocks him. She cannot, she says, sing for him; for in the morning she is to marry a man worth twenty million dollars: Len Haworth!

Sturdevant knows Haworth; knows him to be a dissolute wastrel and playboy. He has heard, furthermore, that the man is engaged to another girl: Lisa Bellwood, a débutante.

Half an hour later, at the Merrygoround, a night club, he is chatting with Inez Johnson, the star of the revue, when Haworth, intoxicated, enters—*with Lisa Bellwood!* Observing Inez (who has just agreed to sing in the radio hour), the man strides over to Sturdevant's table. In a quarrelsome mood, he insults Sturdevant, who promptly and most efficiently knocks him down. Sturdevant slips away, walks to his apartment, goes to bed. He is awakened early in the morning by a phone call from Reed Ryan, a newspaper-man, who gives him some news: *Haworth has been murdered!*

From that moment on, Sturdevant, Lisa Bellwood and Trenna Plaice are under suspicion. With dapper little Police Sergeant Wilcox, to whom he takes an instant liking, Sturdevant goes to Trenna's apartment. There Police Lieutenant Sackville interrogates him, while a group of newspaper-men take notes. As Sackville enunciates his theory—the very obvious one that, furious with jealousy, Sturdevant had followed Haworth to his apartment and shot him—Reed Ryan and Tom Granby, Sturdevant's attorney, enter. "Miss Bellwood," Ryan announces, "admits being at Haworth's apartment. But she *claims* she left at a quarter to two."

"She didn't mention seeing Trenna Plaice at Haworth's, did she?" Wilcox cuts in. He glances at Sturdevant, and adds: "She was there, all right." He wheels: Trenna, escorted by a detective, is entering the room.

III

SHE paused uncertainly, as though her own living-room were unfamiliar to her. There was the faintest hint of appeal in her black eyes as she looked at the group of men who stared at her. Then, as Sturdevant rose and moved toward her, she uttered a barely audible cry. Relief, or fear, or joy: not a man in the room could have told from the sound alone what her exclamation indicated. But the manner in which she held out both hands to Sturdevant made it certain that it was not the second of these three emotions.

"Sim," she said, "they haven't been—they didn't—"

Granby, easily alert, interposed swiftly.

"I'm Tom Granby, Miss Plaice, Sim's attorney. Would you like me to act for you until you have communicated with your own lawyer?"

She looked at him almost vaguely.

"Why, of course, Mr. Granby, if you'll be good enough."

It was the simplicity of great art or utter innocence. She seemed as helplessly bewildered as a child. It was after five in the morning; she had had no sleep, but no make-up could give her that look of freshness. Reed Ryan sighed audibly. A chuckle ran around the group of newspaper-men; they knew Ryan's susceptibility. The reporter colored, then frowned at his own embarrassment.

"Have you been talking to these detectives?" asked Granby.

"Of course," she replied. "They seemed to think that I—know something about Len's death, and I've been telling them that I don't."

"Of course not," said Granby soothingly. "And what have you been telling them?"

NOT a reporter in the room was unaware of Granby's great reputation as a trial lawyer. They knew that he had never appeared in a criminal case, but his ability as a cross-examiner was well known. He had, too, the happy faculty of being able to lead a witness away from traps of which the witness was unaware; and he could dig pitfalls for witnesses to whom he was opposed. The eyes of the newspaper-men gleamed; they leaned forward eagerly; without the slightest preparation Granby was permitting Trenna Plaice to tell, in the presence of the press, her story. He was trusting to his own quick wit to stop her, to deflect the course of her narrative, if she made admissions that seemed prejudicial to her. It was perhaps a recklessly daring thing to do, but if the girl were innocent, it was the best thing to do. If she were guilty—well, Granby could be trusted to stop her in time.

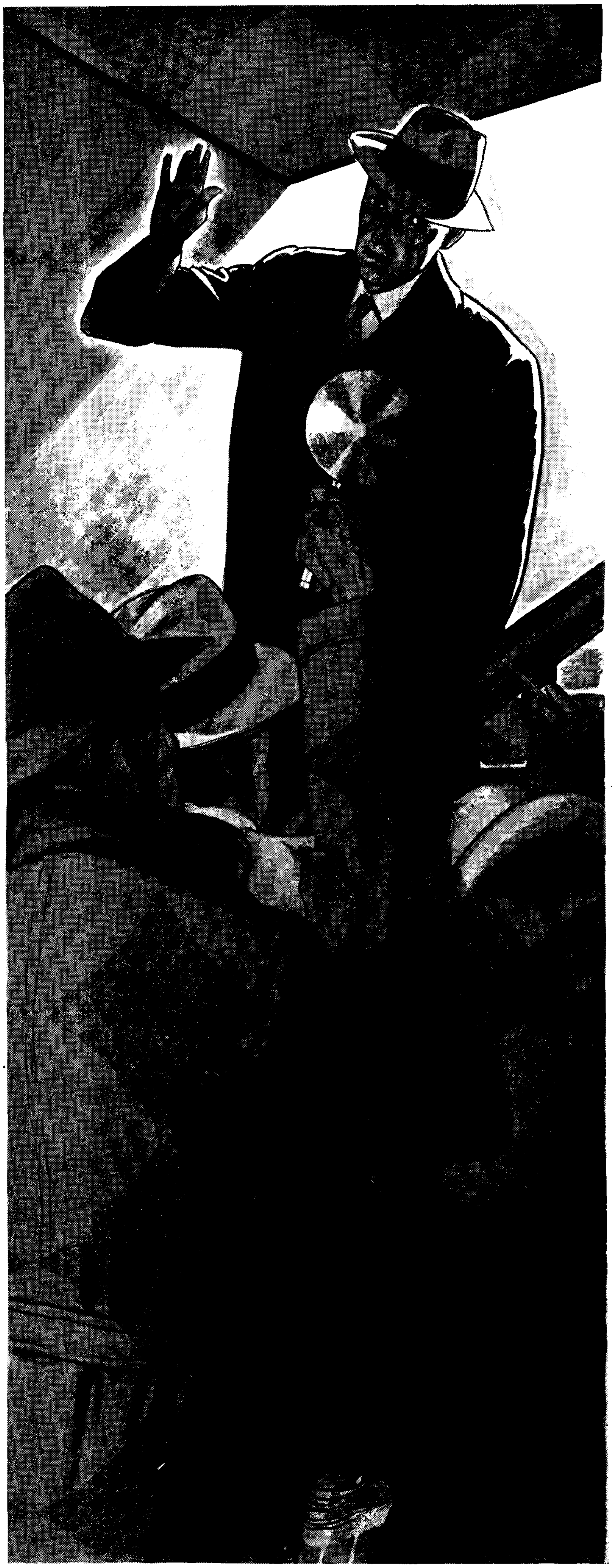
"I told them the truth," replied Trenna.

"Naturally," said Granby. "But tell us again exactly what you told these gentlemen."

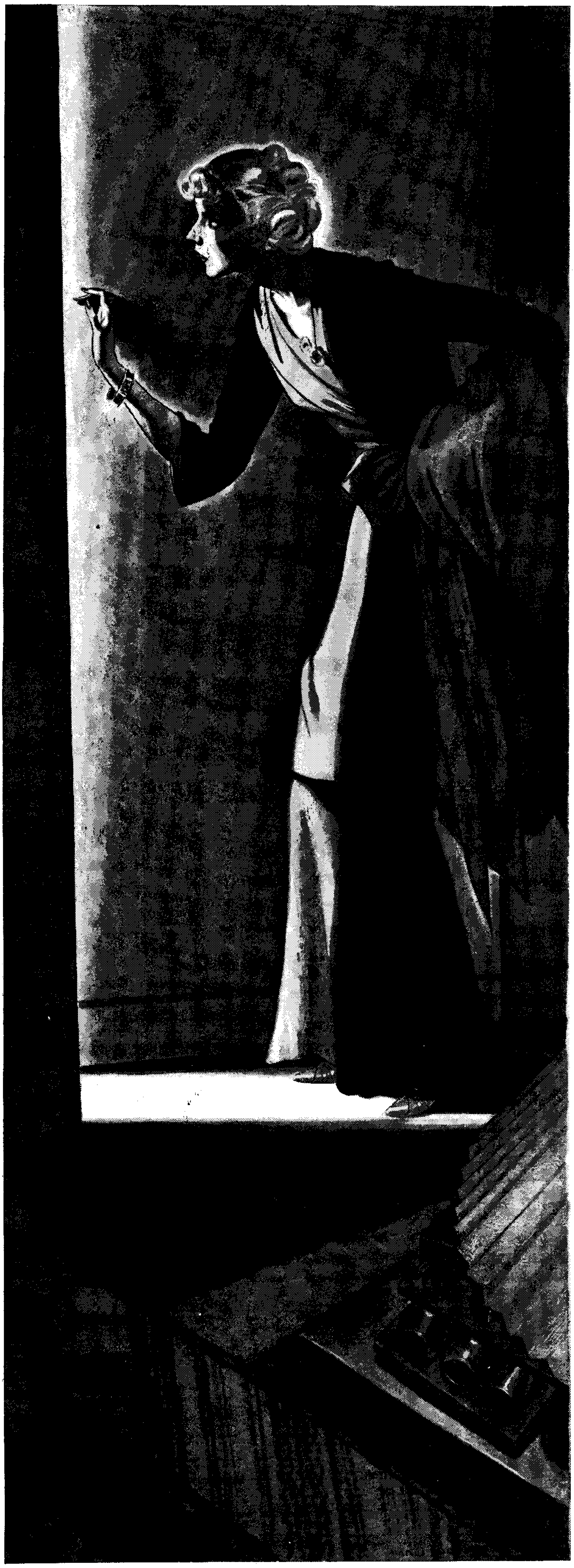
"Shortly after eleven Len telephoned me. He said that he had met with a slight accident, and that he was going straight home. He said that he didn't like to come over here, because his face was marked. In response to my questions—I was quite alarmed—he said the accident was trivial and told me not to be worried. But he asked me if I'd mind going to his apartment to discuss our marriage. I told him that of course I wouldn't mind and asked how soon he'd be there. He said he'd arrive home in a quarter of an hour and I told him I'd be there. I arrived at his apartment at about a quarter to twelve. His man opened the door and told me that Len had not come in yet. I was a little surprised, but didn't think much of it.

"I WENT into his den, a sort of study, and picked up a magazine. In about fifteen minutes his manservant came to me. He said that he had just received a phone call from his wife; she was ill and wanted him to come home. He asked me if I would explain to Mr. Haworth. I told him that I would and the man left. At about half past twelve, alarmed because he had not arrived, I telephoned my maid here and asked if she had heard from Mr. Haworth. She told me that she had not. At about half past one I heard the front door open. I had been sitting there, trying to read, very frightened, thinking that perhaps Len's accident was more serious than he had told me. I walked to the door of his den and looked into the living-room. He was standing in the middle, looking toward the door that led to the entrance hall. He was swaying back and forth. He called to someone in the hall. He said, 'Come on in, darling.'

"He was intoxicated. The way he swayed and the thickness of his voice proved that. Further, he had obviously



Sturdevant said, "Gentlemen, I want to be helpful. But I told my story last night, and there isn't a single thing to add to it"



"I walked to the door and looked into the living-room. He called to someone in the hall. He said, 'Come on in, darling' "

brought another woman home with him. I tiptoed back into the den, seized my hat and coat which were on a chair there, and went through the door leading from the den into the hall. The woman, whoever she was, had gone into the living-room. As quietly as I could I walked down the hall, opened the door leading to the elevator, and went through it."

"You were angry?" interposed Sackville.

"I was unhappy to think that Len, after keeping me waiting so long, should come home in this condition and bring another woman."

"You didn't know who the woman was?" asked Scoville.

"I did not," she replied. "I didn't see her, nor did I hear her voice."

"And you weren't sore at Lisa Bellwood because she had phoned you tonight that she was going to marry Haworth?" asked Reed Ryan.

Trenna looked at him; she stared incredulously at Sturdevant.

"Sim didn't tell me; the Bellwood told Lieutenant Henderson that," said Ryan.

"You try to lead a witness again, Ryan," said Wilcox, "and we'll slap you in the can."

"Lead a witness?" Ryan was bland. "I'm trying to get a story; that's all, Sergeant."

"You heard me, Ryan," said Wilcox. He looked at Sturdevant. "So you knew Bellwood had phoned Miss Plaice? Why didn't you tell us?"

"I hadn't got around to it," said Sturdevant easily.

Wilcox stared at him but made no comment.

"You could have told them, Sim," said Trenna.

"*You* didn't," said Sackville.

"Because it didn't occur to me," replied Trenna. "Why should I tell you, think of telling you, something that a petulant girl telephoned?"

"Petulant," murmured Wilcox. "A swell description. Go on, Miss Plaice. And if there are any more interruptions, we'll put the interrupter out. We're giving you newspaper boys a swell break. As a matter of fact, we're trying to give everyone a swell break. Am I right, Lieutenant?" He glanced at Sackville.

SACKVILLE was the superior officer, but it was obvious that he deferred to the superior intelligence of the younger officer.

"Sure we are," said the lieutenant. "The police department don't ever try to pin something on an innocent party. What we try to do is find the guilty person. Naturally, in a serious case like murder, when we find someone that looks like he's trying to hide something, we get suspicious. Go ahead, Miss Plaice."

"I walked down the stairs to the street," said Trenna.

"Why did you walk?" asked Wilcox.

"I was so ashamed, so upset, that I didn't want anyone to see me, not even an elevator boy. I walked through the lobby and out upon the street. I walked half a block to Madison Avenue, found a taxi, and came straight home. I went to bed. I was asleep when you—" she looked at Sackville—"came here."

"You didn't telephone Haworth to tell him you were angry?" asked Wilcox.

She shook her head.

"But you *were* angry?" persisted Wilcox.

Again she shook her head.

"Hurt, ashamed, disappointed. But not angry."

"You loved him, didn't you?" asked Wilcox. "You were going to marry him, weren't you?"

"I don't know," she replied.

"You mean you were so upset because he brought a doll home with him, because he was drinking, that you intended to break the engagement?"

"I intended to give him a chance to explain," she answered.

"And you didn't out with the old gun and let him have it? You didn't wait until Miss Bellwood had gone to give him the works?" asked Sackville.

"I haven't any gun," she replied.

"You didn't use his?" asked Sackville.

"I didn't use his," she replied.

"No one saw you leave the building. How do you account for that?" asked Wilcox.

"I walked downstairs, and there was no one in the lobby as I left," she replied.

WILCOX stared at her a full half minute. Then he rose and carefully shook into position his sharply creased trouser legs.

"Well, that seems to cover it," he said. "I think Miss Plaice is entitled to a little sleep. Shall we mosey along, Lieutenant?"

Sackville frowned; reluctantly he got out of his chair. He glowered at Trenna.

"Stick around where we can find you," he ordered. "We'll want another chat with you."

"Through with me?" asked Sturdevant.

Sackville looked at Wilcox. The latter made answer.

"We'll be seeing you," he said. The newspaper-men began putting on their hats and coats. As they moved toward the door, Sturdevant detained Ryan. The other reporters stopped suspiciously. Sturdevant grinned at them.

"Ryan seems to know what's happened. I just wanted to ask him about it," he explained.

"If he slips me anything I'll hand it along," said Ryan.

There were incredulous jeers, but in a moment detectives and newspapermen had departed. Sturdevant looked at Ryan.

"Will you, for the love of Mike, tell me what happened?"

"You heard it all," said Ryan. "Except some minor details. Haworth's man arrived home about five minutes past two. He found his master dead on the living-room floor, shot through the heart with a thirty-eight. He telephoned the police and Henderson came from an uptown station and Sackville and Wilcox from headquarters. They learned from the elevator man that Trenna Plaice had not been seen to leave. Haworth's man told them that he had left her in the apartment. The elevator man told them that Lisa Bellwood—he recognized her; she'd been at the apartment before—had come in with Haworth at one-thirty. He said he took her downstairs fifteen minutes later.

"I dashed over to the Bellwood home on Fifth Avenue. Lisa Bellwood admits going to Haworth's apartment. She said that after the Merrygoround they separated from another couple who had been with them. The Wellingtons, young Ralph and his wife. She said she was pretty disgusted with Haworth because of the way he'd behaved, but that she was afraid to leave him alone, for fear he'd get into trouble. So she went with him to various places. Finally, she decided it was time he went to bed. He kept threatening to look you up, Sturdevant, and play games with you. She says she was afraid that unless she got him right into his apartment he'd go out after you. The drunker he got, the braver he got, I guess. Anyway, to pacify him, to keep him soothed, she went up to his apartment with him for a farewell drink. They had it and she left. That's her story. She didn't mention seeing Trenna Plaice." He looked at the girl. "Now it's understandable why she didn't see you. That's

(Continued on page 54)

COULD YOU STOP SAFELY LIKE THIS?

That depends on the Kind of Brakes you have!

YOU MIGHT CALL THAT MAN in the picture a "crazy driver." But, the fact is, he's doing a mighty sensible thing.

He's finding out for himself whether the claims about Hydraulic Brakes are true. He has taken both hands off the wheel to learn whether those brakes will grip *without making the car turn out of line!*

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Likewise, Plymouth is the only low-priced car that has the kind of Individual (knee-type) Wheel Springing that high-priced cars use . . . plus Floating Power engine mountings . . . and a Safety-Steel Body for added protection.

This might lead you to believe that other low-priced cars cost less than Plymouth. But that's not true. *There are practically no differences in the prices of "All Three"!*

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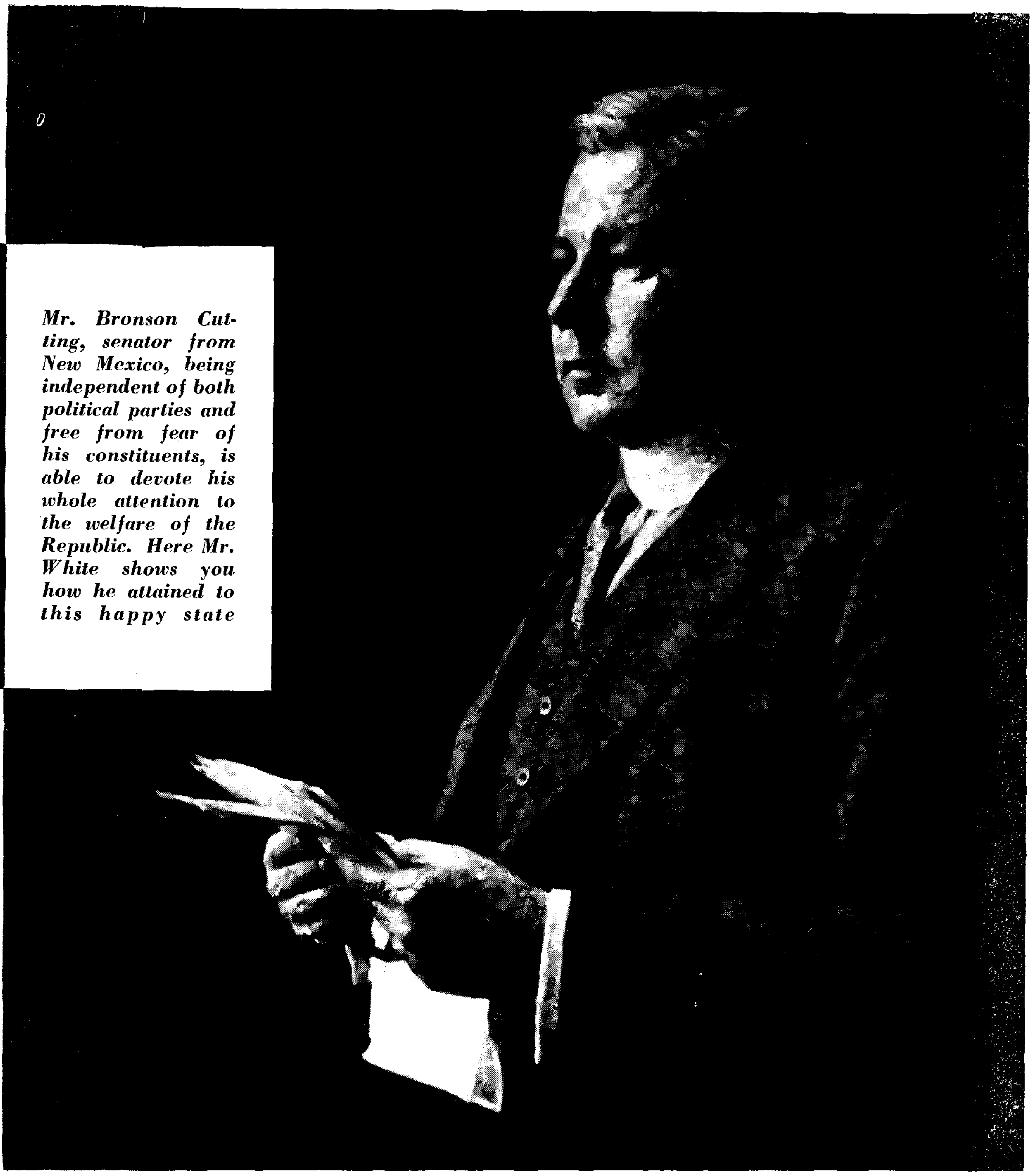
IT'S THE BEST ENGINEERED LOW-PRICED CAR

PLYMOUTH SIX $485 AND UP F.O.B. FACTORY DETROIT

Cutting Free

By Owen P. White

Mr. Bronson Cutting, senator from New Mexico, being independent of both political parties and free from fear of his constituents, is able to devote his whole attention to the welfare of the Republic. Here Mr. White shows you how he attained to this happy state



PHOTOGRAPH BY IFOR THOMAS, COLLIER'S STAFF PHOTOGRAPHER

SOME few years ago, before the demands of the late depression had made it incumbent upon the national Senate to do all its thinking in the tiresome terms of finance and farm relief, it is of record that its members sometimes engaged in the discussion of higher things. For example, on the occasion I have in mind they were debating salty literature.

Apparently they were all "agin" it and, with Senator Smoot waving a copy of Lady Chatterley's Lover in their faces, his shocked colleagues—sixty-five of whom, however, tried to borrow the volume that same afternoon—were just about to pass a bill placing the censorship of all our imported reading matter in the hands of our uniformed customs officers when something unforeseen happened.

Rising to his feet, the junior senator from the wild and uncultured state of New Mexico offered an amendment conferring the custody of our intellectual morality upon a qualified jury instead of upon our lingerie inspectors, and then, turning directly upon Mr. Smoot, he suggested to that flabbergasted gentleman that if he really was interested in *that* kind of literature it might do him some good to examine the Bible. The Senate gasped; then it giggled and then it adopted the amendment.

Nor was this the first time within his then brief career in the upper division of our law-making foundry that Mr. Bronson Cutting had caused cold chills to run up and down the spines of some of his older but less intrepid colleagues. Before he had even got his senatorial seat warm he had been so openly sacrilegious as to avow that, after all, the doctrine of the infallibility of the Holy American Constitution was decidedly sour and that, as he saw it, we would be a lot better off if we forthwith pitched a lot of that ancient and venerable document into the trash can.

These were strong words. They created a good deal of comment in the press gallery and the cloakroom. Then when he followed them up soon afterwards with the assertion that he was not only in favor of recognizing the political potency of cash in America to the extent of passing a law restricting a senator's campaign expenditures to $25,000 and those of a congressman to $10,000, but likewise believed in immediately recognizing the political potency of the Russian Soviet government, it so upset one of his ultraconservative political adversaries that that timid soul at once started in quietly to investigate Mr. Cutting's previous Massachusetts career on the theory that maybe a wicked Red radical, by going around to the back door and coming in through New Mexico, had managed to enter the Senate of the United States.

Senatorial Bomb-Throwing

Mr. Cutting, in all probability, knew nothing about this investigation at the time, and possibly has never even heard of it until now, but in any event he was not yet through making startling announcements. He had one more up his sleeve and, just as soon as he had been on the hilltop long enough to have had the opportunity to look enough of his fellow legislators squarely in the eyes and form his judgment accordingly, he again rocked them with the bold statement that there was so much subservience to Big Business in both major parties that a new division, one along liberal-conservative lines, was necessary to intelligent voting.

This immediately had two results: In Washington it caused him to be looked upon as an outstanding member of the Progressive bloc, while down in New Mexico it forced him into the center of a really comic situation at which, painful as the restraint may have been to him, he couldn't even afford a smile.

Because, be it known, he is not a Progressive senator by virtue of the support of any Progressive political organization or even because of the openly expressed wishes of an enlightened, progressive, American electorate.

The most enthusiastic of his supporters, in fact, are Spanish-Americans, and as such the great bulk of them are removed by at least two centuries from all of Mr. Cutting's forward-looking ideas.

This, of course, makes the going in the Senate pretty easy for the gentleman from New Mexico. Having received no mandate of any moment from his chosen people, he is perfectly free to air his views, *not* as the senator from his state but merely as the Honorable Bronson Cutting, on any and all questions that may come before him.

In other words, it is quite impossible, even by a strenuous stretching of the imagination, for anyone who knows New Mexico and its people to conceive of Mr. Cutting, either intellectually or in any other way, as a typical, representative citizen of his state. He neither looks, acts, talks, thinks nor lives like the average New Mexican, hyphenated or otherwise. They are of the untamed and uncurried West and proud of it. He is of the effete and cultured East and can't disguise it.

How It Happened

How then has he arrived? How has it come about that a soft-spoken stranger from Mars, as you might say, bringing with him a queer assortment of alien thoughts, has been able to walk into the prize-winning bronco state of the Union, screw his saddle down tight on its back, and thereafter, as he literally rakes it fore and aft with his spurs and slaps it in the face with his hat, dare the critter to buck him off?

Let us see if by diligent inquiry we can answer that question. To begin with, then, a careful study of the seismographic records of New Mexico fails to show that the impact of young Mr.

(Continued on page 28)

YOU DON'T HAVE TO BE RICH

to Retire on $200 a Month

"I'LL DRAW an income of $200 a month *for the rest of my life,* as soon as I'm 55," said a certain man talking of his plans for the future.

"How can you do it on *your* salary?" asked his friend.

"Easy," said the first man. "I'm buying a Retirement Income on the installment plan. My income of $200 a month begins when I'm 55, and it's guaranteed for life. No depression will ever worry me.

"What's more, if I should drop out of the picture *before* my retirement age, my wife would get a regular monthly income for the rest of her life."

"That sounds good," said the other, "but what if you're totally disabled, and can't make your payments?"

"I don't have to worry about that either. If, before I reach 55, serious illness or accident stops my earning power for six months, then—so long thereafter as I remain disabled—I don't have to pay any premiums that fall due, and I'll get a Disability income besides."

"Fine. Can you tell me how much this new Retirement Income Plan would cost *me?*"

What Does it Cost?

"How much you need to save each month depends on how old you are, when you want to retire, and the size of the income you will want.

"Why don't you write for the book called 'The Phoenix Mutual Retirement Income Plan'? They'll send you a copy free. It tells all about how the plan works."

An Investment That Pays, Depression or no Depression

Here's *your* chance to find out how little it costs to retire at 55, 60, or 65 with a monthly income of $100, $200, $300 or more. And the same low cost protects you against death or disability.

Write the necessary information in the coupon at the right and send it now. You will be mailed a 24-page book that tells all about this new plan. It tells how you can provide money to leave your home clear of debt, money to send your son to college, money for special needs. It tells how this plan is backed by the Phoenix Mutual, an 83-year-old company, with over half a billion dollars of insurance in force. No cost. No obligation. Send for your copy of this free book today. The coupon is for your convenience.

HOW A MAN OF 40 CAN RETIRE 15 YEARS FROM TODAY

It makes no difference if your carefully laid plans for saving have been upset during the past few years. It makes no difference if you are worth half as much today as you were then.

Now, by following a simple, definite Retirement Income Plan, you can arrange to quit work forever fifteen years from today with a monthly income guaranteed to you for life.

A Guaranteed Income for Life

Here is what $200 a month Retirement Income, payable at age 55, will do for you:

It guarantees when you are 55 an income of $200 a month for life. This income cannot stop until at least $20,000 has been paid, and you can get as much as $25,000, $30,000 or more, depending only upon how long you live.

This important benefit is available alone; but if you are insurable, additions can be made to your plan by which—

It guarantees upon death from accidental means before age 55 a Cash Payment to your beneficiary of $40,000. Or a monthly income for life.

It guarantees upon death from any other cause before age 55 a Cash Payment to your beneficiary of $20,000. Or a monthly income for life.

It guarantees in the event of permanent total disability before age 55 a Monthly Income for you.

The Plan is not limited to men of 40. You may be older or younger. The income is not limited to $200 a month. It can be more or less. And you can retire at any of the following ages: 55, 60, or 65.

How much do you have to put in? We'll be glad to tell you the exact amount as soon as we know your present age, how much income you want, and how soon you want to retire.

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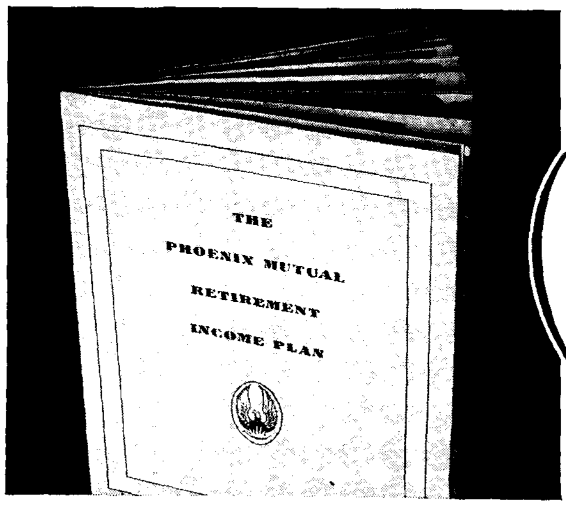
Write your date of birth in the coupon below, and mail today. You will receive without cost or obligation a copy of an illustrated booklet that tells all about the Phoenix Mutual Retirement Income Plan.



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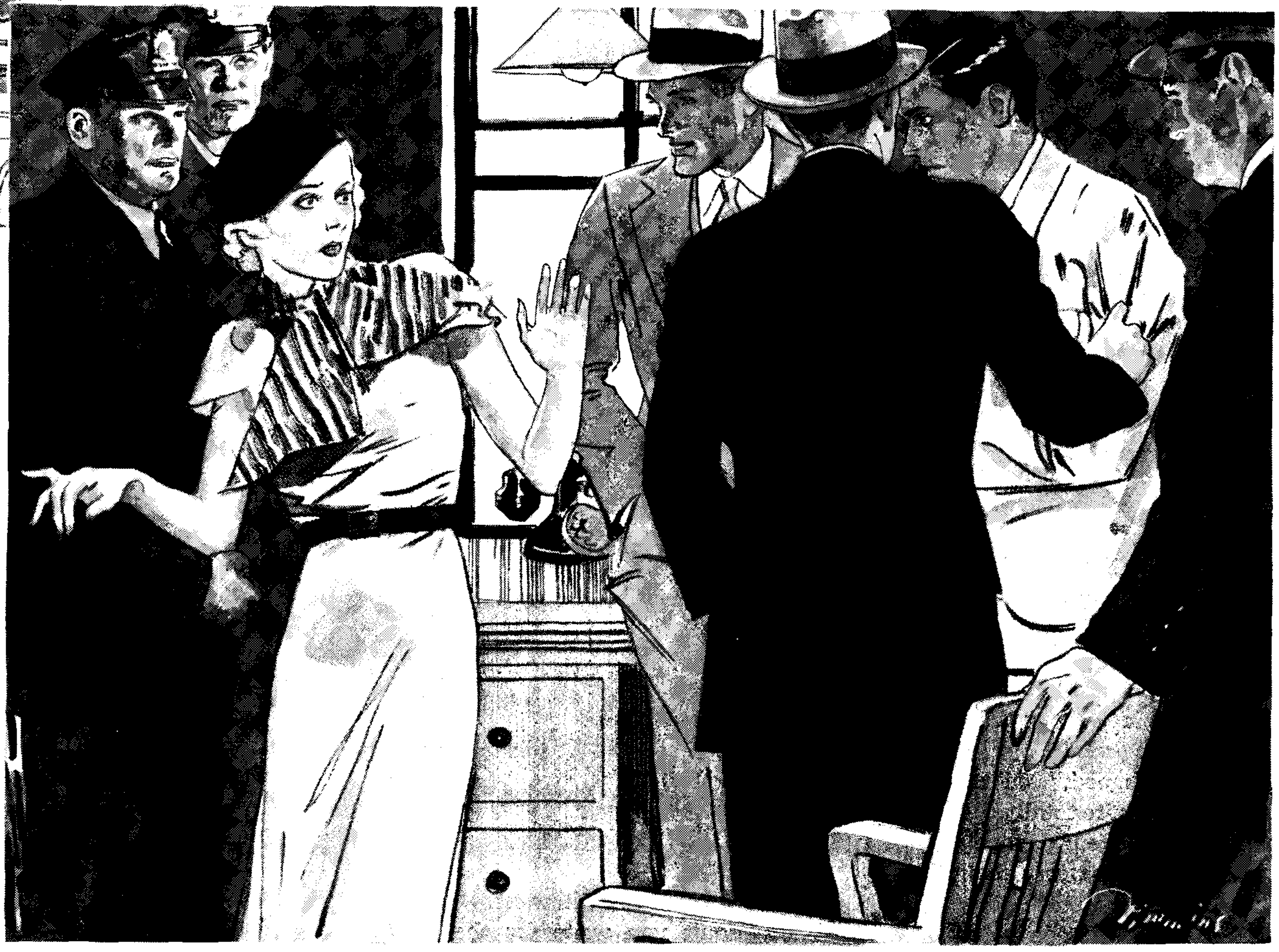
The Key Man

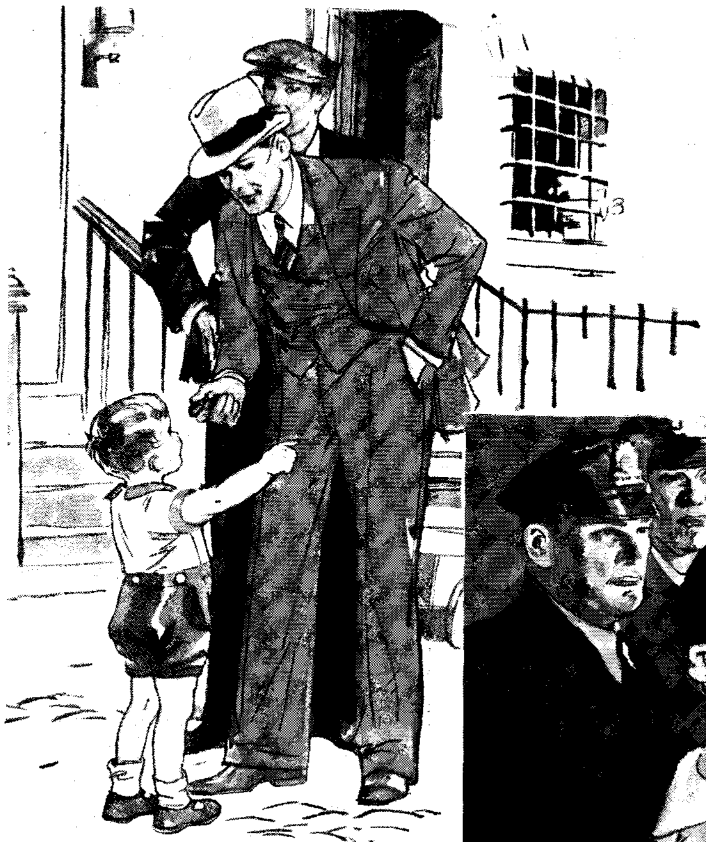
O'Malley performs again. A lesson in child psychology worth anybody's attention. Take our word for it, the results are amazing

By William MacHarg

ILLUSTRATED BY HARRY L. TIMMINS



They went and got her. She looked frightened when she saw Millet there



"The man," the kid said, "threw away the lock"

I MIGHT be foolish working on this case," said O'Malley, "but it's my own fault. I told the chief he must be tired of seeing me around headquarters and he said K. O. It's that old miser, Jacob Tuler, that got murdered. He had buildings and bonds and stock and money in banks, but he lived like he didn't have a jit. His niece lived with him and he wouldn't give her enough to eat or any clothes; and a young guy named Evan Millet worked for him, collecting rents and helping keep accounts, and he wouldn't pay the guy his wages. You might have read about it in the papers."

I had.

"Millet was in love with the old man's niece," I said. "They wanted to get married; but when they told Tuler that, he put Millet out of the house. Then the old man got killed. They can't find Millet."

"That's right. The girl confessed she done it."

"The niece?" I was surprised.

"Who else?"

He had a copy of the girl's confession.

"My uncle sent me out to get some groceries," it stated. "When I got back, he let me in, and he thought I had seen Evan and he began to scold me about it. I went upstairs. He followed me and I thought he was going to hit me with his cane. I took the cane away from him and hit him. Evan Millet wasn't there when I did it. I haven't seen Evan since my uncle sent him away. I didn't mean to kill my uncle; I just meant to hit him."

"You don't seem to think much of that confession," I decided.

"Sure, it's a swell confession, whether she done it or not."

We were on the East Side and all around were tenements. We went through one of them and came into a little court.

"Here's Tuler's house," he said.

The place had been a stable. There were iron grills on the windows and a strong lock on the door. A boy about three years old was playing in the court and a uniformed cop was watching him.

"Hello, fellow," O'Malley said to the kid. "My name's Uncle Dan. What's your name?" But the kid only stared at him. Some people had come to surrounding windows to see what was going on, and one man had come out onto a fire escape.

"If anybody but the girl had come in here, O'Malley," I argued, "some of these people would have noticed them."

"That's right," the cop agreed, "and they didn't see anyone. They all been questioned."

THE cop led the way into the house to show us where the murder happened. It was a big room on the second floor, which had been searched by the police, and so it was in wild disorder. Besides the iron bars on the outside of the windows, there were bars on the inside too. O'Malley went and looked at them.

"This old rip," the cop said, "never went out of his house and hardly ever out of this room. He had a reason. They found pretty near a hundred thousand dollars hidden all about the room. You couldn't hardly lift up anything but there was dough under it."

"Was money all they found?"

"They took a lot of stuff to the precinct station. I don't know what all it was."

"The place we got to go to, then, is the precinct house," O'Malley said.

We went.

They had the cane there with which the old man was killed, and a list of persons who might have come there to pay their rent, and a little notebook filled with numbers.

"Whenever this old guy hid dough away," the lieutenant explained to us, "he wrote the numbers of the bills down in this book. When a bill was spent he crossed it off. These numbers have been checked with the bills we found, but we ain't found all the dough yet because there are more numbers in the book than we got bills. All these people that might have come there to pay rent have been looked up and they all were somewhere else. It looks like the only one that could have went there was the girl."

"I guess we'll see her," O'Malley said. I had never seen a finer-looking girl. She was just twenty.

"How come your uncle let you in when you come home?" O'Malley asked. "Didn't you have a key?"

"He never let anybody have a key. I rang the bell and woke him up. He never let anyone in until he'd seen them."

"Did he see who was with you?" O'Malley asked.

"There wasn't anyone." She flushed. "I suppose you mean Evan Millet. He wasn't there and he didn't come there."

We went outside.

"I'm pretty dumb, O'Malley," I admitted.

"How come you found that out yourself?"

"Because I didn't see that all that confession meant was that she was protecting Millet."

"You're getting pretty smart."

"I'm smart enough to see this now, the same as you do. But I don't think she brought Millet home with her. The old man wouldn't have let them in together. Millet must have come later."

"I told you you were smart. We better see that house again."

HE STOPPED on the way and bought a little bag of candy. The kid was still playing in the court and O'Malley gave him a piece of candy. The kid put it in his mouth and stared at us but didn't say anything. We went into the house. When I turned round the kid was in the doorway staring at us. We went upstairs.

"The old guy might have been afraid of someone," O'Malley said. "These inside window-bars are new."

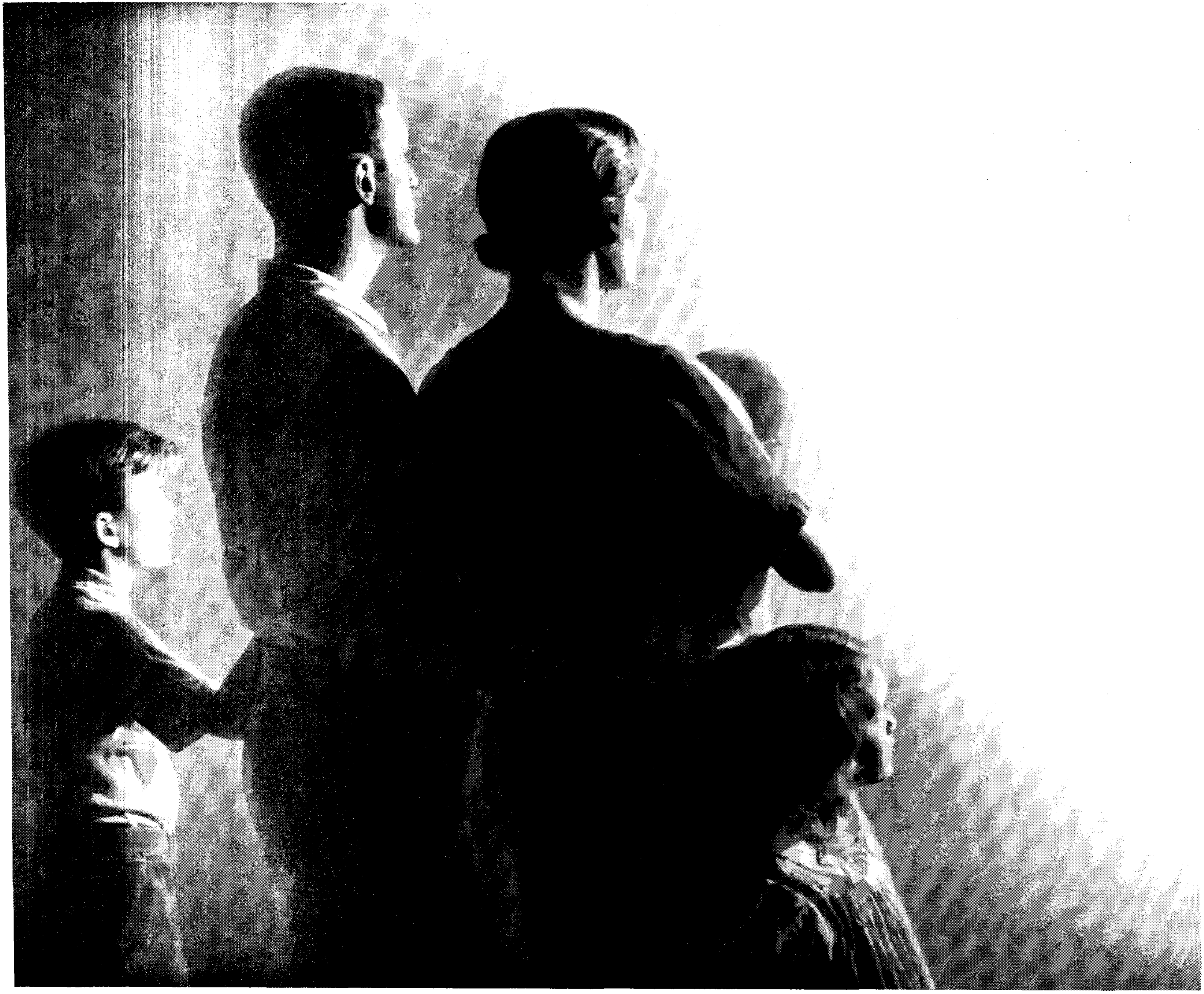
The kid had come halfway up the stairs, but as we went down O'Malley paid no attention to him, and the kid climbed down and ran out after us into the court.

"Uncle Dan," he said.

"Yeah? What?"

"He wants another piece of candy," I suggested.

(*Continued on page 50*)



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Six centuries ago, the Black Death reached Europe in its march around the world. It killed one-quarter of the population. Into the same wide grave went saint and sinner, rich and poor, alike.

Today, the Black Death slumbers. Its legions are as terrible as ever, but they march no more through lands where medical science stands on guard.

Man's ancient enemy, disease, is everywhere. But now his ranks are thinning, before the light of medical science—the light that shines for all.

For saint or sinner, rich or poor—this bright white light burns on. Brighter and brighter it grows, piercing the farther darkness, lighting the way to health and happiness.

In its radiance, workers in chemical and biological laboratories have learned to make products for the preservation of health and the relief of suffering, products of uniform effectiveness and safety; and found the way to bring these products, through modern medical service, within the reach of all.

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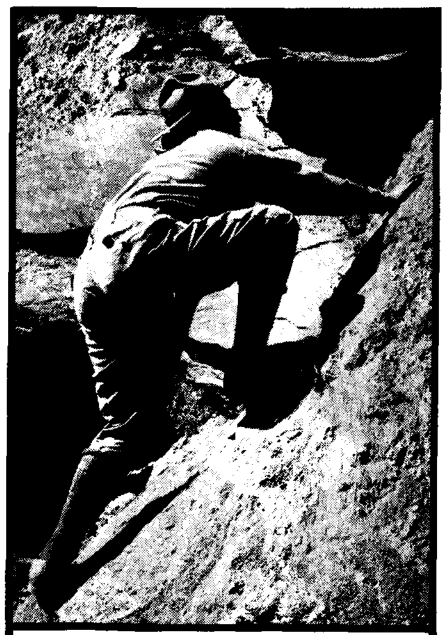

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HERE'S the answer to your shoe bill worries—a sole so tough that nothing ever built will outwear it.

It stretches out the weeks between shoe bills—because the longer the sole wears, the longer the whole shoe lasts.

No wonder millions of parents insist on this good-looking, waterproof, longer-wearing sole when buying youngsters' shoes—*they know it saves real money!*

You can't keep children from running and scuffling—but keep down the expense by demanding this thrifty sole on new shoes and at repair shops. It costs nothing extra. Be sure to remember the name—

GOODYEAR
Wingfoot Soles
make shoes wear longer
Made by the makers of Goodyear Tires

Cutting Free

Continued from page 24

Cutting's original arrival in Santa Fe created any disturbance whatever. But he didn't want it to. Being a serious-minded youth, what he pined for was the opportunity to study his new environment, and hence what was more natural than for him to surround himself at once with a collection made up of about equal parts of cracked pottery and medieval-minded natives?

Mr. Cutting did this, and thus it happened that, without having the faintest notion that in the years to come he was destined to rise to supreme power over an empire almost fifteen times as large as Massachusetts, he prepared himself for the toga by devoting the first few years of his life in the territory to acquiring an intimate, scientific knowledge of the history, language and habits of the people who were, in the end, to transform him from a student into a statesman.

During this period New Mexico was also acquiring something. This was statehood; and at once one of the most gorgeously corrupt systems of state politics imaginable was developed.

It would have been contrary to natural law if it had been otherwise. Probably seventy per cent of the state's voters were of Mexican ancestry, and hence, through having lived under the Spanish *patrón* system for centuries, were traditionally bound to it. Thus the freedom and purity of the ballot meant nothing to them. The *patrón* meant everything. From him they got their orders and also their pay. They voted as he told them to and took what he gave them, while he in turn shook down his *patrón*, who was an aspiring politician, for all the cash the traffic would bear.

Mr. Cutting Sees the Dark

The significance of this state of affairs, which produced Albert B. Fall, is too obvious to require comment, but how did Mr. Cutting react to it? For some time he didn't. Absorbed as he was in study, he saw nothing until shortly before the World War, when he suddenly snapped out of his seclusion and looked around him. One glance was a whole eyeful. New Mexico was corrupt. Think of it! Grafters were holding public office; even the lonely sheep-herders had learned to look upon a vote as three dollars, and something had to be done about it. Mr. Cutting did it.

He bought a newspaper called The New Mexican, issued a declaration of complete political independence and with a virile pen began to wage indiscriminate warfare against the evildoers in both parties. But nobody paid any attention to him.

He kept on publishing, though. Even an annual deficit of a good many thousand dollars and the Great War were not sufficient to cause him to desist in his sincere effort to reform his state. The war, in fact, seems to have stimulated rather than cooled off his ardor because shortly after he got back to Santa Fe we find him sponsoring another newspaper—a Spanish one called *El Nuevo Mexicano*—so that from that time on he was able to speak to the voters in both their official languages. But even this didn't improve things much, and so clear on up to 1924 New Mexico sold itself first to this party and then to that one.

Throughout all this period, however, Mr. Cutting had remained valiantly independent. Then finally, in 1924, he got mad. It was about time for him to do that. He was thirty-six; he had cut his eyeteeth; his youthful illusions had been rudely shattered, and in all probability he was beginning to realize that in politics in New Mexico, as in politics everywhere else, the penny is even mightier than the pen.

Consequently, when he found that his papers were getting him nowhere in his efforts to defeat H. O. Bursum, the Republican senatorial candidate who had taken over A. B. Fall's seat when that gentleman decided to go into the oil business, he definitely aligned himself, for the time being, with the Democrats and contributed heartily to their campaign fund.

According to the belief that is still current in New Mexico, this temporary affiliation of Mr. Cutting's with the Democrats sent Mr. Sam Bratton to the United States Senate, and then two years later, by switching his affiliation—and his contribution also, of course,—he brought about the election of Dick Dillon, a Republican, as governor of the state.

Here was an interesting complication: A Democratic senator and a Republican governor, both in office, both owed their positions to Mr. Cutting, and then along came fate to render the situation even more hectic. The Honorable A. A. Jones, the other Democratic senator, died suddenly, and at once the Republican governor liquidated his obligation by appointing the young newspaper-man to fill out the unexpired Jones term.

Thus young Mr. Bronson Cutting, then a political neophyte, became a member of the greatest debating society on earth. With him this was obviously an experiment. If he found consorting with senators in Washington as amusing as consorting with cracked pots in Santa Fe, he would remain in the Senate. If he didn't he wouldn't.

To him it was that simple, but to the Republican leaders in the home state it was all very much mixed up. To these hardy old plotters it was a novel experience to be roped and hog-tied by a rank tenderfoot, and hence when Mr. Cutting finally decided in favor of Washington and announced himself as a candidate for the regular party nomination the storm broke. It was a good one. Mr. Cutting none the less demanded the nomination, got it, was elected by a nice majority, and then, at the very next election, showed he intended to remain independent by coming out and vigorously, and successfully, supporting a Democratic candidate for governor.

The same thing happened in 1932. After he had been steam-rollered out of the Republican state convention, and read out of the party, he again turned to the Democrats and reëlected his former gubernatorial candidate by the largest majority ever given for that office in the history of the state.

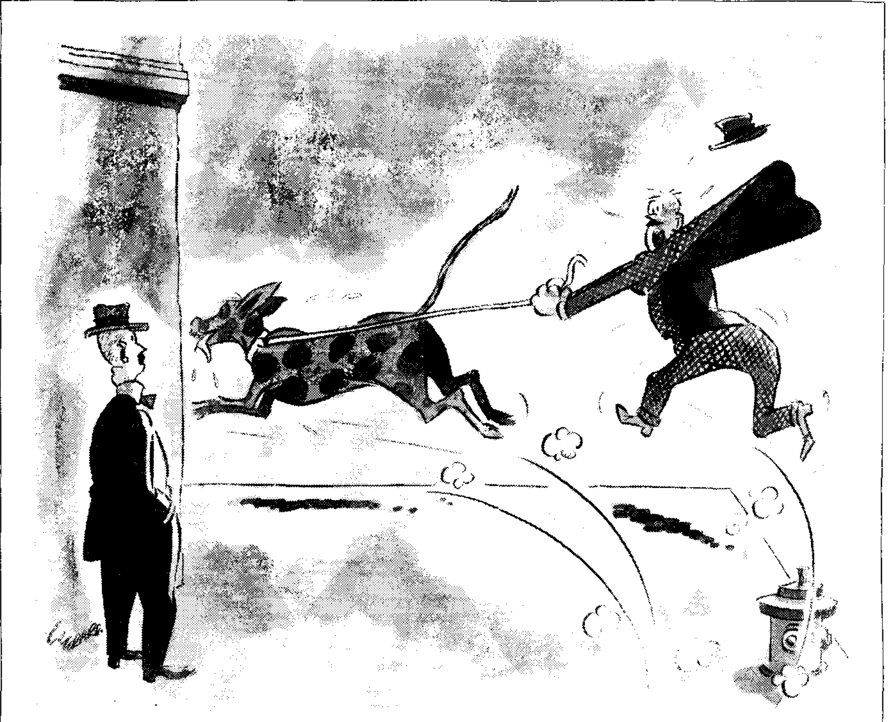
Too Strong to Neglect

Nor are the old-line Democrats any happier at having Mr. Cutting, as an outsider, lead them on to victory, than the Republicans are in having him, as one of their own, smother them in defeat. In other words, both parties realize that they are up against an unbeatable combination of force that is all centered in one man, and naturally they don't like it.

This force is threefold: First, Mr. Cutting has brains, which in the opinion of a sizable proportion of the American electorate is a desirable adjunct to a United States senator. Second, he has money, at the mere mention of which commodity practically every knee in the state automatically bends. Third, as the ultimate requirement for his political success, he enjoys the support and friendship of the formerly unstable Spanish-American people in whose vote resides the balance of power. Or put it this way: In New Mexico party lines have been wiped out so that everybody is now either for or against Cutting, because as the recognized *patrón grande* he can control the verdict and elect any candidate he wants to.

In this connection, though, it is not fair to the senator to say, as his enemies do, that his leadership is due solely to the depth of his pocketbook, and that since he entered politics the price of votes has gone up from three to six and even eight dollars apiece. It hasn't. On November 8, 1932, although the occasion did have some of the charac-

(*Continued on page 30*)



"Make it ten dollars more and he's yours. Let me know when we come around again" DAVID C. GERARD

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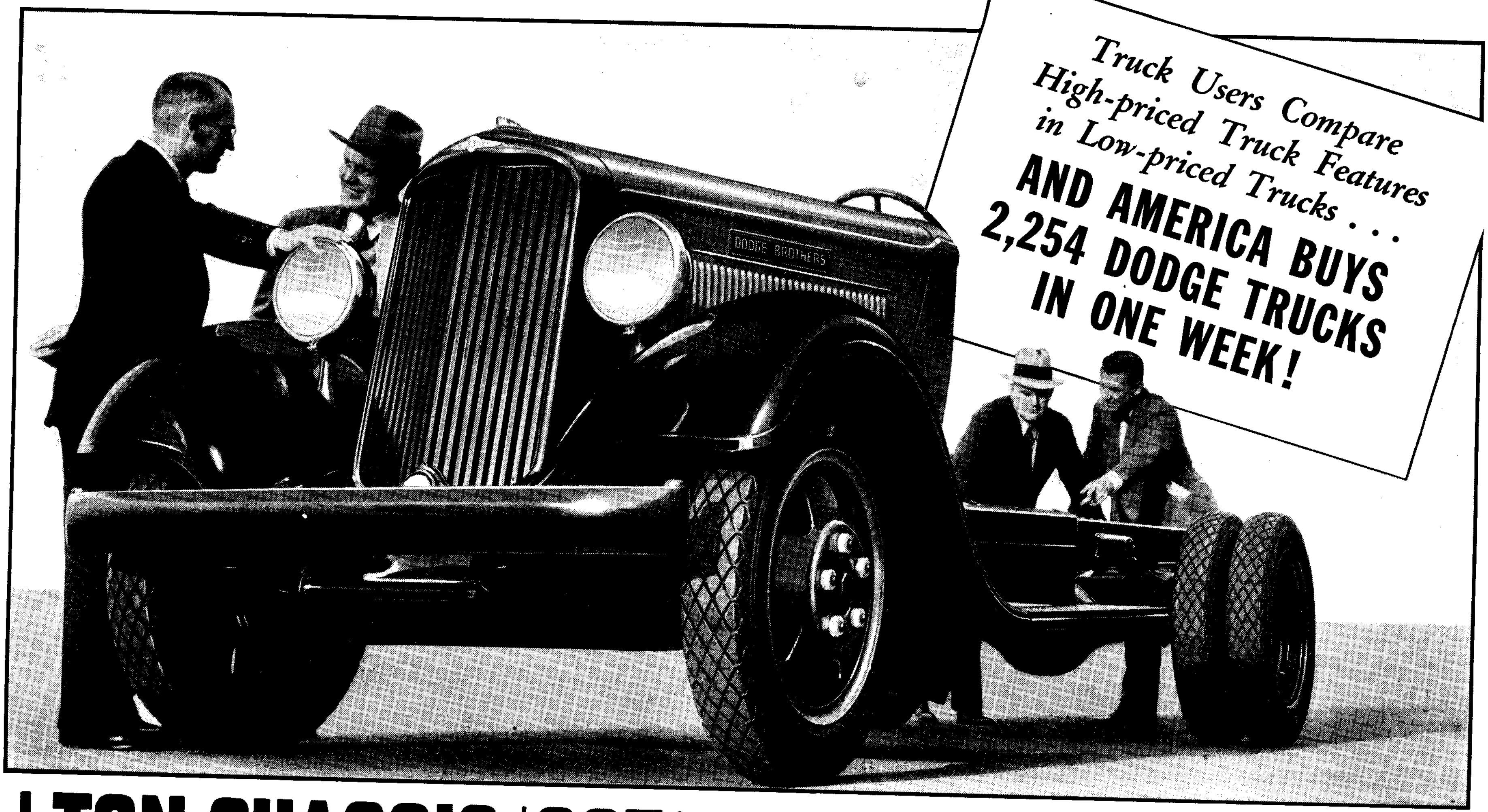

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AND AMERICA BUYS 2,254 DODGE TRUCKS IN ONE WEEK!

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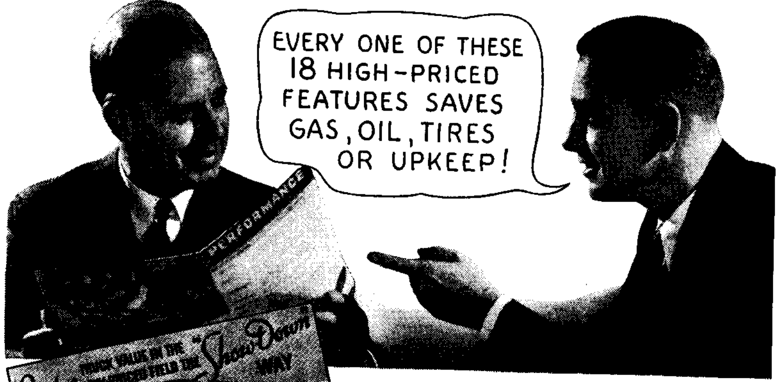
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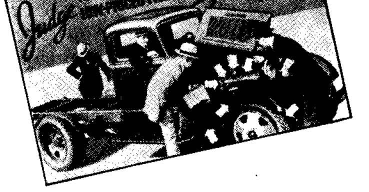

Judge TRUCK VALUE IN THE LOW-PRICED FIELD THE "Show-Down" WAY

FREE You be the judge. Check Dodge against the others for yourself. Ask your Dodge dealer for a free copy of the "Show-Down" score card. It puts the facts about Dodge and the other two lowest-priced trucks before you in black and white. Lets you draw your own conclusions as to why Dodge is the best investment.

See Your Dodge Dealer for a "Show-Down" of Features . . . Compare Delivered Prices!

No wonder truck buyers by the thousands—everywhere—are switching to Dodge. For, today, your minimum truck budget buys a Dodge! Yet, in a "show-down" of high-priced, money-saving features Dodge leads the other two lowest-priced trucks by an amazing margin. By actual count, Dodge gives you 18 of these known, recognized, high-priced truck features . . . and Dodge alone, among low-priced trucks, gives you anywhere near all of them.

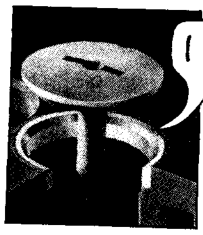
For over 17 years Dodge trucks have been famous for extra dependability. Dodge is the only one of the three lowest-priced trucks that is built in a truck factory by truck mechanics. Bear that in mind when you go to buy your next truck. Dodge features plus Dodge craftsmanship mean more value for less money . . . a truck that costs less to operate . . . a truck that runs with fewer repairs . . . a truck that's running years after an ordinary low-priced truck is through!

*America's three lowest-priced 1½-ton trucks are now offered at virtually the same prices. On some types Dodge is lower. On others, Dodge costs a few dollars more. In every case the difference is slight. Here are some examples. Check Dodge prices against the others for yourself:

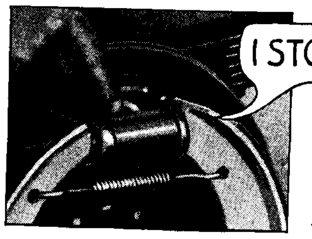
1½-ton, 6-cyl., 131″ and 136″ w. b. Chassis	*Now* $490
1½-ton, 6-cyl., 148″ and 161″ w. b. Chassis	*Now* $520
1½-ton, Special, 6-cyl., 136″ w. b. Chassis	*Now* $545
1½-ton, 6-cyl., 131″ w. b. Canopy	*Now* $720
1½-ton, 6-cyl., 131″ w. b. Panel	*Now* $740
1½-ton, 6-cyl., 136″ w. b. Stake	*Now* $670

All prices shown here are f. o. b. factory, Detroit, subject to change without notice. Special equipment, including dual wheels on 1½-ton models, extra. A complete line of Commercial Cars and Trucks from ½-ton to 9 tons pay-load capacity also priced low. Time payments to fit your budget. Ask for the official Chrysler Motors Commercial Credit Plan.

—DEPENDABLE—
DODGE TRUCKS

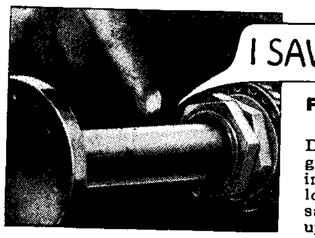


VALVE SEAT INSERTS
Pioneered by Dodge in low-priced trucks. Save gas and also postpone valve grinding for thousands of extra miles.



HYDRAULIC BRAKES
Only Dodge puts hydraulic brakes on your lowest-priced truck to stop quick, save tires, brake linings.

OIL FILTER
Only Dodge gives you an oil filter along with full-pressure lubrication to assure clean oil constantly for your engine.



FULL-FLOATING REAR AXLE
Dodge was first to give you a full-floating rear axle in a low-priced truck to save repairs . . . cut upkeep expense.

WHAT? YOU WANT TO ORDER WHAT?
CLATTER CLATTER CLATTER

THE man at the phone, whether he's an executive or a clerk, *should* be using the "voice with a smile." Instead, it's the voice with a rasp. He can scarcely hear, so he's unconsciously shouting. The trouble is an old-fashioned noisy typewriter clattering away at his elbow.

You know how it is. You can't concentrate, you can't even think clearly. Before the day is over, you're tense, irritable, inefficient.

Executives recognize the advantages of quiet offices. They spend thousands of dollars on partitions and sound-proofing. Yet the most nerve-racking of all office sounds—the old-fashioned, noisy typewriter—goes clacking on, and on, and on . . .

Why not have Remington Noiseless Typewriters installed for a free trial? Their amazingly quiet operation replaces din and clatter by peace and quiet. You'll appreciate, too, their writing perfection and their twenty-three important mechanical improvements that have taken the business world by storm.

See the new Remington Noiseless before you buy *any* typewriter. Phone Remington Rand in your city, or write Buffalo, N. Y.

New Remington Noiseless

Cutting Free

Continued from page 28

teristics of the old days in that either eleven or fourteen natives got killed as a result of the customary election-day pleasantries, practically none of them got paid for their votes.

As already hinted, long before Mr. Cutting had any idea of participating in politics he began to win the support of the Spanish-Americans by taking an active interest in their organizations and their affairs.

That is the real secret of his success. The Spanish-Americans like him and he likes them. When they come to him for help they get it.

In all of the foregoing, then, we have the story of Senator Cutting's climb to power within New Mexico. But how about his rise in the Senate? Coming as he does from a state which is so thinly populated that it has only one congressman as against New York's forty-five, and is so poor that it furnishes Uncle Sam with but .03 per cent of his annual spending money, he naturally has none of that political or financial trading power which has been of so much help to so many senators. Penrose, for example.

No Axe to Grind

Nevertheless there he is. Very unobtrusively the dignified young gentleman from New Mexico has very definitely attained to a position on the senatorial sky-line, where he is being constantly pointed to as a man whose career it will probably pay to watch.

Being one hundred per cent independent, he votes as he pleases on all measures, but invariably, so it seems, it pleases him to disregard present-day political expediency and to support such measures as he thinks constitute advanced law-making.

For that reason he has always favored such ideas as federal labor exchanges, unemployment insurance, prosperity reserves, anti-injunction laws and huge building programs. It therefore follows without saying that he has gone right along with President Roosevelt in the latter's program for the dissolution of the depression.

Furthermore, being almost always in accord with such rampant senators as Norris and LaFollette, he early came to be looked upon within the Senate as an outstanding Progressive. It was not, however, until the final weeks of the last presidential campaign that he took a spurt that brought him into real national prominence, and even that might not have happened had it not been that Senator Norris was suddenly beset with a bad cold.

Being blissfully unaware of what was brewing for him in the national arena, Senator Cutting was busily engaged in fixing up his fences in his own state when he got an S O S from the National Progressive League asking him if he couldn't proceed to Denver and "pinch-hit" for Senator Norris, who was too ill to fill a scheduled engagement for a radio talk. Senator Cutting accepted the assignment, flew to the Colorado capital, walked up to the "mike," talked blandly into it for about thirty minutes, and when he turned away from the little dingus he had provided the Republican campaign managers with such a headache that within a few days Mr. Hoover himself confronted his own "mike" and broadcast an address in which he branded Mr. Cutting as a dangerous radical: a man who would overthrow this government if he had the power.

This of course merely provided Senator Cutting with another opportunity. He grabbed it; let loose a rejoinder from New Mexico, and so concise and convincing was it that almost before it was off the air Mr. Cutting's reputation was so well established that no observer in the country was surprised to hear, a few weeks later, that President Roosevelt had offered the gentleman from out West a job as Secretary of the Interior.

Refused with Thanks

But that was one post that, in accord with his frequently announced principle of political independence, he couldn't very well have accepted. It would not make him happy, even though he had a portfolio under his arm, to have to sign on the dotted line and become a regular Democrat, while, furthermore, it would have been very bad business for him to have taken over a position which the nation never heard very much about until another New Mexican had rendered it notorious by turning it into a source for colossal graft and the betrayal of his country.

Now as regards Mr. Cutting's political future: For the last few months there has been blood on the moon in New Mexico, and plenty of it. Running as a Progressive-Republican, Senator Cutting, who was steam-rollered out of their convention two years ago, has been renominated by the Republicans, who pin their faith upon him because he has pinned the word "progressive" upon their party name. The party itself, however, is not what it used to be. Being unwilling to go along with Senator Cutting, at whose hands they have received several severe beatings, the Old Guard Republicans have deserted in a body and gone over to the enemy in the hope that by throwing their support to Dennis Chavez, the Democratic senatorial nominee, they can finally defeat the man who has so frequently defeated them. But can they? According to the best last-minute information obtainable the situation in New Mexico is now very much like it is everywhere else. More depends on the attitude of the national administration than on the dictates of the local leaders.

Support from Above

Even money, heretofore invincible, will not be as potent a factor in favor of either candidate as a Roosevelt endorsement. But will the President openly endorse the Democrat as against Cutting, the Progressive-Republican?

Under ordinary conditions neutrality on the part of a Democratic President would amount to the same thing as endorsement of the Republican, but the conditions in New Mexico are not ordinary. Senator Cutting, who has been on one side as often as on the other, just happens at present to be a so-called Republican, so that his political label cannot really be held against him. Furthermore, he was a great help to Mr. Roosevelt in his campaign a couple of years ago, whereas, on the other hand, Mr. Chavez, who is really a Democrat, is now receiving his chief aid and comfort from stalwart Old Guard Republicans who did all they could to whip Mr. Roosevelt in their state.

Thus the logical conclusion seems to be that by merely remaining silent and leaving it to Mr. Cutting, who is still the state's *patrón grande*, to handle New Mexico in the good, old-fashioned way, the President can do much to help him win. And he probably will win.

Has business any right to profit?

THERE are people who believe that if business would give up the old fashioned idea of trying to make a profit, our troubles would be over.

What is profit anyway? How does it fit into the American scheme?

Let's first see how a business starts. The people in this country want a great many things. They want ease, convenience, health, good food, education, social advancement, better homes and cars, radio, travel. They want to be attractive and have a good time.

The idea in starting any business is to satisfy one of these universal wants. If the business does that, and is well managed, it grows into a profitable enterprise. People are employed and receive wages. Because dividends are earned, other people are glad to invest more of their savings. A community of homes, schools and churches and hospitals grows up around and is supported by the business. Customers, workers and investors all are benefited and none is harmed.

Now suppose the business fails to earn a profit. Investors lose their savings. Workers are laid off. Local merchants are in trouble because customers cannot pay their bills. Mortgages are foreclosed and homes lost. There comes hunger, unrest, bread lines, sickness, under-nourished children and increase of crime.

An unprofitable business benefits no one. It is an economic cancer. Our cities, states and national government must collect about eight billion dollars each year to keep going. Either this money must come out of profits earned by business, or national wealth must be confiscated.

America has been built from profits. Profits built our railroads, utilities, and industries employing millions of workers. The incentive of profit created the automobiles we ride in, the electric convenience of our homes, the safe and dependable commercial air lines which are the marvel of the world. Profit pays for the inventive genius which almost daily produces better materials and finer products. Profit has paid for the research into pure science which has meant so much to our health.

After paying for materials, labor and taxes, the average business rarely earns more than six percent on the money invested. Many enterprises pay far more in taxes than in dividends. In the past year, railroads paid $249,602,895 in taxes, or $2.61 taxes for each $1 dividend. This slender margin of profit is the real difference between sickness and rather feeble health. Sturdy business health is essential to national well-being and prosperity.

And so, business has more than a *right* to make a profit — it has an *obligation* to make a profit.

Remington Rand takes pride in the fact that one of its chief functions is to help business make a profit.

Because Remington Rand manufactures a complete line of all types of adding and accounting machines, typewriters, files, record-systems and equipment — each designed to intermember and coordinate to get record results with the greatest accuracy and lowest cost —it can accept the full responsibility for organizing and installing a complete business method.

The "know-how" of the Remington Rand organization is the result of literally thousands of individual experiences. The Remington Rand man has nothing to sell except a satisfactory result. He can advise without bias because he represents this complete line of office machines and equipment. His one desire is, "no sale without a profit to the user".

There is a Remington Rand man within reach of your telephone. Call him or write Remington Rand Inc., Buffalo, New York. (Canada: 68 King St., W., Toronto). World's largest manufacturers of systems, machines and methods for the office.

Remington Rand
BUFFALO, NEW YORK

Sinclair Gets the Glory Vote

Continued from page 13

five cents. Thus Sinclair finances his campaign—the gate receipts of his meetings plus the sale of his pamphlets and books. For all that he is such a prolific writer and one of the widely read literary artists of our times, he is a poor man. As a business man he would scandalize a popcorn vender. Within fifteen minutes of the seething jam we're in now, one of his rivals for the governorship nomination is bewailing Sinclair to an apathetic audience of fifty or sixty. Heaven knows why they're there at all, with this circus in town. Maybe their feet hurt. Anyway, they're being told that Sinclair is no business man; that he's a dreamer, a will-o'-the-wisp, a writer and thinker of fiction, a voice in the wilderness. Wilderness, my friends, when there is no wilderness in this garden spot of all creation.

Admission, Two Bits—or Free

It may be that the almost ignored aspirant yonder is right that Sinclair is no business man. But there are but a handful of lethargic voters listening to him, whereas here at the bowl it looks like a twenty-thousand crowd with a five-thousand turnaway. Moreover, if you'll look about you you'll recognize in this all the business types you ever saw in your small town Rotary and Kiwanis clubs. Here you are seeing thousands of sixtyish men who a few years ago retired to the tranquillity of Southern California to live in a sedative peace on a competence. Now, their investments scuttled, they are acquainted with want. Many have lost the bungalows they retired to. Many have had to apply to the public charities. About the only thing they have left is hope. And this hope of theirs is not the product of studious and discriminating analysis of economic creeds or political platforms. Rather it is spiritual, clad in opportunism. Because it is spiritual, they testify among themselves in little groups as they did of a Wednesday evening back east, and sing When the Roll Is Called up Yonder and Bringing in the Sheaves. Sinclair, the minor prophet—their Prophet of Social Justice—provides the political anodyne they hanker for, the easily assimilated economic doctrine and political purgative they want. They may not understand all of Sinclair but they understand that he promises that "needy persons over sixty years of age who have lived three years within the state shall receive a pension of fifty dollars a month." Anybody can understand that. You've noticed, too, how many disabled are here with you tonight struggling to get into the meeting. And how many women carrying children or dragging them by the hand. Well, Sinclair promises these halt and blind a like pension. And the same goes for widowed mothers of dependent children. If there are more than two children he will pay out twenty-five dollars a month for each additional young one. No wonder the opposition aspirants for the nomination with all their warnings and blather address empty chairs.

There. You're inside the gates at last. You lost a couple of buttons perhaps and you almost were dragged into that brawl between the gateman and the gaunt, coatless man who said he'd be thus and so if he would pay a nickel to listen to any candidate and if they wanted his vote— But he got in free anyway. If you can pay, you pay; if you can't, you don't. It's interesting, too, to see how many pay although they look as if twenty-five cents was no trifling matter with them. Perhaps this testifies to the grip Sinclair has upon the depths of them. Someone estimates that the Sinclair fund will be enriched by $2,500 tonight, giving other candidates in any times something to think about. How much would you pay, let's say, to hear the run-of-the-mill office-seeker?

Perhaps, as we've said, three quarters of this throng are Utopians. Before coming up here we were told in Sinclair's headquarters, in South Grand Avenue, that there were many more than a million Utopians in California and that all could be counted on to vote for him in the November elections although some would have to vote for Republican aspirants in the primaries because they were registered Republican. At any rate, we ought to pause a moment for a look at these Utopians because they, too, singing Sinclair's praise and gospel songs, are fumed at as Red Radicals by his rivals and, like him, blandly ignored by the newspapers.

The Utopian Society's social and economic creed has much in common with Sinclair's platform—so much that there is considerable question whether Sinclair is Utopia or Utopia is Sinclair. Politically it suggests a goulash of Technocracy, State Socialism, the Ku Klux Klan, Populism, Fascism, Evangelism and Voodoo. Whether under any condition it would achieve practicability is something we need not worry about because its membership starts out with a vow to defend American political institutions as they are. They swear to uphold the Constitution as written and to carry on the traditions under which we already exist.

Nevertheless, and without being at all specific, Utopia "guarantees to everyone the right of employment and an income insuring that standard of living to which every American citizen is entitled. To so order the channels of distribution that no one need again feel the pangs of poverty. To insure the economic security of that sacred institution—the American Family—under any and all conditions—to end forever the disgraceful and immoral institutions now called charitable institutions by eliminating the cause of them. To eliminate the possibility of monetary reward for crime and racketeering whether within or without the law. To prevent speculation in the medium of exchange, thus eliminating panics and depressions. To prevent the injurious hoarding of the country's natural wealth, to the benefit of the few and the detriment of the many."

Darkness to Revelation

You may criticize these aims until you're worn out; you may call them flapdoodle, hokum or boob-bait if it suits you. Or you may throw up your hat and howl yourself into a hypnotic frenzy because here at last is your promised land. But Utopia is a numerical fact—and a large one. Started in Southern California where nothing is quite like anything elsewhere, it began at once to increase at the rate of five and six thousand members a day. In organization it presents no measurable difference from that of any other lodge or fraternal society. It pays its agents pleasant commissions for new memberships and its officials draw snug if not expansive salaries. Because it offers virtually everything any chronic joiner might ask for, particularly in these mumbo-jumbo days, it grew so fast that even Southern California was impressed. And in Southern California they don't count things that don't double in size overnight.

At a single meeting in Hollywood Bowl, 30,000 Utopians stood with right arms extended as they sang the Star-Spangled Banner and pledged allegiance to the American flag, the American Constitution, and beswore themselves to "uphold our traditional form of American Democracy." That done, they screamed themselves into apoplectic hysteria as their leaders took the whole social, economic and political system apart and threw away all the ancient moorings. To be admitted to complete Utopia one must pass through four cycles: (1) Children of Darkness, (2) Pilgrims on the Highway, (3) Seven Stations in the Promised Land, and (4) The Hermit Reveals. To get started, one pays an initiation fee of three dollars. Thereafter one pays a dollar a month and gets the whole works, including secret signs and passwords plus the privilege of taking an oath which, literally adhered to, might easily prevent one from accepting all of Utopia's philosophy.

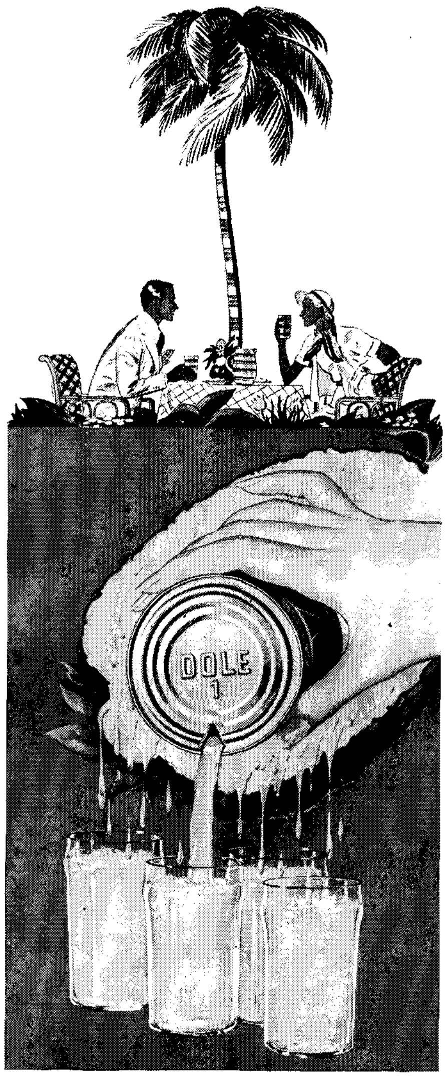
They're Born Believers

But you get the idea. We shouldn't have gone into it even that far had it not been that it was necessary for you to understand why the Utopians embraced Mr. Sinclair for their own. The society had provided everything except a leader to rally 'round. It is interesting, too, to see Mr. Sinclair's opponents making passes at the Utopians, striving somewhat ingloriously and with considerable damage to dignity to convince Utopia that they, after all, are deeply in love with the common people and, if nominated and elected, would "leave no stone unturned in my efforts in behalf of the aged and infirm, the kiddies and their unemployed parents, the farmer and the factory worker, the white-collar man and the small business operator."

But their souls and votes are true to Sinclair who, of the entire field of candidates, is the least bombastic, the least bunkful, the most independent and thoughtful. He is much less feverish than his competitors. Unlike the conventional aspirant he has not chased after the masses; rather the masses have flocked to him. On the professional political tongue his speeches would be rabble-rousers, the bellowings of the demagogue. But he doesn't bellow. He is noticeably devoid of platform mannerisms, of posturing, of studied declamatory arts. There is nothing at all new in anything he says. It is merely the world-old gospel of the underdog, streamlined and air-conditioned. And yet as he speaks in his slow, precise, unaffected voice these thousands hang tensely upon every syllable as if every word and every thought were as new and fresh as tomorrow morning's dew.

A normal child could understand what he is saying. This lack of surface fire in the man fascinates you. Here's a prophet, follow him or not. Here's your born crusader, think what you will of him. To this crowd, this camp-meeting audience, here is Moses, Joshua, Daniel and St. Paul talking back to the tax-gatherers. Or Savonarola leading the Hallelujah Chorus with a slide rule. And yet Sinclair makes no such pretense.

(Continued on page 34)


REFRESHING!

Straight from Hawaii, the land of tropical fruits and flowers, comes this new, *refreshing* beverage —DOLE pure, unsweetened Hawaiian Pineapple Juice. Drink a cool glassful of this golden fruit juice in the morning before you start the serious business of living. It picks you up and starts you on your way refreshed.

DOLE Hawaiian Pineapple Juice actually provides quickly available energy because the juice is extracted from field-fresh, *fully-ripened* pineapples in which the easily assimilated fruit sugars (source of energy) have been fully developed. A good source of vitamins A, B and C. It carries the Seal of Acceptance of the American Medical Association's Committee on Foods.

DOLE vacuum-packing seals the important nutritive elements and the field-fresh flavor within the can. Available at grocers everywhere. Be sure to look for the name "DOLE" stamped on the top of the can.

DOLE PINEAPPLE JUICE

ACCEPTED AMERICAN MEDICAL ASSN. Committee on Foods

HAMILTON WINS *Accuracy Test!*

An "Inquiring Reporter" interviews a young woman on the Observation Roof of the RCA Building in New York's Rockefeller Center. The instrument at his side is a chronometer. (In the background is the skyline of lower New York, with the Empire State Building clearly visible.)

"INQUIRING REPORTERS" INTERVIEW 1416 PEOPLE TO FIND THE MOST ACCURATE MAKE OF WATCH

WHAT make of watch keeps closest to accurate time? "Inquiring Reporters" visited six large cities and interviewed more than 1400 people—an impartial cross section of those to whom time is important—to get the answer. In hotels and office buildings, in railroad stations, along principal streets, they asked passers-by, "What time have you?" and "*What make is your watch?*"

Watches of nearly every make known were encountered. Yet Hamilton clearly won the title of "Most Accurate Watch." More than 41% of all Hamiltons carried were "on the nose" of accuracy. Another noteworthy fact revealed was that the average Hamilton deviation from correct time was 43% less than the next most accurate competitive make of watch. (See chart.)

Hamilton owners know that Hamilton accuracy has long made it the chosen timepiece in railroad and air travel, in exploration and scientific research. Hamilton accuracy is doubly protected by the Time-Microscope (Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.), a Hamilton invention used exclusively in the timing of Hamilton Watches.

Today's demand is for an *accurate* watch. We urge you to see the many smart, modern Hamiltons at your dealer's . . . particularly the new wrist, strap and pocket models in the new low price range between $37.50 and $42.50. Write for a copy of our new folder of 1934 Hamiltons. Address Hamilton Watch Company, 840 Columbia Avenue, Lancaster, Pennsylvania.

FIVE SMART HAMILTONS (left to right). ALCOTT. Something new in sports models. 17 jewels. 14K filled gold, white or natural yellow. With leather (shown) or silk cord. $52.50. GAIL. 17 jewels. 10K filled gold, white or natural yellow. Filled gold bracelet to match (shown), $42.50. With ribbon bracelet, $40.00. SCOTT. 17 jewels. 10K filled gold, white or natural yellow. With raised gold figure dial (shown), $40.00. With luminous dial, $37.50. WEBSTER. 19 jewels. 14K filled gold, white or natural yellow. With raised gold figure dial, $55.00. With luminous dial (shown), $52.50. WARREN. 17 jewels. 10K filled gold, white or natural yellow, $42.50. 19 jewels, $57.50. Ask your jeweler to show you these and other Hamiltons for both men and women—from $35.00 to $500.00.

FACTS REVEALED BY 1416 INTERVIEWS

Make of Watch	Watches "On Time"	Average Variation From Accuracy
Hamilton	41.5%	0 min. 48 sec.
Illinois*	36.2%	1 min. 0 sec.
Watch "C"	27.3%	1 min. 24 sec.
Watch "D"	24.1%	1 min. 36 sec.
Watch "E"	26.1%	1 min. 42 sec.
Watch "F"	15.4%	1 min. 48 sec.
Miscellaneous†	18.8%	1 min. 48 sec.
Watch "G"	15.8%	1 min. 54 sec.
Watch "H"	18.2%	More Than 2 min.
Watch "I"	16.9%	More Than 2 min.
Low Priced	10.9%	More Than 2 min.

*Hamilton owned. †"Miscellaneous" includes makes of watches of which only a few of each were found.

★ HAMILTON ★

the Watch of Railroad Accuracy

AMERICAN PIPE TOBACCO GETS PRAISE FROM ENGLAND

British pipe smoker has his say about his favorite tobacco and makes sweeping claim

Englishmen seem to get unusual pleasure from pipe smoking. So when an Englishman has something to say about tobacco, his statement is worth consideration.

"Waverley"
Tower Road,
ORPINGTON,
KENT (England)
20th January, 1934

Messrs. Larus & Bro. Co.,
Richmond, Va.,
U. S. A.

Dear Sirs:

I am not writing to make any complaints, nor intend to 'scrounge'; only to say of the good smokes I enjoy.

An acquaintance or two have gone over to "EDGEWORTH" during the last couple of years and are well satisfied. ('Tis a pity the Customs Duty makes it so expensive in this Country.)

In my line of business, there are always 'snaggy' complaints at times (and probably I would complain if I had sufficient ground), but I am one of the first to give a good word.

Thank you! for what I consider the best and ideal pipe baccy on sale over here.

Yours faithfully,
Douglas D. W. Castell

Contentment with the right pipe tobacco

The experience of Mr. Castell indicates that when a pipe smoker finds just the right tobacco, he feels a contentment and happiness which remains with him all the time he uses it. The search is worth while.

The preparation of tobacco for pipe smoking is not a simple matter. Edgeworth is the result of eleven different processes which take place from the tobacco grower's farm to the smoker's pipe. And from the selection of just the right leaves of the Burley plant to the final packaging of Edgeworth, several years' time elapses. It is not by mere luck that Edgeworth is that rare combination of delightful tobacco flavor and true mildness that is so pleasing. To enjoy pipe smoking, you must have good tobacco flavor. To smoke in comfort, you must have genuine mildness. Mere mildness alone is disappointing. You may smoke Edgeworth all day and enjoy its fine flavor without the least discomfort. In other words, Edgeworth never bites the tongue. It is mild—it is rich in flavor.

Ask your dealer for Edgeworth Tobacco

If you are a home smoker, you will enjoy buying Edgeworth in the vacuum packed tins. In these airtight containers the flavor remains the same indefinitely in any climate. There are vacuum packed packages from two ounces to one pound. Regular sizes from the 15¢ pocket package to the pound humidor tin.

Edgeworth is manufactured and guaranteed by Larus & Brother Co., Tobacconists since 1877, Richmond, Va.

Sinclair Gets the Glory Vote

Continued from page 32

He is no showman and has no bag of common tricks. You who are not convinced that he has the winning formula or the wherewithal, may see him more clearly down here with the floodlights beating upon his spare, scholarly face. You see the anchorite in him, sense the hard spiritual austerity that orders his thinking. He is not asking them for their votes; he merely tells them that their only weapon of defense is their vote. If they believe in him he is willing to be the agent of their will. Like that. Born believers, that's what they are.

So listen for a few moments. Later, when he has finished we shall ask him questions, writing them on paper and handing them to the ushers. Mr. Sinclair will answer anything. He will even go so far as to tell you when he hasn't the whole answer. At least you must rejoice in his integrity.

"The EPIC movement," he says, "represents the will of the people of California to end poverty and make plenty and comfort for all who are willing to work. The name comes from the initial letters of the four words: End Poverty in California. There is no excuse for hunger in a state which has millions of acres of fertile land lying idle and in which fruit is permitted to rot on the ground and vegetables by the carload are dumped into the bays. There is no excuse for scarcity of goods when thousands of modern factories stand idle, and strong hands and capable brains are not permitted to make use of them. In California there are more than a million persons dependent upon public charity for their existence. Taxpayers by tens of thousands are losing their homes because they can no longer carry the burden. . . .

A Worker's Paradise

"Nor is it any solution when the burden is dumped upon the back of the federal government. During the first eight months of the New Deal the federal government admits having paid out over sixteen billion dollars. This means two billion a month. This piling up of governmental debt can only mean national bankruptcy. We believe that President Roosevelt realizes this and is moving our way and that nothing would please him more than to have the people of California wake up and do something for themselves."

(You miss the next few sentences because the crowd is shouting "Amen" and "Yes, yes," and "God Help Our President.")

"This crisis is not a temporary one," says Sinclair. "Its cause is that the means of production are in private hands, and the workers receive in wages only a part of what they produce. Therefore they have not the money to buy all the produce of their labor and the oversupply piles up. In previous crises we overproduced food and clothing. In the present depression we have overproduced the means of producing food and clothing and the other necessities of life. We have too many oil wells, steel mills, coal mines and so forth. Such things are not worn out quickly. If we wait for them to wear out so that our labor may replace them, half our population will starve or revolt in the meantime. In England the crisis has lasted fourteen years. By a system of doles to the needy Great Britain has raised up a generation who have never worked and never will work under the present system."

"We'll work, we'll work," they shout. "We're one hundred per cent American. Give us the work."

"The unemployed must be put to productive work, taken off the backs of the little taxpayer," says Sinclair. "They must have access to the land to grow their own food. They must have access to the factories to produce their own shoes and clothing and building materials. This must be done upon state capital; it must be done immediately. It is not proposed to dump the unemployed out in the desert to starve nor to put them back at primitive agriculture under which the government gives each worker an acre of land, a mule and a mortgage. EPIC proposes that the land workers shall have the best land, the best machinery and the best agricultural experts to direct them. The state will establish great land colonies for the wholesale production of every kind of food and the unemployed will be put to work immediately."

("We'll give you the right. We'll elect you next governor of California.")

Your ordinary candidate would pause here in deference to the uproar. But Sinclair seems not to hear.

"To relieve the poor from their present burdens, those who own and occupy homes and those who own and operate ranches assessed at less than $3,000 will be exempt from all taxes."

(Twenty rows from the platform, a bewhiskered man leaps to his feet. He begins to shout something about his home. His neighbors pull him down and quiet him. But Sinclair does not notice.)

"In order to break the grip of the land speculators," he was saying, "all unimproved city land and all uncultivated farm land will pay a tax of ten per cent. This will make available great quantities of land, especially in and near towns and cities, to be used for playgrounds, parks and the growing of vegetables and small fruits. We shall impose a tax on public utilities according to the value of their franchises. This will weaken the grip of these institutions upon our public life and prepare them to be taken over by the state. We shall repeal the state sales tax which is a tax upon poverty and impose a state income tax which is a tax upon wealth."

("Let Wall Street pay the sales tax," they cry.)

"We shall increase the state inheritance tax so as to take fifty per cent of the great fortunes which dominate and corrupt our social life. We shall take thirty per cent of all incomes beyond fifty thousand dollars. They take that much in England. And let any person inheriting more than fifty thousand dollars pay fifty per cent to the state. We shall impose a tax of four cents per share or more on stock transfers, as New York does. It is estimated that a million shares change hands in our state every gambling day. Yes, let Wall Street pay the sales tax."

All the Answers

When the pandemonium had subsided, you looked back at Sinclair. There he stood as unruffled, as self-contained, as detached as if he had been addressing the Royal Academy or a roomful of chilled scientists.

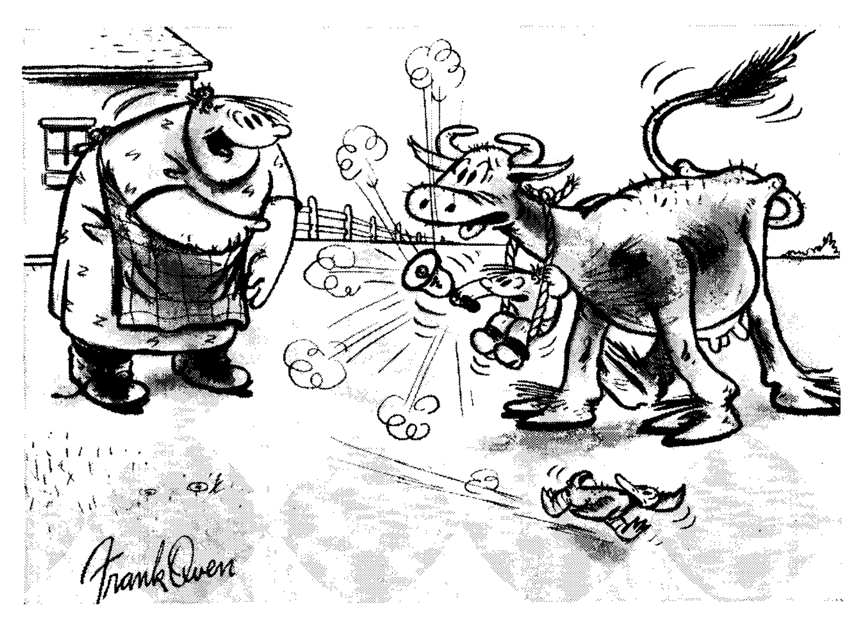
You're already asking questions, aren't you? How, by what means, with whose consent and where's the money coming from? Very well, here's your chance. The time has come for us to ask him.

"Mr. Sinclair, how are you going to raise the money to accomplish all this?"

"Recently," he replies, "the Los Angeles Board of Supervisors asked the federal government to let them have five million dollars to buy land and machines to put the unemployed to work. When people tell me the EPIC Plan is crazily visionary and that the state can't make the people self-supporting, I am amused to read that Los Angeles County proposes thus to do it and that the towns propose by this means to do it. Why, then, cannot the state of California do it? The people of California have $3,000,000,000 in private banks. Why not take out ten per cent of that and put it to work for yourselves rather than against your own interests? With it buy state bonds that we shall issue. The federal government is literally begging states to take money to put the unemployed to work. We can go to the federal government and say, 'The people of California have voted to make themselves self-supporting and to end poverty.' Yes, I think we can get the money from the federal government."

"And what will you do, Mr. Sinclair, if the Supreme Court declares anything you propose unconstitutional?"

(Continued on page 36)



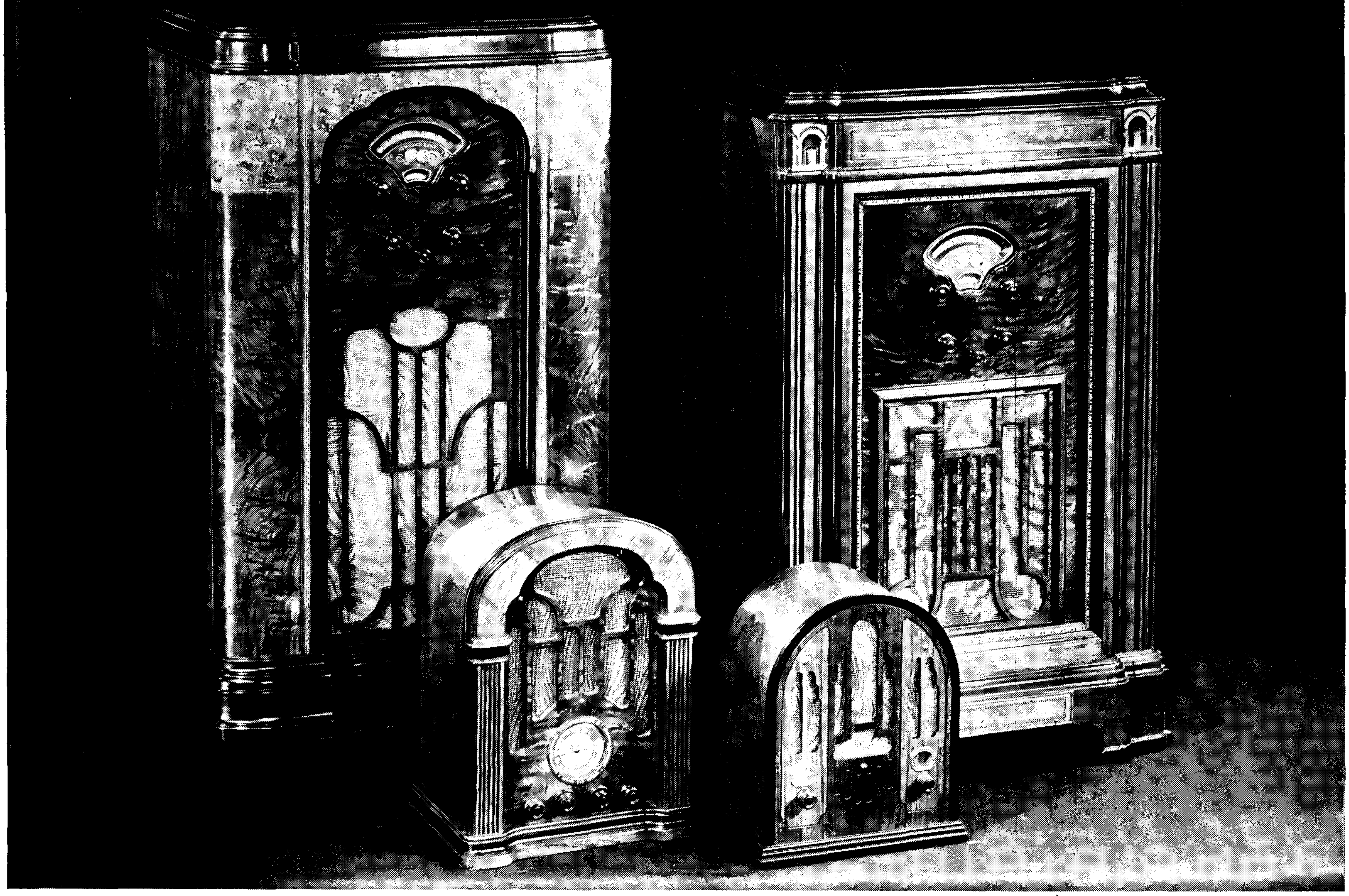
"Now th' idea is, honey, for you to keep ringin' th' bell an' th' cow won't get lost!"

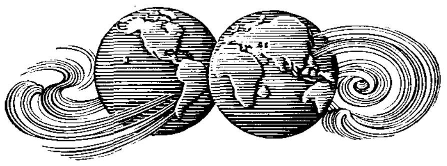
FRANK OWEN

ATWATER KENT

announces 1935 world wave

RADIO





IT IS ONE THING *to get* FOREIGN STATIONS ... AND ANOTHER TO *enjoy* THEIR PROGRAMS

SHORT WAVE broadcasting in foreign countries adds a thrill to radio that you don't want to miss. But you want more than that thrill when you buy your new radio. You want a radio that lets you *enjoy* foreign programs. You want an Atwater Kent Radio.

In the 27 new sets for 1935—four of which are shown on this page—Atwater Kent gives you every proved improvement that is known to radio science—at prices that make each set an outstanding value. Your dealer will show you others: DC models, sets for battery or 32-volt power, AC-DC radio, Motor-car radio, and the marvelous new invention, Atwater Kent Tune-O-Matic Radio—prices range from $22.50 to $240.00 (subject to change without notice).

ALL-WAVE—Model 112S (directly above)—by scientific tests for fidelity throughout entire range of musical sound, this 12-tube superheterodyne is the finest radio Atwater Kent ever built. And we know of no other radio that is its equal at ANY price. **$180.00** f.o.b. factory

ALL-WAVE—Model 559N (at left above)—A revelation to even the most technically-minded buyer, this radio offers complete world-wide, all-wave reception through 4 tuning bands. 540 kilocycles to 18 megacycles, 9 tubes, 2-speed tuning, visual shadow tuning, 6-gang condenser, 11-inch speaker. **$119.50** f.o.b. factory

FOREIGN SHORT-WAVE and BROADCAST—Model 206 (in front at left)—6-tube superheterodyne, hears foreign stations, police, amateur, airplane, and all American broadcasting. Remarkably free from background noises. **$49.90** f.o.b. factory

STANDARD BROADCAST—Model 944 (in front at right)—4-tube superheterodyne receives all regular broadcasting and police band. 8-inch electro-dynamic speaker and precision construction give it excellent tone quality. **$22.50** f.o.b. factory

FOR SHORT-WAVE RECEPTION, THE NEW ATWATER KENT DOUBLET ANTENNA GREATLY REDUCES BACKGROUND NOISE AND INCREASES VOLUME ON DISTANT STATIONS.

ATWATER KENT MANUFACTURING COMPANY *A. Atwater Kent, President* PHILADELPHIA, PA.

"I've learned that OLIVE OIL is just the thing for soothing an irritated skin."
Ray Van Orman
TRAINER OF OLYMPIC LACROSSE TEAM, 1932

PREVENT THAT RAZOR RAWNESS

use the Shave Cream made with olive oil—PALMOLIVE!

RAY VAN ORMAN for years has been training athletes. And he's learned what thousands of other trainers, athletes and skin specialists know: There's nothing like olive oil for putting an irritated skin back in shape!

That's why olive oil, in just the right amount, goes into the making of Palmolive Shave Cream—to keep your face fresh and smooth, free from after-shave irritation!

And it's the unique Palmolive formula, including olive oil, that explains Palmolive's full, creamy lather (one inch of cream fluffs up into a full quart of lather!). This lather *stands up* for a full ten minutes—never dries or wilts while it gives you a closer, cleaner, easier shave! Get a tube—today!

LARGE SIZE TUBE

ONLY 25¢

PALMOLIVE Shave Cream
PALMOLIVE Shave Cream
SHAVE

FOUR SHAVES FOR 1¢

Sinclair Gets the Glory Vote

Continued from page 34

"There can be no question of the state's right to buy land and to run colonies, nor of its right to buy and run factories. That has been done. As to other measures, we shall find some other way to do it. One or two things will require constitutional amendments, and we will know how to do that."

"Why issue more bonds," you ask, "when the debt-load is already insufferable?"

"The EPIC bonds," says Mr. Sinclair, "have been described as 'a loan to end loans.' The people will fix the amount of exploitation once and for all and fix it while prices are low instead of waiting for prosperity to come back, at which time the amount of exploitation would be multiplied many times over."

Bankers and Veterans

"Won't this EPIC Plan drive capital out of the state?"

"It may drive a few of the capitalists out," he replies, "and they may take with them their bank accounts and stocks and bonds. But they cannot take the land of California, nor the factories, nor the workers. The latter will go to work on the land and in the factories and will turn out plenty of wealth for themselves. When those capitalists see how things are going, they will remember the pleasant climate of California and come back and ask to be given some useful work."

(The laughter is uproarious. A farmer with a sou'wester voice tells the countryside that he has "a couple nice outdoor jobs for a couple of bankers he knows.")

"Mr. Sinclair, what kind of money are you going to use inside the state system—the EPIC Plan?"

"You may call it scrip or labor money or a certificate of service," says the cold oracle. "The name does not matter. No one will question the soundness of this money because it will be based upon the goods actually produced by the labor of men and women and it will be canceled when he purchases an equal amount of goods from the stores."

"Won't people be confused by a conflict of two different systems—your system and the profit system?"

"We are quite accustomed to living under two systems at present. We stop at a privately owned hotel and pay money for our room and meals. But if the hotel catches fire, the publicly owned fire department puts the fire out. If a burglar enters your room the publicly owned police department protects you. The proprietor of the hotel sends his children to the public school. And so on. All we propose to do in California is to set up one more public body of the sort we now take for granted—the United States Army and Navy, the State Highway Patrol, the county school system, the city water department, and so forth."

A bulky man wearing a blue American Legion cap demands to know what Mr. Sinclair will do for the veteran.

"I would do for the veteran what I would do for any man in the state of California," he replies. "If he is able to work, he will be provided with work at generous wages. If he is not able to work, the state will take care of him."

"Why isn't the old-age pension granted at fifty years instead of sixty?" demands a Utopian who looked to be about fifty and who brandished an American flag.

"Perhaps," says Sinclair, "it's because I'm fifty-five and still able to work. If a person can't work at fifty, there is something wrong with him and he should come under the classification of the disabled. And I'm not insisting that anybody quit work at sixty, either. We shall provide decent, comfortable work so that such a person will want to keep on instead of loafing."

"This scrip money," says someone, "is not going to go so good with the land and factory owners. Suppose they won't accept scrip; what are you going to use for money there?"

"We shan't offer them scrip," says Sinclair patiently. "For buying land and factories we would have to use United States currency. There is no way to get that except by issuing bonds. I feel certain the federal government will buy our EPIC bonds. Think of this: You write checks and the bank issues bank acceptances, sight drafts and the like. Isn't that so? Well, then, all are certificates of value and are accepted. Scrip can be certificates of value and be accepted. When the banks closed a year ago the Los Angeles Chamber of Commerce printed a lot of scrip and would have issued it had not the federal government stepped in to handle the situation. I will consider as governor of California that I have as much right to issue scrip as the Los Angeles Chamber of Commerce."

"Isn't the employment of women a reason for the unemployment of men?"

"Of course," says Sinclair. "But only because we don't have a fixed wage system, a sexless wage system, and women can be hired for lower wages than men. Under EPIC all the people will be free to work—as many in a family as care to. And the work will be there to do."

Winning by Fright

"Go on, go on," screams a woman over to our left.

"The EPIC system offers to women independence for the first time," says Sinclair deliberately, very seriously. "Work will be plentiful and there will be many kinds of work adapted to the skill and strength of women. There will be maternity allowances, mother's pensions and old-age pensions. The exemption from taxation of small homes and ranches will aid a majority of the women of California. Women will be aided as consumers through the providing of goods at cost in the stores. Women who want to marry and rear families will know that their husbands have permanent jobs. Women who work to help support and educate their children will have the help of public nurseries and kindergartens in all state factories and land colonies. Women who wish to live independent lives can always find honorable occupations. Under EPIC women will find it possible to live as they now would like to live but may not under the old system. And for the first time it will be possible to abolish prostitution and commercialized vice."

"The church, the church?" asked another woman.

"The status of religion will be unchanged. Churches are free voluntary groups supported by those who are interested in them. Whatever churches the people of the state land colonies want they shall have. The minister of religion now is necessarily an ineffectual man. He preaches the fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of man, while he sees that everybody is practicing exploitation, greed, hatred and strife. He has to shut his eyes to the week-day activities of his parishioners. The only change that EPIC will make for the clergyman is that which will take place in the minds and hearts of his flock due to a new economic way of life. It will be possible to practice the Golden Rule in daily affairs. For the first time it will be possible for love to prevail on week days and people may listen to the minister on Sundays and really know what he is talking about.

Presently, without any formality, the meeting was over. Someone started God Be with You Till We Meet Again and in a moment thousands were singing it. It was midnight and the throng, apparently filled with an all-pervading solace, their souls replete, meandered slowly down the hill and into the streets.

By the cool, white light of the Southern California moon they found their cars. There was a great noise of engines and clashing gears. A coatless, hatless man whose vest hung loose and unbuttoned from his thick shoulders shoved Sinclair into an uproarious veteran of a car and headed toward Pasadena.

In a couple of weeks California is going to decide whom it wants for its governor—this prophet, Acting-Governor Merriam or an aggressively bright young lawyer named Raymond Haight. Mr. Merriam is seventy years old and for many years has been one of the darlings of that ultra-conservative Republican element which now cheers wanly but sincerely the white tenets of the American Liberty League. Consistently and valiantly he has opposed such new ideas as workmen's compensation. Mr. Haight walks between, bearing the banner of the Reverend Bob Shuler's Commonwealth Party. He must make what he may of his label as a middle-of-the-road progressive in a day when he who walks the middle of the road is in greater danger than ever of being run over and utterly flattened.

The contest is between Mr. Merriam and Mr. Sinclair. The former, making no pretense of liberalism, hopes to win by the fright route. He exhorts California to turn to the right before it is too late, before the radical Sinclair with his EPIC Utopia and the singing army that follows him set up state socialism—which, whatever transpires, they probably won't. He points to San Francisco's abortive general strike and says that that was but a minute sample of what California may expect with Sinclair in Sacramento. And it is his hope that Californians will be too scared to desert him. It is, he claims, the patriotic duty even of Democrats to uphold his arms against the advance of the Reds. Thus his bid for the governorship.

Wait for the Roll Call

Sinclair is relying on the bankrupt retailers, the farmers, white-collar workers, the small property owners who have lost out—and the Glory Vote. He has raised no bogey-men. No great business interests have contributed a penny to his cause. He has not even raised his voice. As the Democratic nominee, he must represent the New Deal in California. His unsuccessful rivals for the nomination may not like him, but, after all, they're Democrats. Almost a third of all California's votes nominated him. Mr. Merriam got fewer than a quarter of the total. You could listen to Mr. Merriam for nothing. It costs you two bits to hear Mr. Sinclair.

You'll soon have the answer—when the roll is called out yonder.

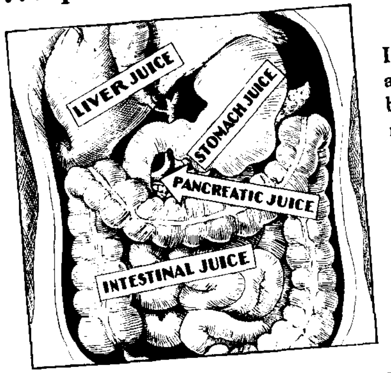
"It is an entirely *new* *'strain'* of Yeast... much stronger, *quicker-acting!*"

explains

DR. R. E. LEE

—prominent Director of
Fleischmann Health Research

...speeds Digestive Juices, strengthens "Insides"—important tests show!



In 25 leading clinics throughout America and Europe, the new "XR" Yeast has been thoroughly tested on hundreds of the most stubborn cases. Doctors report: "Never before such results from yeast!" "Remarkable!" "Patients often reported that they felt better *in one to two days.*"

The reason is: Hormone-like* substances in this new yeast stimulate your vital digestive juices and the muscular action of your digestive tract *as nothing else can!*

● DR. GEO. ROSENTHAL, eminent physiologist, says: "'XR' Yeast *twice* as effective—due to action on digestive juices, muscles."

DR. LEE, authority on Yeast for Health, is in touch with medical scientists all over the world. He says: "This *new* yeast is amazing doctors everywhere."

Corrects constipation, indigestion and skin troubles far faster. It is very rich in hormone-like* substances. (*Newly-added Vitamin "A" helps combat colds, too!*)

HAVE YOU TRIED IT? Everybody is talking about the new, "XR" Yeast. From the hundreds of questions, Dr. Lee answers these:—

1. Just what is "XR" Yeast?
It's a new, stronger "strain" of fresh yeast—a new *variety*—discovered by a famous bacteriologist in a great U. S. medical college. It acts more vigorously . . . *faster!*

2. What is its Importance to Health?
A majority of common health troubles come from a slowing up of your digestive juices (see chart) . . . and from digestive action.

*"XR" Yeast, through its richness in hormone-like substances (natural body "activators") *stimulates* these juices to flow faster and *strengthens* the digestive muscles from the stomach on down.

Your food is thus better "churned"—digested—moved through your body faster. Indigestion, that "stuffed" feeling after meals—and constipation—soon go!

3. Does it contain Drugs?
No! It's a *food.* Entirely *unlike* cathartics, which act by irritation! The new "XR" Yeast "normalizes" you . . . corrects constipation, etc., naturally.

4. Will it clear the Skin quicker?
Yes! By clearing you out "inside" it purifies your blood—and this means a healthier skin and complexion! Actually, your skin gains "tone." Pimples, etc., disappear *sooner.*

5. How about frequent Headaches?
Poisons absorbed from the intestines, or (as some doctors hold) pressure on the abdominal nerves when you're constipated, cause many headaches. The condition underlying such headaches is cleared up by "XR" Yeast. Headaches often cease.

6. Will it retard the onset of "Old Age" . . . relieve Rheumatism?
"Old age," in many cases, is due to the slowing up of digestive secretions. Rheumatism is often also associated with such intestinal disorders.

"XR" Yeast corrects this unhealthy condition, and so removes a great *cause* of premature aging. It is often beneficial for rheumatism.

7. Do Colds occur less frequently?
"XR" Yeast combats colds by cleansing the system—*and* by supplying newly-added Vitamin A, the "infection-preventing" vitamin! Each cake of Fleischmann's "XR" Yeast is also rich in Vitamins B, D, G—*four* vitamins!

START TO EAT IT NOW!

. . . 3 cakes a day—plain or dissolved in one-third glass of water—preferably half an hour before each meal. Eat Fleischmann's "XR" Yeast regularly and after you've got quick results . . . until you're *thoroughly* well! Buy 9 cakes (for the first 3 days) and start now.

"Acts Quicker!" says Mrs. Kinneer

"It *is* more efficacious," writes Mrs. Mabel Kinneer, Staten Island, N. Y. "Several years ago my doctor prescribed yeast to 'regulate' me . . . my improvement was remarkable. Lately, I felt sluggish and nervous again. I ate the *new* 'XR' Yeast . . . now I feel wonderful. It acts *quickly.*"

(As good as ever for baking)

Supplies Vitamins A B D G
FLEISCHMANN'S
XR YEAST
3 cakes daily before meals

Fleischmann's XR Yeast

FOR HEALTH

NOW ON SALE AT GROCERS, RESTAURANTS AND SODA FOUNTAINS

Copyright, 1934, Standard Brands Inc.

WITH TALON SLIDE FASTENER

WATERPROOFED BY DU PONT REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

$7.00

BUCK SKEIN
TRADE MARK REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

100% WATERPROOF

$6.00 WITH BUTTONS

YOU could play a fire-hose on my improved Buck Skein and though the force of water would knock you over, not a drop could seep through. This process, developed exclusively for me by Du Pont, will keep you bone dry in the worst storm.

Whether Buck Skein is worn by Admiral Byrd in the fierce gales of the Antarctic, or whether *you* wear Buck Skein to hunt in, fish in, or as a general utility jacket, exposed to rain, snow and wind—the natural heat of your body is locked in and the freezing cold is shut out.

Buck Skein is as soft and velvety as a downy suede. Its light weight and superb tailoring allow plenty of body freedom. And it wears—it wears like saddle leather. And washes beautifully.

The soft fleece inner-lining and the concealed knitted wristlets add their warm comfort. Note the slashed re-inforced pockets cut deep and extra big. "Cossack" self-bottom (as illustrated) with Talon Slide fastener; or you can save a dollar by buying the Buttoned Jacket. My new shade "Honey brown" is a deep tobacco brown that doesn't show dirt easily. It's a honey. Also comes in navy called "Arctic Blue."

GO TO YOUR DEALER

and see these amazing values. Go now. If your dealer cannot supply you, then mail the coupon, enclose your check or money order, and I'll send you your Buck Skeins quick—and prepay carrying charges. You will be crazy about these Buck Skeins, but if not I'll refund your money.

Yours truly,

Buck Skein Joe

% LUSTBERG, NAST & CO., Inc., *Makers*
212 Fifth Ave., Dept. W10, New York City
See that I get my new Buck Skein Jacket in the style and color checked.
Jacket pictured above with Slide $7.00 ☐
The same Jacket with Buttons $6.00 ☐
Colors: Brown ☐ or Navy ☐
Give chest size........................
Here's my check ☐ or money order ☐
Name..
Address..

What it Takes

Continued from page 17

and was away to a 45-yard run through a secondary defense that had been caught flat-footed. Columbia was in attacking position now and scored a touchdown against a flabbergasted foe two plays later. The game had been clinched before the end of the first half and the team went on to win by a thoroughly decisive margin. But Montgomery's single stroke of audacity had swung the battle. Montgomery, 156 pounds, leading a team that was outweighed by every major rival encountered, was the little fellow who had what it takes.

Deception Wins Games

What did I say to Montgomery between the halves? Well, perhaps I remarked on the dangers which may beset a too-reckless young man. But I took care not to quench that daring. Why? Because my years of coaching have taught me that a first-class, chance-taking quarterback may be a law unto himself. He may have a touch of genius not to be hampered by the laws that govern ordinary mortals. Tyrus Raymond Cobb, in his blinding, brilliant base-running, was never governed by restrictions and rules of "percentage baseball," which applied to the less acute minds among his fellow American Leaguers. Ty Cobb, I have always imagined, would have made the nearly perfect varsity quarterback, given a little more patience with his fellow-men who erred.

I might add here that the ability to deceive which enables the brilliant quarterback to offset superior weight and power is complemented in the perfect field general by conservatism when conservatism is wisdom. Harry Stuhldreher knew and practiced that when he held the controls on the Notre Dame Four Horsemen outfit of 1924. That combination provides probably the outstanding example in football history of the light team consistently out-thinking and out-scoring the heavier opponent. The team which made Knute Rockne the most famous of coaches and the backfield of Crowley, Layden, Miller and Stuhldreher the most noted offensive corps the game has seen was invariably outweighed from the ground up but never above the ears.

Cliff Montgomery, in Columbia's Rose Bowl victory over Stanford at Pasadena last January 1st, delivered what I shall always consider the nearly perfect game, tactically. Gambling smartly, boldly, with a rare sense of "stage direction," he got his touchdown on the faked reverse and spin play which sent Al Barabas around Stanford's right end on a scoring run of seventeen yards midway in the second period. Thereafter through more than half the game that remained, Montgomery was more conservative than a Cape Cod spinster. With admirable restraint he protected his lead and made full use of his kicking game. He called for only two forward passes all day, the second of which was his own pass to Matal, which placed Columbia in scoring position for its touchdown. Not again was the ball thrown by Columbia.

Two minutes before the end of the game, with Stanford passing on nearly every play as wise football demanded of a trailing team at that stage, Columbia took the ball on downs at about Stanford's eight-yard line. The Stanford defense, drawn up tightly, backs in close, offered an extremely tempting set-up against which to pass.

"A pass out to the flat to McDowell and we'll score again surely," said one of the younger assistant coaches beside me on the bench. He wasn't satisfied with the one-touchdown victory which loomed.

"And if Montgomery throws a pass in this situation, with a 7-0 lead, I'll chase both you and him all the way back to New York, across-country or over the Lincoln Highway," I replied. And I meant it.

But I need not have worried. Montgomery was using nothing but the safest sort of straight-ahead, time-killing plays. He knew when to stack the chips and call it a day. There were seven large chips credited to his team and shining through the mist from the scoreboard, enough and to spare for one of the most surprising football conquests of many years in East-West rivalry. He was satisfied to leave the game a winner by one touchdown and too smart to give Stanford even one chance in a hundred of intercepting a pass and galloping the length of the field for a tying score. Those Stanford backs, Grayson, Hamilton, Hillman, Van Dellen, were so fast their headguards looked stream-lined when they got under way. I have looked many times since at our motion pictures of that game. When the reel has come around to the third period I am still afraid sometimes that Grayson is going to run right off the screen, so fast and so hard was he going on some of those dashes. But the fastest man in the world—and Grayson, I do believe, is just about that so far as football is concerned—can't score when he hasn't the ball. Montgomery, in those closing moments, was making quite sure that none of the Stanford young men would be given an opportunity to play about carelessly with that ball. In their possession, it might turn out to be a bomb loaded with dynamite for us.

The old-time football players who wore moleskins and those funny-looking open-work headguards thirty years ago fail to realize how complex and many-sided these matters of deception and quarterback strategy are in this day when the smart, light team—the gridiron "little feller"—so often outscores the major team and superior man-power. When football was push and pull, beef and brawn, deception was usually trickery. Almost any trick play which was out of the ordinary might catch the defense off balance and go for a long run or a touchdown. Sometimes these trick plays were almost fantastic in conception.

In Rehearsal

There was, for instance, the 105-yard run from kick-off by Charles Dillon of the Carlisle Indians against Harvard in 1903 on the elaborate ruse of slipping the ball beneath the folds of a jersey especially prepared for the stunt. The Harvards, naïve enough not to be prepared for city slicker tricks, had not guessed it would be necessary to inspect each redskin's person in search of hidden pockets before tackling him. They did not discover their mistake until Dillon had run past the last Crimson defender on the dash which still stands as one of the longest in the history of the game. I was still playing my football on the sand lots of Leominster, Massachusetts, but the story became known to every Massachusetts schoolboy to whom Harvard's Soldier's Field was a football shrine.

That was deception, to be sure, and with a vengeance. But I'm glad the game has outgrown it and has come to the stage of thinking strategy, deception that is basically more sound and more sporting, a contest of mental as well as physical resources. The deception on which the Columbia touchdown play against Stanford was based was mastered only after hours and hours of painstaking rehearsal over a period of weeks. It was rehearsal fully as exacting, I am willing to bet, as that of any Broadway success. The play itself had a touch of acting which supports the analogy. The timing of eleven men had to be perfect. Montgomery and Barabas, handling the ball, had not only to conceal it from view of the defense but to encourage the firm belief that a third man, Brominski, the wingback, had it.

Missing—One Formula

There came the day in mid-season, in practice at Baker Field, when Sophomore Barabas, discouraged, inquired, "But, Coach, what is it I'm doing that's wrong?"

I had to tell him that I didn't know; that the failure was an intangible something which could not be charged against technique but that it would not be right until I, standing back in the normal position of the defensive right halfback, would be unable to tell who had the ball. This was one of three plays devised to look exactly alike in their inception. When perfection had been reached, I knew it would be impossible to tell which of the three plays had been called and which of the three runners had the ball until the runner had reached the line of scrimmage. Perfection pays in football.

At last the Barabas play came right and the deception built upon it brought victory against a Stanford force through whose fine, powerful line Columbia probably never could have scored. I'll not forget soon how young Mr. Barabas came to me after the Rose Bowl game and said, "Well, Coach, I just wanted to tell you those hours we put in on that play at Baker Field were worth it. I was thinking about that as I touched the ball down behind Stanford's goal."

However, though we plan our defense, diagram our plays and make substitutions, it's still the players' game, not the coach's. That statement I make gladly and emphatically in contradiction of the stern-faced gentlemen, the great American worriers, who tremble at the thought of the big, bad football coach making an automaton of the American boy.

I have tried in these lines to give you a bit of an insight into what helps the football team, to which you concede no chance, to win. You call the victory an upset. But you're wrong. Upsets in the true sense of the word don't happen very often nowadays. In nineteen cases out of twenty, perhaps more, the team wins today which deserves to win. And that's no upset, you will admit. It is merely a case of the out-manned, under-estimated team you picked to lose going out there to play with daring, with care, with courage and with artistry in its ability to mask meager power and to meet superior power at strategic points. With a bit of a break here and there, that team can take the play out of the hands of the bigger, more powerful, even more speedy adversary.

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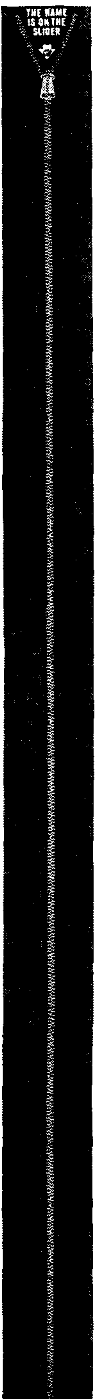

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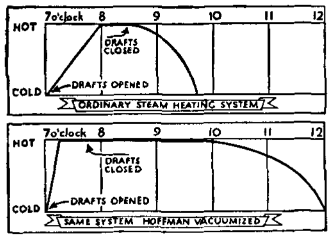

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Little Girl Makes Good

Continued from page 15

which you claim to have written—is an ability that is won only by long and hard work.'

"'Oh, but I've worked, Mr. King,' she said.

"And, boy, the way she said it! Her voice went into me and twisted around and did things to my innards that left me feeling unhappy all of a sudden.

"'I've worked,' she said again. 'That's the first thing I've done out here that I've shown to anybody, but—oh, I've worked hard. Why, I started way back when I was in my first year at high school, Mr. King, and ever since then I—I—'

"SHE stopped talking and looked at him kind of puzzled for a minute. Then her eyes got big. She put her hand up to her throat, moving her head from side to side and tilted her chin as though something was choking her.

"'Why do you—why do you say all this, Mr. King?' she asked. 'Is it—you—you don't mean it's good?'

"Well, you know Micky. Best-hearted guy in the world, but dumb in spots, and when he's pulling a gag, he's so intent on putting it over, he doesn't even know the time of day. Everybody else in the room was looking for a way out by that time, but Micky hadn't tumbled yet and he goes on.

"'Good!' he says. 'Why, Miss Sherwood, this is the most amazing script I have ever read. I've been around pictures for a long time and I want to tell you that this is the most astounding—'

"And then it happened. She took a couple of steps toward him, making a funny kind of a crying sound in her throat. Then she gave a little moan and—bang!—there she was on the floor all crumpled up like a sack of wheat that had sprung a leak and lost half of its filling. I don't remember the next few minutes very well. I was so mad at Micky and myself and all the rest of us there for being such blunder-headed thick fools, all I could do was swear a steady stream and take a punch at anybody that came close enough for me to reach.

"They phoned the studio hospital for a doctor and a nurse and put her on a stretcher and took her over to the infirmary. Micky went along with them. Mad as I was, I was almost as sorry for him as I was for her. He was sick with shame and blubbering like a schoolboy. We all stuck around the office and waited and didn't say much except to call each other names, and then they phoned in from the hospital that she had recovered consciousness and that Micky had taken her home. A little while later we got another phone call from Micky.

"'Gang still there?' he asked me.

"'Yes,' I said. 'How is she?'

"'Wait there for me,' he said, not answering my question.

"He meandered in about an hour later looking as though he was just up from a long illness.

"'Well,' he said, walking over to his desk, 'we're a smart mob. Yes, indeedie. Anything for a laugh. That's us. The only regret I've got is that somebody didn't discover this sense of humor in me when I was young and cut my throat before it got a chance to develop. Listen, you mugs, open your ears and get ready to suffer. . . ."

"Then he gave us the fill-in on this Sherwood gal. She came from a little place somewhere in Wyoming. Her folks had a ranch up there, and she was the bright one of the family. When she was a kid she had some poem or something published in a local paper, and from then on she was destined to be a writer. When she said she had worked she wasn't kidding.

"When she was twenty she came out to Hollywood to write for pictures. She'd been in town for four years working at this, that and the other thing and breaking into the studio occasionally as a part-time typist or stenographer when the opportunity offered. About a year before, she had met and married Larry Beamis."

"Larry Beamis?" the other writer cut in. "The comic?"

Jimmy nodded. "That's the baby. He was tops in his day, you remember. Then he gradually faded out and ultimately got to playing extra."

"He had a stroke or something of that sort, didn't he?" the other writer asked.

"He did," said Jimmy. "About two months after this Sherwood gal married him. So there she was with a semi-paralyzed husband, and you know what happened to the cattle business in the northwest during those dry years. So there were a father and a mother and a ranch and an old aunt—all of them out on a limb with the available foliage chewed up, and not a one of them in Wyoming or Hollywood connected with even the ghost of a hope of any way out except the gal. The only chance was that she might strike pay dirt with her writing.

"'Well,' I said to Micky when he'd finished telling us all this. 'Now what?'

"'I told her to leave it to us,' Micky said.

"'That must've cheered her up.'

"'She doesn't know this is a frame. Not yet she doesn't,' Micky said.

"'Oh,' I said, 'she doesn't know it yet. So now what?'

"'I—I gave her the idea that—that maybe we'd sell her piece for enough to clear things up for her,' Micky said.

"'Oh, you did,' I said. 'Well, isn't that swell?'

"THEN one of the gang cut in. I forget who it was. Owen Thomas—Joe Fagan—or somebody.

"'Say, wait a minute,' he said. 'Beyond the End isn't such a bad title.'

"'Oh,' I said. 'You're going to sell the title for ten dollars maybe?'

"'No, no,' he said. 'I was just thinking. Of course that explorer idea is stinko. But look—suppose this explorer, instead of being one of those Arctic mugs, was a young fellow in New York who goes out on trips for drug companies—you know—down in the jungle and—'

"Micky King cut in. 'Say,' he said, 'wait a minute. Wait a minute. I got an idea. You know that airplane line they've got now running down there to South America along the Atlantic Coast? Well, listen—'

"Somebody else pops up. 'I got one,' he says. 'Look. This passenger airplane carries twelve, fourteen people, see? South America—'

"'Everybody shut up!' Micky shouts suddenly. 'This isn't new, but it's good. An airplane like that with all varieties of people aboard, see? We establish their status in civilized society before they board the plane. Also their relationships, one to the other, and connections. Then—bang!—the accident.

"'Now look. There's a young American fellow aboard. He was a college football player. A star. No dough. After he got out of college, the best he could do was professional football. He'd studied mining engineering. A rich guy who is an alumnus of the college this kid played for gives him a chance at a small mining job on property he owns in South America somewhere. The kid's on his way down, see? And also on this plane is a wealthy bird. Young fellow. Thirty-two or -three—somewhere around in there. Self-made. Came up from nothing. He's got what the football player hasn't got, see? Financial shrewdness, the capacity to take advantage of all the opportunities offered by civilization. But out of his element he's nothing, see? All right. You see where I'm going? He's got everything the football player hasn't, and vice versa. They land in this spot—'

"And we were off to the races. Well, believe it or not, inside of an hour from that crude start, this script Beyond the End had been shifted around by that gang of story roughnecks into a line-up that sounded like something. It really wasn't bad. And then Micky had another idea.

"'Say,' he said, 'I happen to know that they're looking for a story for Richard Garland. He could play this football player to perfection. What do you say we get him up here and see if we couldn't sell him the idea? He could go down and put in a plug at the front office, and we'd have a swell chance to sell the piece.'

"SO WE phoned over to Dick Garland's dressing-room and he came over. Dick was the fair-haired boy around here in those days, riding on top of the wave. He could just about write his own ticket with the studio at that time. We told him the layout, and he said:

"'Well, I don't know. Of course, according to my last contract, I have the right of refusal of any story offered me.'

"'We know that,' Micky said. 'That's why we want to get you to front for this one.'

"'They're having trouble finding a story for me,' Dick went on. 'Of course, if I front for this story, they'll buy it. You know that.'

"'That's what we figgered,' said Micky.

"'All right,' said Dick. 'I'll go down and fight for it on one condition.'

"'What's that?' Micky asked him.

"'Put my name on the yarn as co-author,' Dick said.

"'How do you do?' said Micky. 'And how were all the rest of the rats when you left home?'

"'Okay,' said Garland. 'I'm a rat, so I want my share of the cheese. Do I get it?'

"'Sure,' Micky said. 'With all you've got, if you want to horn in for credit and dough, help yourself. We can't stop it. Half of what we get with you fronting for us is better than nothing, and nothing is what we get if you don't go to bat. Do you mind if I make a wish?'

"'Help yourself,' Garland said.

"'Okay,' Micky said. 'When you see your name on the screen as co-author of this story, I hope you're struck blind right afterward, so that's the last thing you'll ever be able to look at. And that when you spend your half of the dough we get for this piece, I hope it buys you a nice thick copper casket for immediate occupancy.'

"'Swell,' said Garland. 'I know right where I stand with you boys. Now what do you figure on asking for it?'

"'Oh, I thought we might get five grand out of it,' Micky said.

"'Oh, you did,' said Garland. 'You

(Continued on page 43)

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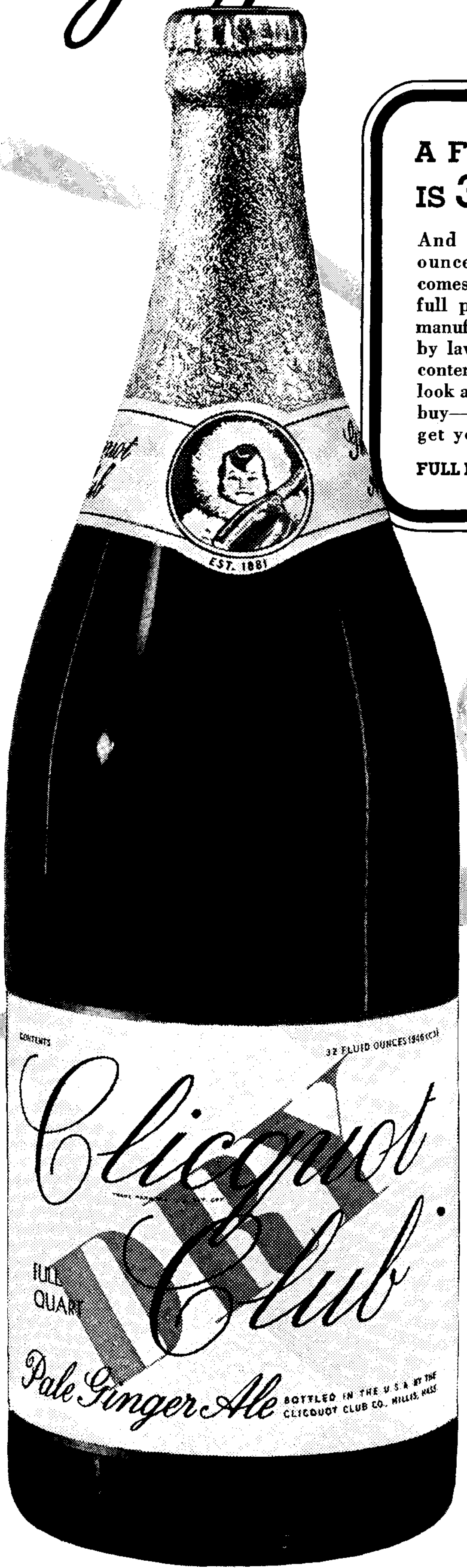

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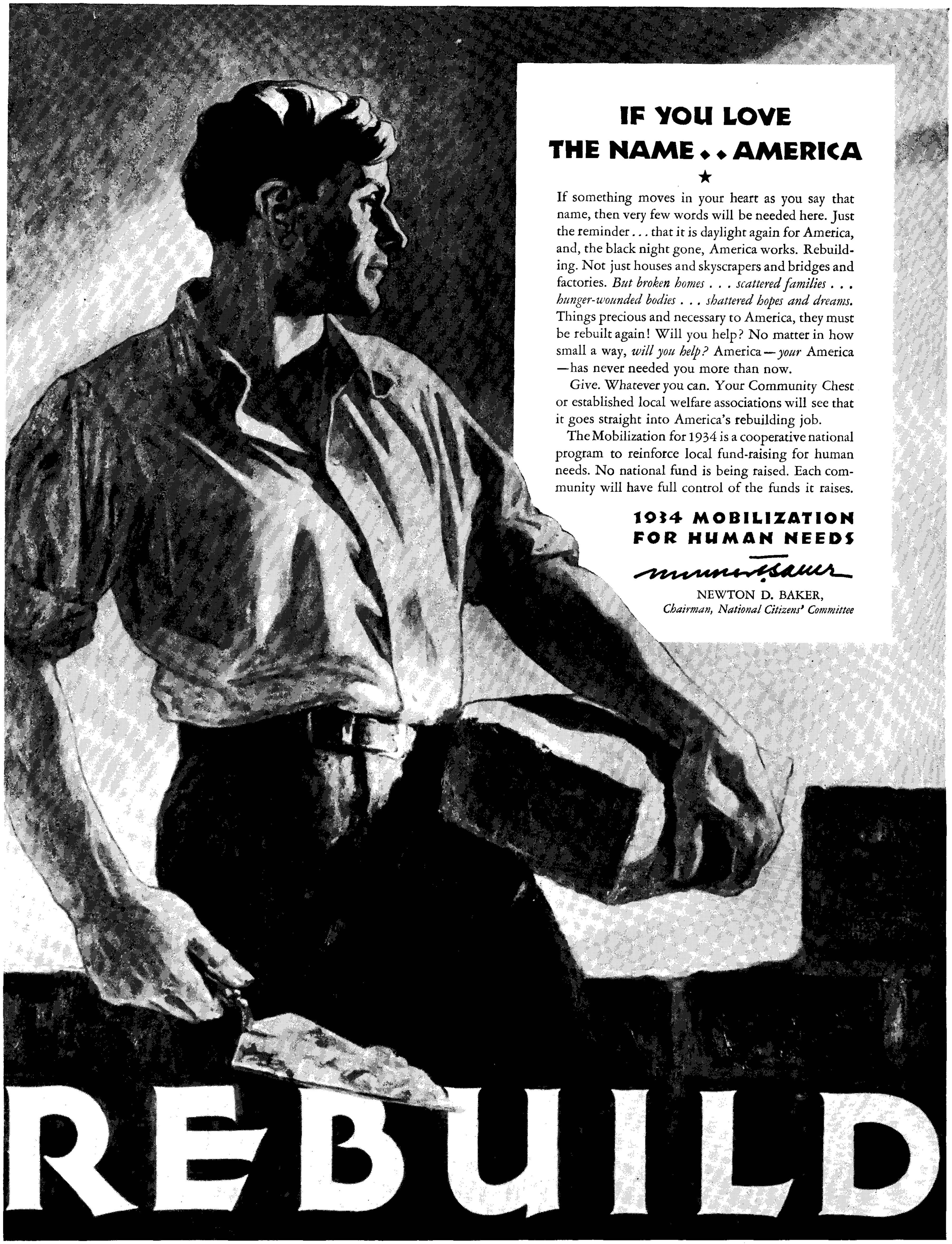

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Little Girl Makes Good

Continued from page 40

had big ideas, didn't you? Well, listen to me, you nickelodeon-minded mutts, I just happen to be in a spot where I can command dough. I couldn't do that a couple of years ago and maybe two years from now, or less, I won't be worth a dollar an hour doing personal appearances in beer halls. The point is that just now I'm getting the breaks and I can get the money. If I go down to the front office and tell them this is the story I want to do, they'll buy it. And if my name's on the story as co-author, I can name my price for it and they'll pay it.'

"'Oh,' said Micky.

"'Oh yourself and keep the change,' Garland said. 'I won't sell this work of art—what's the name of it? Beyond the End? Okay. Beyond the End it is. I won't sell this script of Beyond the End on which I spent months of labor and thought for a penny less than fifty thousand cash, and I won't do another story for this studio until I do—until I do—what's the name of it again? Beyond the End. All right. Beyond the End is my next story and it doesn't go out of my possession for one dime less than fifty grand.'

"Micky King stood up and walked over to Dick.

"'Dick,' he said, 'would you do something for me?'

"'Probably not,' Garland said, 'the way I feel about you right now.'

"'Please,' Micky said. 'Just for my self-respect. Would you mind punching me right in the nose? I'd consider it an honor!'"

JIMMY DUNCAN lit a cigarette, walked over to the window and looked out.

"Well, I'll be darned," he said. "Speak of the devil and you smell brimstone. There's Dick Garland out there now. Say! I haven't seen him in years!"

The rest of us walked to the window and looked out into the studio yard. Dick Garland, a still-handsome six foot three of well-conditioned man, was cutting across the lawn toward a sound stage, dressed in sea boots, dungarees and a blue sailor cap.

"What's he doing here?" Jimmy asked.

The producer shrugged. "Playing a bit in Dismasted," he said, "and glad to get the chance."

Jimmy Duncan raised the window and leaned out.

"Hi, sailor!" he yelled. "Where you bound?"

Garland looked up and grinned.

"Hi, Jimmy!" he called back. "Just cruising around looking for a fair wind."

"How's tricks?" said Jimmy.

"Can't kick," Garland said. "I'm still eating one little meal after another. How by you?"

"Up and down," said Jimmy. "Big Hollywood director one week and little boy in the dog house the next. You know how it is."

Garland laughed. "Me?" he said. "How would I know? See me some time and tell me all about it."

He moved away. Jimmy looked after him thoughtfully.

"Not a bad guy," he said softly.

He turned back with a sigh and looked at the neglected script lying on the producer's desk.

"Well," he said, "I guess we might as well get started on this mess. You know, I was thinking—"

"Hey, wait a minute," I said. "What about the girl?"

"Girl?" Jimmy said. "Oh, yeh. Well, as the gag phrase goes, we took the fifty thousand dollars."

"You really got it?" I asked.

Jimmy shrugged. "As easy as getting wet in a rainstorm. Why not? Garland there was dragging down six grand a week here in those days. There's no percentage in having a star stay idle at that figure. They paid fifty thousand for the story and the picture netted 'em close to half a million. So whose fingers got burned? Anyhow, as I said, we took the fifty thousand and slipped it to this Sherwood gal along with some good advice."

"Garland didn't take his cut out of it, then?" I asked.

JIMMY swore. "Certainly not," he said. "Twenty-five thousand didn't mean anything to him in those days. So we gave the gal the dough and, as I say, some good advice went along with it. She was two-thirds wise by the time we took her the money, and the rest of the truth didn't hurt much.

"'I can't write, can I?' she asked me after we'd fed it to her as easily as possible.

"'Sister,' I told her, 'I've seen a lot of writers develop from some pretty sad beginnings, and I have to be awful sure what I'm talking about before I tell anybody they can't write. But I'll tell you with all the convictions I've got in me. You can't.'

"She took a long breath. 'I believe it,' she said. 'I feel better now that I believe it, too. I don't know. It's been almost like a sickness in me for years. Something I felt I had to do.'

"'Well,' I said, 'that wasn't a bad feeling, lady. It got you fifty thousand bucks at a time when you certainly needed it.'"

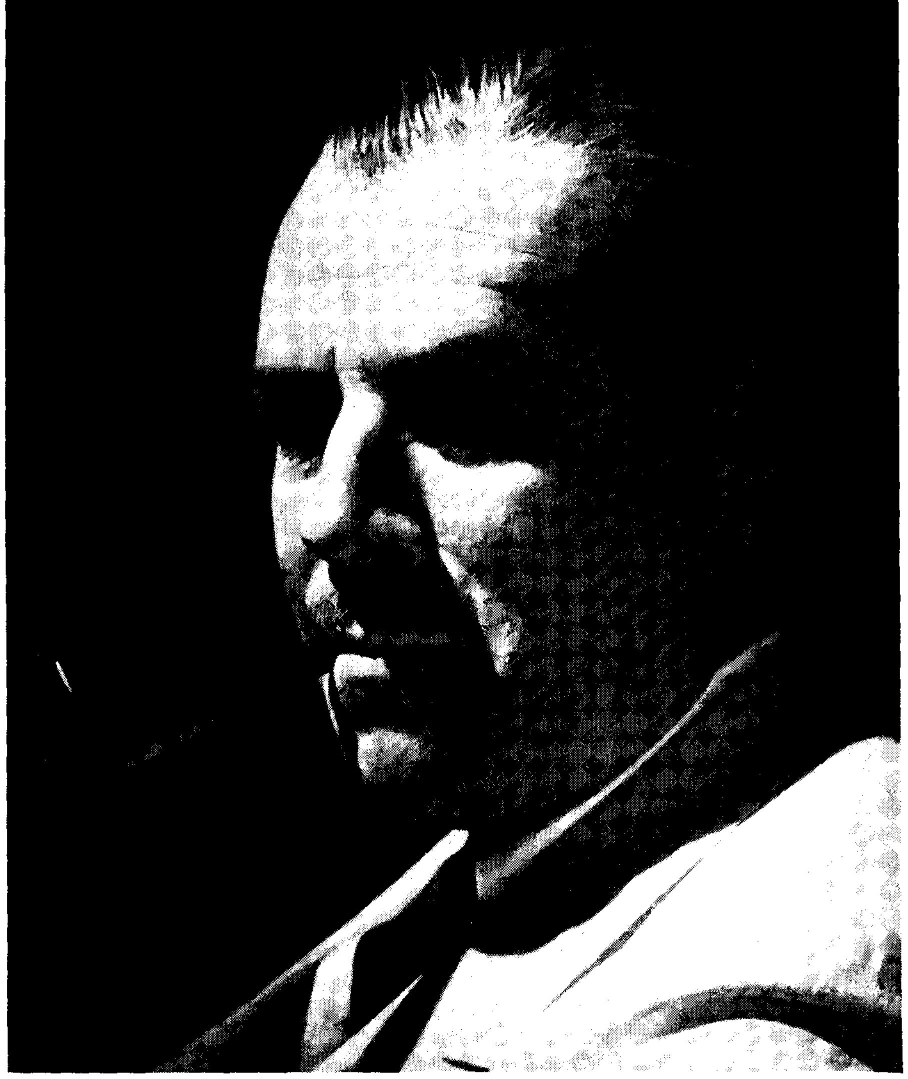
Jimmy chuckled. "I certainly got a boot seeing 'em off," he said.

"Say," said the other writer suddenly, his face lighting. "Say, wait a minute. That gives me an idea." He picked up the long-neglected script that we were supposed to re-write and riffled through it. "Say," he went on, "this isn't bad. Not bad at all. Look. We can take this same story that's in here and tell it in a little different way and I bet you it'll be a knockout. That 'memories' thing Jimmy was just talking about gave me the idea. Now wait a minute. Don't stop me. Suppose instead of opening in the Metropolitan Opera House during a performance of Thaïs as they do here, suppose we faded in on an old fellow on a bench outside a miner's cabin up around Virginia City, strumming away on a guitar and singing Oh, Suzanna. His grandson is sitting in the doorway of this cabin.

"Now wait a minute. This'll work. The grandson is sitting there and the old man starts to tell him a story about these people—Gordons or Smiths, whatever the name is. We dissolve from the old man starting to tell the story—we don't know what the story's about, see?—but we dissolve from this to the Bennetts or Smiths—whoever they are—I can't remember. And we pick them up in—"

And we were off to the races on the re-write job. I may add in conclusion that when we'd finished that rewrite, Jimmy Duncan took it out on the set and shot himself a picture that netted four hundred and eighty thousand, which goes to show that, whereas a straight line may be the shortest distance between two points, it's not always the most interesting or the most profitable route to travel. Not in Hollywood, anyhow.

"That's my weakness ...fine tobacco!"



JACK HOLT . . . noted Columbia Pictures star

YOU'VE read about the hobbies of movie actors. Well, my hobby happens to be fine tobaccos. And I guess I've tried them all, including the most costly of the imported brands. But for steady, day-after-day smoking I've found that the mellow sun-ripened Kentucky Burley in Union Leader is the most satisfying. It never has the slightest bite, nor ever makes my pipe strong. Yet is as rich in flavor and in fragrance as old wine. (Have you tried Union Leader in cigarettes, Mr. Holt?)

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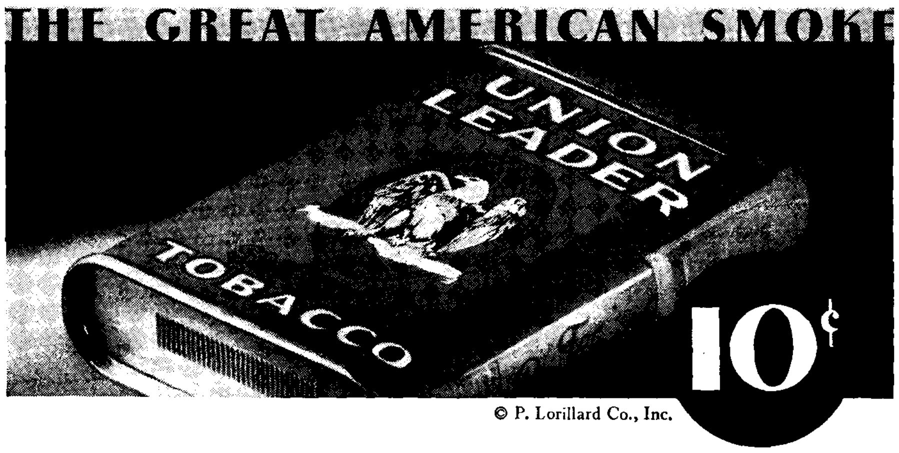

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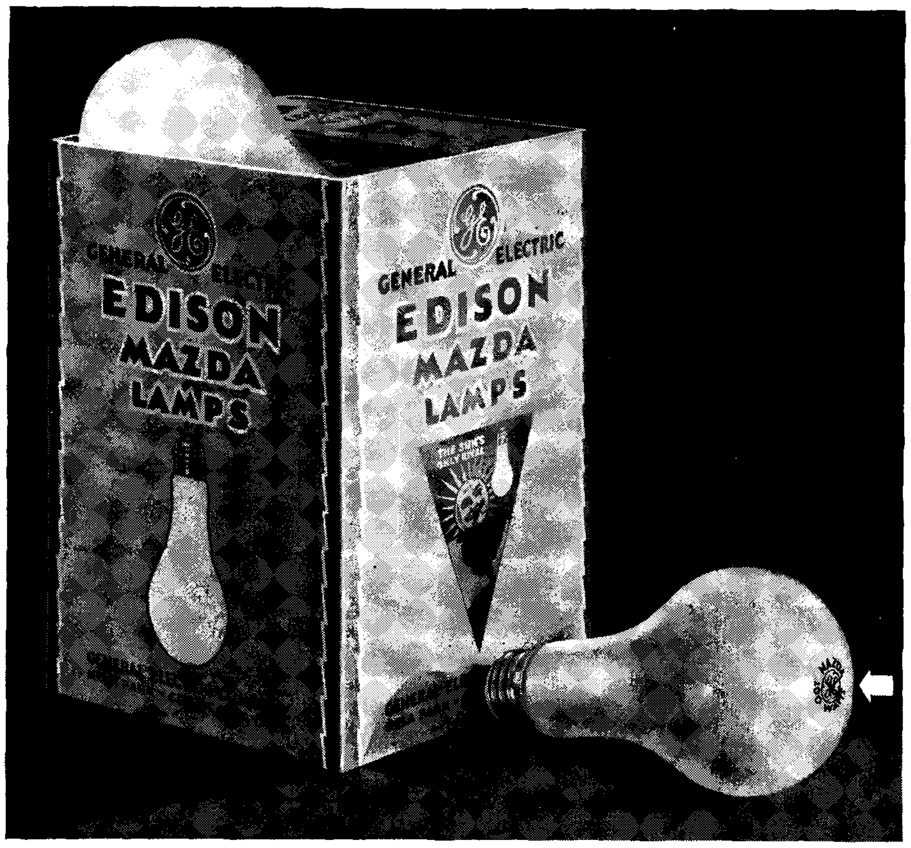

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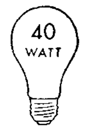
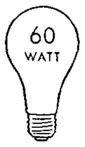
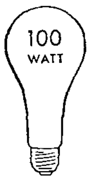
HOW TO MAKE UP YOUR ASSORTMENT FOR BETTER LIGHT — BETTER SIGHT



For three-socket reading lamps, four and five-socket ceiling fixtures, bath and kitchen brackets.



For two-socket reading lamps, over bathroom mirror, clothes closets, general basement use.



For reading and ordinary sewing on light goods; also for kitchen, breakfast room, garage.

REMEMBER

For good light at low cost, make sure every lamp bulb bears the mark → GE

OF COURSE you need a fresh supply of Edison MAZDA lamps to fill empty sockets and replace burned-out lamps. But you need it for a far more important reason . . . to provide the good light which is essential to the protection of your family's eyesight.

Facts revealed after 20 years of research show that eyes are light-starved indoors. Most homes have not one-tenth as much light as they need for the visual tasks of the family...and not one-hundredth as much as they enjoy outdoors.

The table at the left shows you how to select lamps of the proper size for most types of reading lamps and fixtures. If the lamp bulbs you are now using are not of these minimum sizes, change them now. An Edison MAZDA lamp dealer in your neighborhood can show you a complete assortment.

WARNING . . . Poor lamps may cheat eyes by giving less light than they should. For good light at low cost, buy lamps with the mark GE.

FREE BOOKLET...Write for free copy of "The New Story of Seeing." An interesting illustrated booklet which gives much valuable information about light and seeing. We will also tell you about the revolutionary new sight-saving I. E. S. Study and Reading Lamp. General Electric Co., Nela Park, Cleveland, Ohio.

EDISON MAZDA LAMPS
GENERAL GE ELECTRIC

Right This Way

Continued from page 20

from morning till night that it seldom looks as smart as the simpler coat—and it always looks older.

Speaking of afternoon—that word ought to be put in quotation marks. For the way in which clothes experts use it is a sort of occupational slang; it doesn't mean clock but occasion. Those of us who have jobs need very few afternoon clothes, in this sense—none at all, if our week-end contacts are informal. We're night-bloomers and put spare pennies into dinner or evening dresses. The bridge-playing matron, the clubwoman and the matinée fan—many of whom have only occasional chances to show their shoulders, because their husbands won't get out of business suits—are the ladies who major in afternoon clothes. Young things with no responsibilities and engagements at all hours need both types of frame for their charms.

Trends Instead of Tricks

The afternoon mode this year is even fuller of tricks than the daytime, and we tremble to think of what some of our more sizable dowagers are going to do with glitter and fantasy, slit skirts, dipped hemlines, wide ornamental belts and a lot of other doodads too numerous to mention. But, in the general line-up of ideas, a few materials and one silhouette stand out for their beauty and their appropriateness. The chief fabrics are velvet, velveteen and velours with metal cloths for accents and blouses. The silhouette is the one given by the tunic. So, if you're not a prospect for a whole afternoon wardrobe but merely out to land a headliner, get yourself a velvet or a velveteen or a woolen suit with a tunic blouse in silk with metal threads. Later on, you can supplement this blouse with others in silks or synthetics over the same foundation. But be sure not to choose transparent velvet for your suit; it needs the body given by the Lyons-type.

For your afternoon incarnation, allow yourself the luxury of a velvet hat. Hats are so extreme at the moment that you may have to hunt before you find a turban, brimmed hat or beret that will look right with both your suit and the topcoat that goes over it as soon as the weather chills. The crown will be higher than last year's, but that's no reason for getting one as high as the highest. Moderation is always wise, if you want to look like a portrait instead of a poster. But very infrequently will moderation pay you dividends of chic to compare with those it earns right now.

Shoes for this outfit will be suède, patent or kid, with heels that cut a cross between those of your walking shoes and the spikes on which so many fat-ankled ex-belles think it necessary to teeter. Gloves and bag will be of suède or fabric, and here's the spot for those delicate, sheer stockings some addicts make the mistake of wearing all day.

If you're getting just one costume for star-gazing, pick the dinner dress instead of the evening dress. You can dine in a restaurant, go to the theater and dance almost anywhere in a simple affair with moderate décolletage and slim, undated line. Whereas one of those creations with exaggerated back, front or off-shoulder exposure, complete with slash to the knee—or a picture frock that fills the back of the car—or a little confection depending on whalebone versus gravity for the straps it hasn't got—will look absurd in all but really formal settings and can't be worn more than two or three times without making everybody sick of it.

Metal cloth for the girl who can stand glitter and not go out like a candle in the wind of her own entrance, velvet or one of the stiff fabrics like slipper satin, faille or moiré for the one who isn't quite so challenging a type, each cut simply and no farther down than to the instep or the heel, are the safest bets to place after dark this winter. The evening-length skirt with two or more tunic blouses or jackets of rich material for change-offs is a good idea. Sequins—in a bolero, a scarf, a belt, a blouse or a tunic—give this year's look to an old frock. There's the robe de style in its simpler versions for the young girl who loves it. If you like slits, have them—but not from here to there. If the grace of unevenness appeals to you, you can choose ankle-length in front and clear-the-floor in the back. But the chances are that your avoidance of extremes will put you in the best of good company, for even the youngest and spendingest are getting a bit tired of kicking a train around and paying cleaner's bills. If they give ancient history a rush, it isn't apt to last beyond the first few parties.

Now, just a word of caution—don't go *too* classical. You won't, if you learn once for all to distinguish between trends and tricks. Here are a few of the outstanding trends, all of which can be registered in your new clothes. Deeper crowns. Width above the waist, in low-cut armhole, raglan or dolman sleeve. Skirts that don't curve in behind to suggest seat rather than stance. Lengths that show the turn of the calf for sport, cover it for the afternoon and end between ankle and floor at night. Separate furs. Combinations of color. Stiff fabrics at night. All of these important fashion preferences can be shown in the simple, sensible wardrobe you're going to buy—even better than in those busy little numbers you reject, where you can't see the woods for the trees.

Your Congressman's Vote on the New Deal

How Did Your Congressman Vote?

The votes of every member of the House of Representatives and the Senate on the important measures before the last Congress are tabulated in this booklet. Send five cents in stamps for your copy. The Record, Collier's, 250 Park Avenue, New York City.

Poet and Princess

Continued from page 11

They topped a hill. Before them was a broad, green valley, sloping to gray crags over the sea. On another hill was a castle. It was called Stonecliff House. He had seen it from a distance, while walking the beach. At first, when he saw it that evening, he had only a vague misgiving that Bunny might be the princess who lived in the castle.

"Whose house is that?" Lang wondered.

"Mine," said Bunny. "That's where I live with my parents and the children."

"Wait a minute," snapped Lang. "Whose children did you say they were?"

"Mine," said Bunny. "I told you all about them."

"But I didn't understand they were *yours!*" cried Lang. "How many did you say?"

"Four," said Bunny. "Eduardo is eight."

"Stop the car," said Lang. "I want to ask you some questions."

CAREFULLY, this time, she told him the whole story. He was listening with rapt attention. She had lived very quietly and married early—a man the family selected. An old Spanish custom. His name had been Martinez and he wasn't much good. He was a great connoisseur of wine. One bright moonlight night he drove his car over a cliff. He had been dead two years. He left her with four children.

Equally appalling to Lang, she was a wealthy girl. Her father owned vineyards by the square mile. She had a trust income of over two thousand dollars a month—and lots more where that came from. She said they could easily afford a house big enough for all the children and the servants—

"Bunny, dear," said Lang, "I feel this way about you, but it's all off. In the first place, that's too much money. And in the second place, it wouldn't work. Rich wives and poor husbands—the books are full of 'em. Won't work—never has and never will. There's no logical, reasonable way. It's all off."

He opened the door and stood in the road beside the car. He stood there, suffering but firm. In the car Bunny was softly crying. He patted her hand. He said his self-respect was important to him and he could keep it only by making a success of poetry. And poetry would not stand the strain of all those children and servants and cars and speed boats. Not in a thousand years.

She said she was in a tough spot. Her family was prepared to meet him. After the mess they'd made of her first marriage they wanted her to try one herself. They were eager to see Lang.

He crawled back in the car. He couldn't let her down at a time like that. He said he would go to dinner, drop in occasionally, and they could taper it off without embarrassment to anybody. By this time she was unhappily convinced that it wouldn't work.

Before they drove up the hill toward the castle he kissed her a final goodby—forever.

It's a surprise, but Lang says the dinner passed off very well. Bunny's people were gracious, deep-rooted Spanish folk, very courtly and polite. They approved of him because Bunny did.

He met the children. They were having a pillow fight in their nursery rooms. Feathers were everywhere.

Outside the door, on the veranda, at ten-thirty, Lang kissed Bunny goodby forever again. Then she took him home. The evening ended rather pathetically, I thought. At the gateway to his cottage they solemnly shook hands.

He plunged into work and research. He won a grand national poetry prize—fifty dollars. He sold a ditty to a children's magazine—two dollars and a half. Ordinarily he would have been doing well enough. It didn't seem so very good to him now.

The foundation gave him another thousand dollars for the new, thin book, "Hawks Swoop Down." But what was a thousand dollars now?

And all during this time he was looking up cases where poets had married rich widows with children. They all marched logically forward to disaster, just as he expected. . . .

One day he was walking down that main street in Carmel, where all those quaint shops are, and the movie theater with its entrance way back from the street, when Bunny's car coasted along beside him. She slowed down and looked up at him in a tender way.

"Hello, there," he said.

She slammed on the brakes. There were tears in her eyes during that meeting and he felt like a worm.

Presently he heard himself saying:

"Why don't you come over for dinner some night and bring all the kids?"

Bunny said: "How about tonight?"

The dinner was a calamity. The children had never been out before and just went haywire. Bunny couldn't begin to control them. Lang tried his child psychology from one theory to another but it was an absolute bust.

He eventually soothed them with his fiddle, and held their interest with some quick charcoal drawings, but the strain was awful.

After the children were in the car, Lang took Bunny around in the shadows and kissed her goodby forever. They felt like this, but they could both see, in such a crazy situation, it wouldn't do.

They clung to each other. Bunny said she understood Lang's viewpoint. Lang said it was just about the biggest problem he had ever heard of, and it was beginning to interest him, in an intellectual way.

He said there wasn't anything that couldn't be worked out with cold logic.

He said they ought to try a picnic. He could see now it was a mistake to face this problem in a house, with Eduardo eight. He said to make the picnic two weeks from Saturday, so he could give it a lot of thought.

THEY went to Point Lobos for the picnic. Point Lobos is one of the most beautiful places on the whole California coast. The cliffs are very high there and the sea has cut in, so that far below the blue water boils and crackles up in lathering foam. It is called The Devil's Cauldron.

The lunch was in baskets. They spread out some Indian blankets and started in to have a very jolly time. Camilla, the little one, was clapping her hands in glee, and the other children were like young eagles learning to fly.

Then Eduardo started to act up.

Lang didn't tell me everything Eduardo did; Lang just said he started to act up, but you can fill in the details yourself. The boy was eight years old, he was outdoors, he was on his first picnic. He energized the other children, even the little one. The picnic became pretty wild there on Point Lobos that Saturday afternoon. The little one got

(Continued on page 46)

"So *that's* what the well dressed man is wearing this fall—

Walnut Brown . . . well, I like it"

H Footwear's new color . . . Walnut Brown in Kiltie Calf . . . A rugged, mannish leather, mellow in feel . . . completes the tweed or homespun ensemble for street or business wear. New Bostonian Flexmore* Process insures flexibility from the first step. . . . Bostonians $6.50 to $10.00 at the smart shops.

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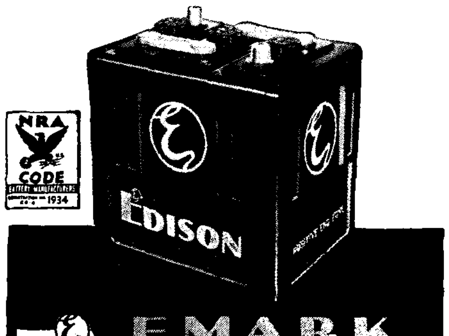

EMARK
EDISON
THE POSITIVE END ZONE BATTERY

(Continued from page 45)

mustard in her hair, I remember, and they all threw dill pickles and wienies.

When Lang couldn't stand it any longer he turned Eduardo over and all but made him smoke.

In the midst of all the yelling and crying and excitement Lang threw up his hands—good old, logical, intellectual Lang—and said:

"Bunny, let's get married and work this out afterward!"

Her family was pleased. They arranged to have the ceremony in that beautiful old Mission at Carmel.

Before the wedding, Lang and Bunny had one or two skirmishes about money. Bunny said they might as well use hers—there was so much of it. They were leasing a house and enlarging the nursery.

Lang said absolutely no.

But money didn't cause the trouble at that time.

The thing that caused the trouble was Lang's fantastic idea of taking all those kids with them on the honeymoon.

He had good, sound, logical reasons. Unless he could find a way to manage the children, the marriage would eventually fail anyway.

He told her they would either take the kids with them or he wouldn't go. She could take it or leave it.

She loved the children with her whole heart, but, she said, she absolutely wouldn't do it. That was final!

She kissed him goodby forever.

After the wedding they started out in one of her big cars—the newlyweds in the front seat and the four excited children in the back, with the luggage.

NOW, you don't have to believe this, either, but it worked out just fine. Lang became a hero to those kids. When he spoke they jumped to obey. They wanted to please him. They wanted to run errands for him, or lather his shaving brush—even the little one.

But it was a seesaw, that problem, for when one side went up, the other went down.

Bunny finally said it was her idea of a nutty honeymoon. He was a spectacular success as a stepfather, but a wash-out as a husband.

He decided it was about time to face his minor problems—married life with Bunny, for instance. They cut the honeymoon short and went back to Carmel to start ironing them out.

Well, they weren't so minor.

His money was almost gone. Of course, he might have turned to one of his other arts but he'd set out to whip the poetry racket and he'd be darned if he would give up just because he'd happened to marry a rich widow with four children.

He worked desperately hard. He sold syndicated daily verses for children. He tried them out evenings on his kids, but the youngsters weren't much help. They liked everything he wrote, no matter what. And the income from this didn't much more than pay the servants. The sad-eared elephant company dribbled a check for forty dollars. He made twenty-five dollars on a Christmas card. His bank account was zipping toward the bottom and he began to have that first-of-the-month experience.

He lost weight. He hiked along the beaches until his legs ached. He sat up at night with a pad and pencil, figuring. He knew it could be done but he didn't see how—not with poetry. But he didn't give up. It just goes to show what a man can do when he puts his mind to it.

He woke up one morning with that problem all worked out. All he had to do was demonstrate it.

The Poetry Foundation which had already paid him two thousand dollars for his poetry was simply a rich old lady in Newark who had a softness for poets.

Now it occurred to Lang that he knew a rich young lady in Carmel who had an even greater softness for him and his poetry than the rich old lady in Newark.

He told Bunny she could inaugurate the Bunny Poetry Foundation of exactly two hundred and twenty-five dollars a month, which was the extra amount this romance was costing him. Not a cent more.

She couldn't use the rest of her income—it would go into a trust fund for the kids. She would be entirely dependent upon him and the money he got from poetry and the two Poetry Foundations. He said that looked logical to him and he would prove it.

Bunny agreed to it. She would have agreed to anything to get Lang quieted down.

Of course, you can imagine what happened. It started out all right. The third month went by. Bunny was happy—going around without a dime in her purse. Lang was whacking out poetry, the house was running like an electric clock, the servants were contented—and the sweater thing blew it all up.

It was a tan, woolly sweater in a shop window in Carmel. It was priced at fifteen dollars and fifty cents. Bunny thought it was beautiful. She charged it and took it home.

"What's this?" said Lang.

"It's my new tan sweater," Bunny told him. "It's adorable, isn't it?"

Well, Lang recognized the storm signals. He realized that all his work and careful thought was about to go for nothing. He got excited.

"How much?"

"Fifteen-fifty."

It was here that Lang drew on all the information about women and home life that he had found in the books. He pointed a long finger at her.

"Hop in the car and take it back. We can't afford it!"

"Why, darling—we can too afford it!" Bunny said. "When the day comes that I can't afford a fifteen-fifty sweater it will be during a bigger depression than the last one."

Lang grew very stern.

"Bunny," he said solemnly, "all the money we've got is what I make on poetry and those two poetry foundations. I dare you to say you have plenty of money of your own!"

"But Barton Lang—I have! Oodles of it."

"That's that!" said Lang. "This was the major problem, after all."

He packed his bags, moved over to his cottage. Nothing she could say would change him. He had to be logical. He said he was sorry the romance had blown up so soon but anybody was liable to have an occasional failure, no matter how careful he might be. He said he still felt the same way about her—but he also said goodby.

That afternoon she came over and told him she had taken the sweater back.

PRESENTLY Bunny came out of the shop with a box under her arm. She walked right up to Lang and kissed him on the cheek. She was grateful.

She said: "Thank you, darling. That was sweet and generous of you."

"Don't mention it."

"It was marked 'way down," said Bunny. "It was only nine-ninety-eight."

"You see?" said Lang, in a satisfied sort of way.

"I see, darling," said Bunny.

She winked at me. Lang had his face turned toward the street so I couldn't see if he was smiling. I don't know to this day if he has a sense of humor. But Bunny has. You only need one in a family.

Did you say 10¢?

Yes, I said 10¢

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TUNE IN YOUR RADIO FRIDAY
PICK AND PAT—COMEDIANS
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TUNE IN YOUR PIPE TODAY

Two on Safari

Continued from page 9

the chance to join, unsuspected, in the laughter. "Don't misunderstand me," he continued presently. "Whatever my financial condition I have no intention of doing this job on the cheap."

"Nor do we expect you to," said Mr. Furman raspingly. "All we are feeling around for is an arrangement satisfactory to both sides. Perhaps you can make a suggestion."

"It's easy," said Ballard promptly. "One of you, or your clerk, can go with me while I get my transportation and outfit—everything first-class and the best to be had—and pay for it on the spot. I will need in addition two hundred pounds upon arrival for local expenses—carriers, certain provisions, a salted horse."

"What's a salted horse?" asked Mr. Menck curiously.

"One that's been through African horse-sickness, a sort of distemper, and become immune. All of them catch it; eighty per cent die. Now, as to the matter of remuneration."

"Yes," said Mr. Grast. "What about that?"

"We needn't argue as to price," said Ballard coolly, "because I won't go for less than a hundred a month. I'm perfectly frank in saying that if it comes to a matter of starving, I'd rather do it here than in Africa."

THE partners consulted one another silently and evidently arrived at agreement. "Not exorbitant," said Mr. Menck, "but how are these various sums to be paid?"

"Post-dated sight drafts on the Standard Bank of South Africa," said Ballard, "the first, for two hundred, payable on my arrival at Lourenço Marques. If you like you can deputize the bank to oversee the expenditure for the objects I have already stated."

Mr. Menck's eyes narrowed, assuming an unreadable expression. "That will hardly be necessary. The other drafts?"

"A hundred pounds each, dated a month apart for four months."

"I thought you said you could do the job in three," interposed Mr. Furman.

Ballard looked him up and down. "I did and I can—three months out of Inhambane. You'd better get some schoolboy to tell you it takes a month to get to Inhambane."

"Certainly, certainly," interjected Mr. Menck anxiously. "Mr. Mallory is correct, Furman; it will take him at least a month to get on the premises, so to speak. There is even the matter of the time it will take him to get back. For that he is charging us nothing."

Ballard felt he had made a slip in his calculations, possibly because he had not visioned a return, but he was not chagrined, sensing the value in this company of the appearance of having done himself out of a hundred pounds.

"That's so!" he said, managing to make the words sound rueful.

"Don't be sorry, Mr. Mallory," said Mr. Menck, leaning forward as was his habit when he became intent. "I have told you there is nothing sentimental about this expedition. The firm of Grast, Furman & Menck has no interest whatever in the Honorable Laurence Morland, but only in his estate. The truth is very necessary to us at this time. If he is alive we remain, as at present, ex parte; but immediately his death is proven our position becomes active in the extreme."

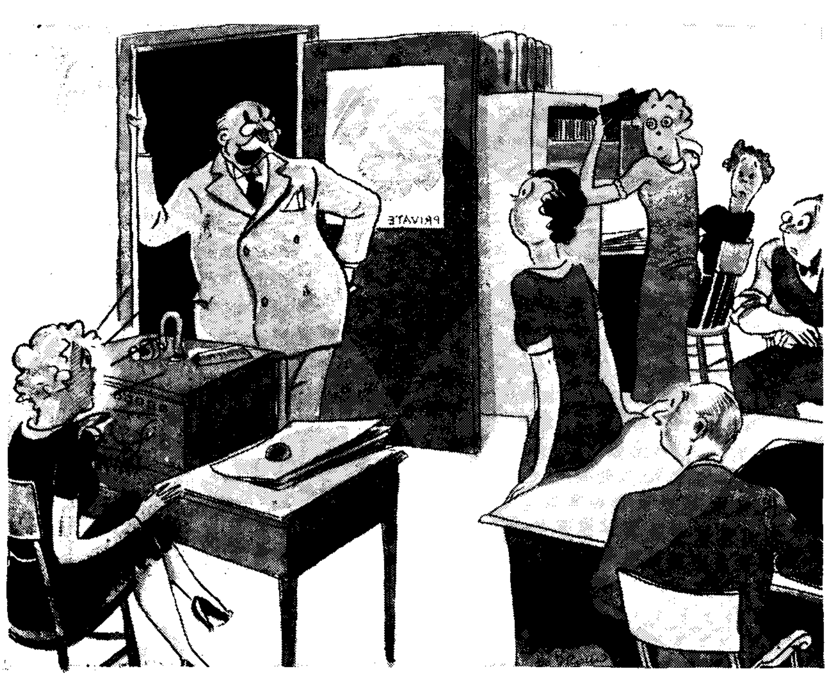
Throughout the conference Ballard had felt he was being shrewdly observed, but now, for the first time, he sensed he was being watched. Movement had nothing to do with it, for nobody had moved. On the contrary he could trace the subtle urge to be on his guard to an increased stillness, as if the wax of Lord Morland had hardened, as if William Jones' habitual disapproval had frozen, as if the three partners had postponed breathing until some crisis should pass.

Ballard's face turned wooden by swift yet imperceptible gradations—doubly imperceptible by reason of an old trick, for all eyes, with the possible exception of Lord Morland's, were diverted to watching him tap a cigarette on his thumb nail. They waited for him to light it, and waited in vain. They grew anxious, tongue-tied, waiting. In his own time he spoke, to the relief of all.

"I see," he said in a colorless voice. "It's a legal mix-up."

"Exactly!" exploded Mr. Menck, but

(Continued on page 48)



"Hereafter nobody in this office, except Miss Smith, is to call me fuzzy wuzzy!"

BO BROWN

"I'll never let you down"

No matter how big Doris gets, no matter how old, she will always feel that sturdy arm of her father sustaining her, and his loving care on guard.

Let her down? That is not John Roberts' idea of a father's responsibility.

He recently secured an Equitable policy. He arranged that, in event of his death, the proceeds would be paid to his daughter—not in a lump sum, but in monthly instalments throughout her lifetime. His little girl can always live comfortably and, moreover, will be assured of sufficient funds for an education.

* * * *

The Roberts case is one of many interesting applications of the Equitable Case Method of life insurance planning. This method makes certain that you get exactly the right insurance to fit your own needs and wishes. Obviously, such a professional approach often makes the same amount of insurance accomplish more.

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LIFE ASSURANCE
SECURITY – PEACE OF MIND
SOCIETY
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Thomas I. Parkinson, *President*

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(Continued from page 47)

promptly controlled himself. "You grasp our position, Mr. Mallory. We are ready to accept your services on the terms you have stated; indeed, we find them far more reasonable than we had any grounds to expect. You are evidently a man of considerable breeding, temporarily out of funds. As you yourself suggested, we desire that you travel luxuriously. But that is not all; we have felt from the first that whoever carries this enterprise to a successful conclusion is entitled to a generous bonus."

"How much?" asked Ballard, resuming the tapping of the cigarette.

"Ah, there you have me," mourned Mr. Menck. "In the event you discover the young man alive, the matter of reward necessarily will be out of our domain and in his. But should the rumors of his death unfortunately find confirmation—should you succeed in bringing back incontrovertible proof of his demise—our position becomes one of authority. In that case—"

"Yes?" prompted Ballard, his attention inwardly riveted on timing the spaced taps of his cigarette.

"In that case," resumed Mr. Menck, "as administrators of the Morland estate, we can guarantee a bonus of five thousand pounds."

The cigarette kept on tapping at exactly the same pace, but inside Ballard's brain a thousand tiny wheels seemed to start spinning at vertiginous speed. It would be a cinch to do away with a man in Africa—tsetse fly in one region, anopheles in another. An accidental shot would be too crass, but what about a shot withheld in the face of a charging buffalo? He had thought of three ways already and there must be a dozen more—all of them safe. He was being offered twenty-five thousand dollars to commit an easy murder.

"A lot of money," he commented and again no perceptible pause had intervened between Mr. Menck's speech and his own. He took a grip on himself; now for the fun! "Would you be willing to put the guarantee in writing?"

"Certainly. Why not?"

With those three words Mr. Menck fired a broadside which shook Mallory's poker education to its very foundations, for he had pictured himself in the heroic rôle of calling a bluff. Now the tables were turned with a vengeance; it was he who was being called—pay to see or crawl. He raised his eyes. They collided with Mr. Menck's intent gaze and refused to drop. Broadside for broadside: "I accept," said Ballard.

A QUIVER seemed to pass through William Jones' tortured frame, loosening all his joints, leaving his jaw unhooked. Mr. Grast leaned back with a sigh. Mr. Furman, yielding at last to repeated suggestion, took out a cigarette, tapped it on his thumb nail. Mr. Menck's full lips, while his eyes still remained locked with Ballard's, began to smile. Lord Morland alone gave no sign save the very definite one of rising and stalking toward the door. Not once had his opaque eyes blinked or any expression stirred his features; he was departing as he had come, a wax effigy with ears.

"You accept, Mr. Mallory," stated Mr. Menck as if he were driving home a nail.

"I do," confirmed Ballard in like manner.

"Jones," snapped Mr. Grast, "accompany his lordship."

The old clerk collected his limbs with surprising facility, dodged between the desks and reached the door in time to throw it open for Lord Morland.

A few minutes later Ballard, armed with an amazing document, was on his way out. Nobody attended him; he opened and closed the door for himself. He was glad to be alone, for in spite of his outward assurance he was excusably bewildered. What had he let himself in for? Was he really going man-hunting in Africa, or would he snatch at the first transatlantic liner, crawl home and pull the covers over his head?

Instead of going down the stairs he went to a window at the end of the long hall and read again the brief guarantee so readily supplied by the Messrs. Grast, Furman & Menck: "We, the undersigned, finding ourselves stalemated in the administration of the Morland succession through inability to confirm rumors of the death in the interior of Africa of the Honorable Laurence Morland, have commissioned Mr. Ballard Mallory to undertake an expedition. Should the subject of the search be encountered alive the matter of reward naturally remains his concern, but in the event Mr. Mallory comes upon proof, acceptable in the Courts of Chancery, of the demise of the said Honorable Laurence Morland, we guarantee a bonus over and above his salary and expenses in the sum of five thousand pounds."

WHAT cheek, thought Ballard, until he realized it was the very boldness of the wording that put the document above suspicion. Say he had not been present at the conference which preceded its delivery, what would be his judgment of anybody who found in it a bid for murder? That the accusation was so far-fetched, so gratuitously malicious, that an action for defamation of character would be in order. He began to see not only how the Messrs. Grast, Furman & Menck had built up their reputation for cleverness but why they were feared. In this final interchange he had been jockeyed into the position of having to make an appointment to start his round of purchases on the following day. Two courses now remained open to him, simplified, thrown into high relief—cut and run, or see it through.

His common sense rose in its might to advise the former, but the very fact of the cleverness of the trap was what gave him pause. If he dodged its jaws it could be set with impunity again and again until it caught an individual capable and willing to do the trick. In fact, there would be no again and again about it, since it was undoubtedly certain factors in his own training and make-up that had fooled the shrewd conspirators. They were not accustomed to dealing with Americans, especially one of his type, and he was willing to bet that when next they dangled their bait it would be before somebody who would swallow it, hook and sinker.

His gorge rose at the thought. For any man who knew the somber background of Africa, its physical dangers as well as the shadowy workings of the native mind, the job would be easy—easy and safe. Inclination was the only hurdle; jump that and five thousand pounds would be in the bag. The vague cloud he had glimpsed on the horizon was vague no longer; it towered black above him, enveloped him as if it were taking deliberate possession of him, mind, body and spirit. If he tried to tear himself out, he would inevitably leave something behind. Never again could he consider himself the rounded entity he had known as Ballard Mallory. He folded the paper, replaced it in his pocket and raised his eyes to stare out the window.

Red Lion Square is not large; it is an enclosure rather than a square. At first his gaze was diffused, a blank staring at nothing in particular, but gradually it was drawn to focus and concentrated on a single individual. Coming fully to his senses he discovered he was looking at a figure already grown familiar. Though Lord Morland's car had long since left the scene, William Jones had not, and he was acting in an extraordinary manner, even for him. Walking up and down in the short space between the exit to Southampton Row and the street leading to Lincoln's Inn Fields, he was glancing wildly this way and that, pulling at his fingers as if he would tear them out, pausing to knock his bony knees together and otherwise showing signs of anxiety verging on distraction.

At first Ballard was merely amused at being able to deduce so much at such a distance, but soon he had reason to be puzzled and absorbed. A closed taxi drew up at the curb near the old man and he rushed at it as if he were going to throw his long arms around the cab. Above its lowered window, Ballard caught the gleam of a face before it was eclipsed by William's stooping shoulders. He could not have said positively whether it belonged to a man or a woman, but he thought he had glimpsed the slanting line of a smart feminine hat.

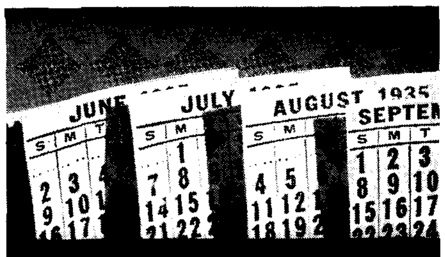
Evidently words were passing between the passenger and the old clerk, but abruptly his gangling figure set itself in motion again and he came scurrying toward his burrow. Mallory drew into the corner beside the window and stood quite still, his face to the wall. He heard Jones enter below and listened while his hurrying footsteps ascended the stairs, passed rapidly down the hallway, paused for a moment and then were muffled into silence as the door of Messrs. Grast, Furman & Menck closed softly upon them.

Only then did Ballard turn and it was merely the instinct of the natural-born hunter that caused him to glance from the window. To his surprise the cab had not moved. From this distance he could not make out whether its vacant sign was up. He hurried down the stairs. Issuing from the entrance he made straight for the object of his curiosity.

Soon he caught again the gleam of a face in half shadow, cut by the slanting line of a chic little felt. This time there could be no mistake; furthermore, he was convinced that whoever owned the hat was observing him intently. Why? Before he could think up a single answer to so general and puzzling a question the taxi started with a violent lurch, dodged left, turned and disappeared into Eagle Street. Vaguely annoyed, he looked around for another cab; there was none. He stopped, stood for the moment it took him to light his cigarette, and in that brief space of time a strange transformation took place within him.

ABRUPTLY his spirit was at ease. He was laughing at himself—laughing at the sinister meaning he had attached to the interview with Messrs. Grast, Furman & Menck, at the importance he was giving to the discovery of the contact between the old clerk and the occupant of the cab, to the stranger herself, whoever she was, and to her actions. All these things were puzzling either in themselves or by reason of his state of mind, but that was not the point. What was important was that while an hour ago he had been bored, he was now bored no longer. The last shred of doubt fell from him. He might be a fool to take the chance, but opposed to that eventuality stood the conviction that if he refused he was doomed to spend the rest of his life despising himself. So, in reality, he had no choice; he was in for it, sink or swim.

He went straight to Cockspur Street and made a reservation for Cape Town on the first mail packet, which happened to be one of the best on the line. From



You turn the Calendar back to Summer in an ARVIN HEATED CAR

4 MODELS PRICED AS LOW AS $12.95

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there he hurried home and dragged out a couple of battered trunks. Inside them were all those articles which divided his life in two parts as definitely as the equator splits the globe. One of the trunks was a column five feet long by a foot square. He opened it and disclosed a battery consisting of a shotgun, one field rifle of small caliber, one of medium and finally a heavy double-barreled elephant gun, each by a famous maker. He started to lift the lighter rifle from its cradle but stopped and closed the cover reluctantly.

Out of the other trunk he began to drag articles of wear with feverish haste. Breeches, shirts and handkerchiefs of khaki. A suit of heavy Harris tweeds. One pair of black dress trousers, tropical weight, a cummerbund, a single black dress tie, all badly in need of pressing. Three white mess jackets, faintly yellowed. Two pair of walking boots, laced to the calf, each boot protected by a cotton bag. Three suits of silk pajamas. One of woolen underwear. A camel's-hair bathrobe. Six dress shirts with collars attached, half a dozen fine handkerchiefs, a dozen pair of socks and a minimum amount of white linen. He rang for the porter, who in that modest establishment acted also as valet.

"Jack, do you see these things? I want everything washed that needs washing, everything pressed that needs pressing, and the lot to be back here by Thursday night."

"Are you spoofing, Mr. Mallory? You know it's quite impossible."

"I'm taking the boat train at nine o'clock on Friday morning," said Ballard. "If these things aren't back here in shipshape order in plenty of time you'll get nothing in the way of a goodby present." He took a five-pound note from his wallet, tore it across and handed half to the staring boy. "Fix things up for me and you'll get the rest of that; otherwise I'll burn my half."

"Five quid!" gasped Jack.

Holding his part of the note in his teeth he fell on his knees and with feverish haste began to make a bundle of all the articles on the floor. Presently he went clattering down the stairs and Ballard was left free to toy with his guns. He lifted them out one by one, cleaned off the grease, made sure each was in perfect condition, oiled them again and put them away. After a light dinner he spent hours brushing up on his Swahili grammar and studying his notes, sadly blurred, on equivalent phrases in Tongan.

The words, as he repeated them aloud, seemed to fill his nostrils with the tang of the veldt and his eyes with the changing, yet forever unchanging, African scene. Let the white man come and go, dragging in his motor lorries or skimming the tops of the forests with his airplanes. He might scar the continent with mine dumps and griddle it with railway tracks, but deep down in its heart Africa would remain Africa to the end of the chapter. He went to bed but not to sleep and could scarcely wait for eleven o'clock, the hour agreed upon for his start from Red Lion Square under the surveillance of William Jones.

Upon entering the premises of Messrs. Grast, Furman & Menck he was shocked and vaguely disappointed to find that the old clerk was no longer at his post. Instead, a baker's dozen of applicants were disposed around the disorderly office and out in the hall, vying with each other for the chance to be manacled to Jones' relinquished oar. Mr. Menck, in bad humor, was sifting out their qualifications and suddenly arrived at a decision, perhaps hastened by Ballard's prompt arrival. He herded out the disappointed applicants, waved the new employee toward the high desk and came forward.

"Good morning, Mr. Mallory. When you want results, give me the agony column every time. Judging by this morning, there are thirteen clerks out of a job for every safari leader."

"What happened to Mr. Jones?" asked Ballard.

"Gone," said Mr. Menck. "Fired for loitering in some pub when all he had to do was to see Lord Morland to his car."

Ballard frowned. "Do you think that was wise?" he asked.

"Wise?" snapped Mr. Menck, bewildered.

"I mean it's hardly fair to me," commented Ballard.

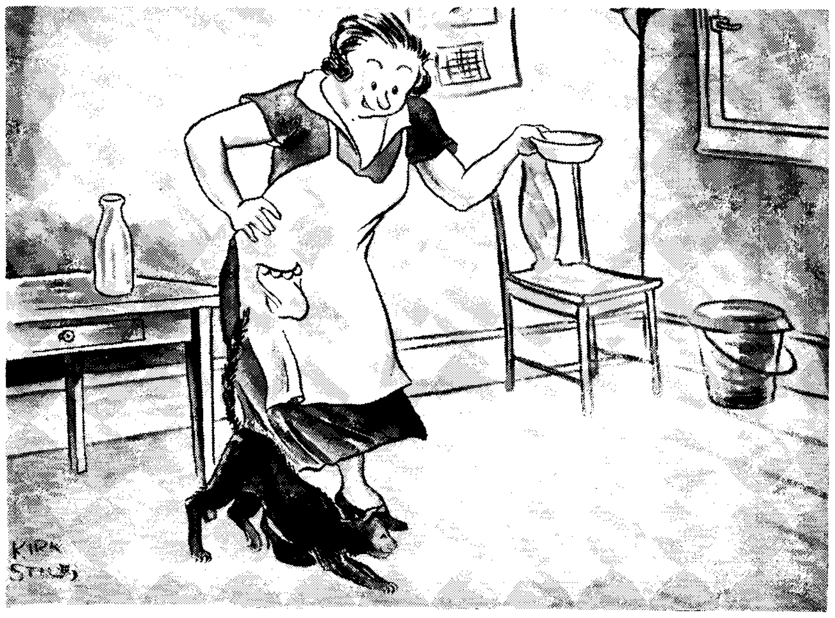
"Oh!" exclaimed Mr. Menck, enlightened. "But that's nonsense—pure nonsense! If the old dullard ever had any brains they were sucked out ages ago by Hampton, Moulton, Moulton & Hampton. The only reason we ever took him on was because the Joneses, father and son, have been making the Morland entries for a hundred years."

"Does that mean your firm's connection with the Morland estate is a recent development?" asked Ballard.

Mr. Menck looked him in the eyes with a sort of violence, swift as the striking of a viper.

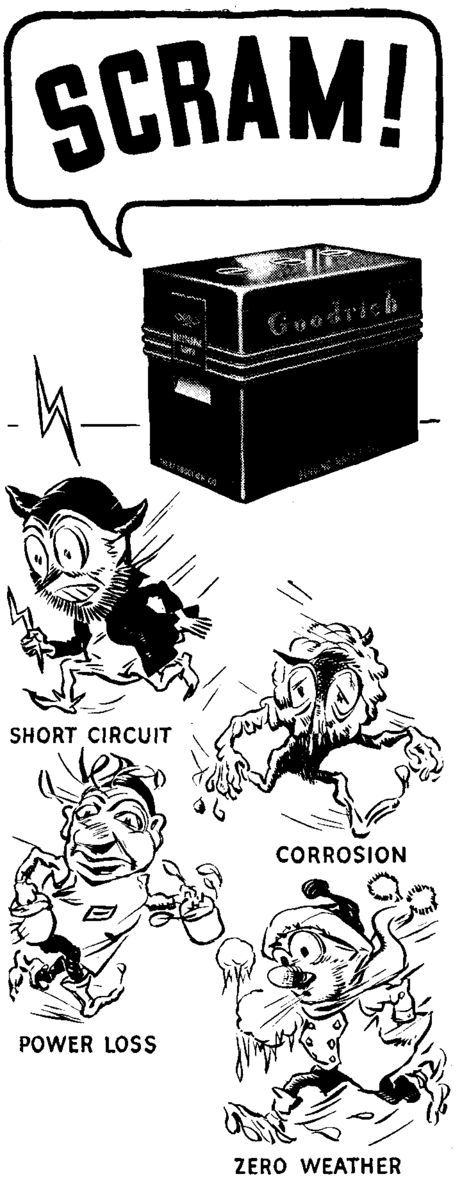
"That, Mr. Mallory," he stated, "is none of your affair."

(To be continued next week)



"Now it's 'Nice Mrs. Massarshky,' huh?"

KIRK STILES



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But you must get the right kind of mackerel fillets—the pick of the new Fall catch is what you want—to get this real food joy. That's the secret of the tempting goodness of my mackerel fillets. I send you the choicest fillets that are carefully sliced from the fat, tender sides of the new Fall-caught mackerel. Practically boneless, no waste parts whatever, these mackerel fillets are so tender and full bodied that they just flake into juicy mouthfuls.

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Just send the coupon below or write me a letter, and I'll ship you a pail of 18 small tenderloin mackerel fillets—each fillet suitable for an individual serving. My fillets come to you all cleaned—no heads—no tails—no large body bones—no waste whatever—just meaty fillets packed in new brine in a wax-lined wooden pail. Taste one—broiled the Down East way. If not satisfied it's the finest mackerel you ever tasted, return the balance at my expense. Otherwise, send me only $2 within 10 days. 200,000 families get their seafood from me this "prove-it-yourself" way. I've been doing business this way for 49 years and I must say that this is the lowest price for this size pail of mackerel fillets I've ever offered. Send your coupon today for this real Gloucester treat.

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My dear Mr. Davis: Please send me all charges prepaid, a pail containing 18 small, tender mackerel fillets, clear fish, no heads, tails, or waste parts, and practically boneless. If, after trying a few fillets, I am not entirely satisfied, I will return the rest at your expense and will owe you nothing. Otherwise, I'll send you $2.00 within 10 days.*

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*If you wish to send check for full amount now, I'll include with your mackerel a copy of my 25¢ beautifully illustrated cook book containing 136 delightful recipes. Your money will be instantly refunded if you are not pleased in every way.

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ADHESIVE PLASTER
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WATERPROOF - SUN TAN COLOR

The Key Man

Continued from page 26

"Hush up!" O'Malley told me.

"The man," the kid said, "threw away the lock."

"What man?" O'Malley asked.

But the kid didn't answer that. It seemed he didn't know. He got another piece of candy, though. Then a woman came to a door and called the kid.

"Your kid know this Evan Millet?" O'Malley asked her.

"Of course he does."

"What does he call him?"

"I never heard him call him anything."

She took the kid inside and shut the door.

"I guess she don't like her kid to hang around with cops," O'Malley commented. "There wouldn't be no guy throw away a lock. Would you think he meant a key?"

We looked all over the court and in every place that we could think of, but we couldn't find a key.

"Well, anyway," the cop informed us, "you did something no other detective was able to when you made the kid talk. A dozen detectives asked him questions because when this happened he was playing in the court, but he's too young to tell 'em anything."

THE girl's confession was in the afternoon newspapers. I didn't see O'Malley till next day.

"Well, they got Millet," he informed me. "He come to the station house, but I ain't seen him yet."

We went and saw him at the station house. He was only a little older than the girl—a rather homely kid, but nice-looking.

"What you got to say about this homicide?" O'Malley asked him.

"Well, I did it. I went there and he let me in. Eunice wasn't there. I asked him for the money he owed me and he wouldn't give it to me. He tried to put me out but I wouldn't go, and I followed him upstairs. I was thinking about how he treated Eunice. He starved her and he was mean to her all kind of ways. He had a bell to ring when he wanted her, and when he was mad at her he'd ring it a dozen times a night just to make her get up and go to him. I asked him three times to pay me the money and each time he said, 'No'; so then I hit him."

"You're a good lad," O'Malley said, "and you got a swell girl. We ought to have her here."

They went and got her. She looked frightened when she saw Millet there. Then two plain-clothes cops came in bringing a big man with them who looked familiar to me, but I couldn't tell why until I realized that he was the man who'd watched us from the fire escape.

"Find anything?" O'Malley asked the officers.

"Sure; plenty dough. We don't know if the bills check."

They took some crumpled wads of bills out of their pockets and put them on the desk.

"Swell!" O'Malley said. "This here's the key."

He took out a key and put it with the bills and one of the cops brought the little book in which Tuler had written down the numbers of his money. The big man's face was purple as he watched them, and he swore when it proved the numbers checked. He didn't argue, because he knew they'd got him.

"You flat-feet think I'm dumb," he said angrily, "but who'd guess the old skunk would write his money in a book? You wouldn't have found no book if I'd known that."

They locked him up.

"How was this really, girlie?" O'Malley asked.

She looked like a different girl.

"Why, I came back from the grocery and rang the bell but my uncle didn't answer. Then I found that the door hadn't been shut tight and I went in and went upstairs looking for my uncle and he was dead. He wouldn't have let anybody into the house, no matter what they came for, while he was alone; but he wasn't afraid of Evan. But he didn't know how bitter Evan was against him because of the way he treated me. So then I thought—"

"Yeah, we know you thought Millet done it. So you said it was you. And when he read that in the paper he come and said it was him. You're two fine kids."

"How was this, O'Malley?" I asked later.

"Well, these cops figured, the same as you, that the girl's confession meant that Millet done it; and it looked like that, because he couldn't be found. But that, he tells me now, was accident. He didn't have no money and he was looking for a job and he didn't read about the murder in the paper until he read the girl's confession. It was just the cops missed finding him.

"But I went there wondering could it be anybody else. It might be someone who had come there and found the old guy alone and took advantage of the chance. But all the people who might have come there on business had been checked up and it wasn't none of them; and then it turned out that the old man was scared of everybody and wouldn't have let no one in unless the girl was with him. It was too much chance to think some stranger had happened to come there just when the girl was out; besides, how could they get in? But everybody who lived around there knew the old guy hoarded money and one of them could have watched and seen the girl go out. Nobody had seen anybody go there, except the kid playing in the court, and he said a man had thrown away a lock. I thought that might mean a key. The old guy had had new window-bars put inside his windows, and whoever did that for him had been inside the house, and they might have examined the lock and maybe had a chance to get a print of the key; and he was a mechanic and he could make a key; and he likely knew the old man slept in the afternoons.

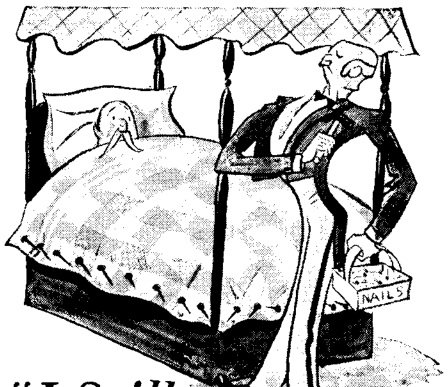
"It turned out that was the guy. I found the key on the roof. He hadn't expected to do no murder, but the old man woke up and caught him, and afterward he was afraid to keep the key on him and got rid of it the quickest way he could where he thought it wouldn't be found. He was afraid to close the front door tight because it makes a noise and somebody might notice him."

"YOU were smart about the kid."

"Maybe. A lot of cops had asked the kid, but they scared him; and a kid don't answer questions because he usually don't understand what it is all about, and they didn't show him no reason he should answer them. I gave him some candy and made it worth his while."

"They'll make you a lieutenant yet," I told him.

"Well, I'd accept that nomination. But it looks now like first I was going to be made best man, and have to give them kids a wedding present."



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Nashua Nineties come in a variety of colors, styles, and prices which will please your eye and purse.

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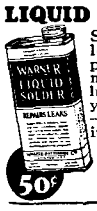

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On Your Own Feet

Continued from page 19

Grande course that next morning, a Clara Lansing who was unable to control her emotions further spoke in a tense voice to a brother who stood smoking a cigar with every appearance of contentment on his face.

"This is *awful!* I've *never* seen such golf! An eighteen or twenty handicap man? A hundred and eighteen or twenty is more like it!"

For a moment old Joe Sturgis stood like one lost in reverie; then roused. "Huh? How's that, Clara?"

Clara swept on without repeating. "He can't even keep on the fairway! Almost every time Millicent's had to shoot out of the rough or traps. It's ruining her play! . . . Oh, look at what the dolt's done now!"

THE doltish young Mr. Owen, who the evening previous had been the attractive, the personable, the qualified young man in her eyes, and who now was something worse than the worst dub, had just committed one of the cardinal sins of golf. With a trap lying dead between him and the green, he had topped a mashie approach. Brightly the ball rolled and rolled; rolled down into the trap; down into its bottom. There it lay, staring up unwinking at all and sundry.

Millicent's caddie—the Number One caddie of Del Grande—added one more look to the many he had already bestowed upon golfer Owen, and set about to try to rectify the damage. Standing beside Millicent, he discoursed on the theory of traps and how to get out of them; then turned to the bag, ran a practiced hand among the clubs, sought . . . and stopped. He peered, ran a hand again over the clubs . . . peered once more; and words sounded under his breath. Finally he turned to Millicent, and blank unbelief was on his face.

"It ain't here. The sand blaster ain't in the bag!"

"Maybe you left it somewhere," said old Joe. "Hand your bag to Charlie's caddie—he'll carry double—and trot back and hunt for it. You'll find us somewhere on the last nine."

"*Some*where is right," murmured Clara.

The caddie started off.

Using a second-choice club, Millicent just contrived to pitch out of the trap.

A grim-jawed Charlie Owen stepped up to the ball, cut a little too much under it, skied it; it landed on the edge of the green and died.

It left his partner a forty-foot putt over the trickiest green on the course.

Putter in hand, Millicent came up to the ball. She stooped to sight the lie, then turned—automatically turned—to listen to all the caddie would tell. But there was no caddie bending beside her, sighting the lie, ready to tell of slope and speed and a dozen other things. The caddie that now had her bag was standing away at one side, gazing up at birds in the pines.

"Caddie!" said Millicent.

"Huh?" said the caddie.

"Which way does this green break?"

"Break?"

"Yes!" And for the first time that morning there was a touch of sharpness in Millicent's voice.

"Oh . . . uh . . " The caddie came forward, gave protracted, sag-jawed study, and finally shook his head. "I dun'no. I guess that way," and he gave an indefinite wave of a hand.

"Oh!" said Millicent. "Which way—right or left?"

"I guess right," said the caddie.

"It looks left to me!" said Millicent.

A voice sounded in a watching Joe Sturgis' ear—the voice of Clara: "Wouldn't you know he'd have a caddie as dumb as himself!"

Millicent stepped up to the ball, and uncertainty was on her face. She sighted and sighted. Finally she putted. The ball ran to the left of the cup, on by the cup, five, ten, fifteen feet.

Through the combined efforts of partners Charlie and Millicent, the ball finally fell into the cup. The foursome moved on to the next tee. The next hole at Del Grande was one hundred and fifty yards, with a deep ravine cutting across at mid-distance, and the pine forest flanking the fairway and hemming the green close about. A tough one-shotter.

The foursome came up to the markers, and Millicent, whose drive it was for her side, turned toward her caddie for instructions . . . and then smiled at her forgetfulness. She glanced at the double-bag caddie, and thrust out her under lip. The caddie was gawping into space. "Caddie!" she said.

The caddie roused, pawed through the bag, grabbed a driver.

She frowned. "No! Why should I be using a driver?"

"Oh!" said the caddie. "Mashie?" And hauled out a niblick.

At this auspicious moment Charlie Owen added his two bits' worth. "Maybe it's a four iron!"

Millicent glanced at Charlie. "Umm . . ."

"But with the wind that's coming up," amended Charlie, "it might be a three iron."

"Mashie?" repeated the caddie, and held out the niblick.

An onlooking Clara Lansing made simmering sounds. "Oh," she said, "*what* a morning!" She repeated this, with extras, as Millicent, with her mind on three clubs, finally chose one . . . and landed the ball in the bottom of the ravine.

THE Millicent-Charlie combination got a nine on the hole.

"Hmm . . . let's see," said old Joe Sturgis to partner Clara. "That makes us six up, don't it?"

Clara was beyond words, but the look that Joe received contained one volume, fine print.

It was a foursome without humor that went down the next fairway. When Millicent came to where her partner's drive lay, she briskly and vigorously refused the sag-jawed caddie's club suggestion, did the same for Charlie Owen's offering.

"I'll play my own club," she said, and there was a hint of steel in her voice. She made swift selection, set herself, and lashed into the ball. . . . And on a watching Joe Sturgis' face, as he studied the distant flight of the ball, there came an expression that grew and grew.

It continued to grow as his niece, after making her own swift club selection, stroke upon stroke poured all her pent-up emotion of the morning into the game—to become a golfer standing on her own feet. Time and again a smile-wreathed Joe glanced at Charlie Owen and tried to meet his eye, but that young man continued to gaze straight ahead, his jaw set, his face taking on a deeper and deeper shade of grimness. At first a feeling of pique went over old Joe; why didn't Charlie at least admit by a nod that the kid was coming through; that she at last was a golfer in her own right? Then reluctant admission came

(Continued on page 52)

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LAVORIS

The Secret to Social Confidence

(Continued from page 51)

to Joe—Charlie was carrying out his part of the contract to the letter.

And then the smile went off Joe Sturgis' face, for from the forest bordering the seventeenth fairway strode a figure . . . the Number One caddie of Del Grande. His hands were empty—he hadn't found the lost sand blaster—but he wore the look of one who might have found, might have guessed at, something else. Swiftly he came up to the foursome, and even before Clara Lansing could speak, he broke into words:

"No, I didn't find it! And I looked everywhere. And at last I got a hunch, and I bet I'm right, and I come cross-lots and . . ." He stepped to where the double-bag-carrying caddie stood, thrust hands among the clubs of a bag, and gave a hoarse, triumphant cry. He yanked out a club, held it aloft—the missing sand blaster. He spoke, and his words held vindication and accusal: "I thought so! Somebody was so dumb that they put it in that bag!" With forefinger he indicated Charlie Owen's bag.

TWENTY minutes later in his hotel room, Joe Sturgis clapped hands on Charlie Owen's shoulders and beamed upon him.

"Boy, we put it over! Now, this afternoon we'll get that same dumb caddie of yours and we'll get Millicent and . . ."

Old Joe Sturgis stopped; blinked. For Charlie Owen, face taut, eyes blazing, was shaking his fist under old Joe's nose.

"Get Millicent?" cried Charlie. "You bet we won't! I could lick both of us for what we did this morning! *Listen!* She's the most wonderful girl in the world. The only girl. And when I think of all we did . . ."

He flung open the door . . . slammed it after him so hard that it nearly jumped off its hinges . . . and was gone.

For seemingly minutes on end Joe Sturgis stood and stared at the door. Twice he opened his mouth, but no words came. Finally he turned and his eye took in a table. On it were two drinks. Old Joe drank both of them.

Several hours later a Millicent Lansing who had put in an afternoon trying to ease a mother's violent headache got into her roadster. She wanted air. Practice a little golf? She made a violent face at the thought. A swim? There was an idea . . . over at Del Grande's beach club, on the seaward side of the peninsula. . . .

Her roadster swung into the parkway beneath great cypress trees. As she started to get out she glimpsed moving figures . . . golfers, crossing the roadway down which she had come, and advancing to the seventeenth tee of Del Grande's second and seaside course. The club pro and . . .

Her gaze narrowed . . . Charlie Owen. . . . She watched him tee up . . . drive; drive with the whipping power of one who had thrown everything into it—and one who knew how to throw everything into it. A golfer, if ever there was one!

Rigidly she watched the two cover the distance to the green; saw them putt . . . saw him get his birdie two . . . She whirled her car around, sent it along the roadway to the eighteenth green; got out, sat beneath a tall pine, waiting . . . and the blaze in her eyes mounted, mounted.

Charlie Owen and the pro came up the fairway . . . holed out . . . came toward her; came, comparing scores, and the pro could be heard saying: "You sure took it out on the course. A seventy-two."

Then Charlie looked up . . . saw her. He stopped as though he had been hit with a two-by-four.

She was on her feet, was smiling brightly. Oh, so brightly! "Hello!" she said. "My, but you did well for an eighteen or twenty handicap golfer, didn't you?" Then she had turned on her heel . . . had gone.

IN THE Women's Gold Vase championship that began the next morning, in the qualifying and match rounds, Millicent Lansing played as though under radio control; under the radio control of the Number One caddie of Del Grande, with every move, every shot, dictated by him to her.

She played as though there were only one other person in the world, and that person the caddie. The gallery was an inanimate background—and one young man standing in it was just so much thin air. She looked right through him. Kept on looking through him.

She won the qualifying medal; was drawn at the top of the championship bracket, with the present champion, who had once been National champion, at the bottom. On the last day they met.

Millicent Lansing continued her game of precision; continued to look right through a Charlie Owen in the gallery as though he were thin air. At noon of the finals—halfway—she was three up.

And at noon Charlie Owen told himself that he had had enough; far more than enough. At noon he flung his belongings into his car and left Del Grande. . . .

Came afternoon and the final eighteen holes of the Gold Vase championship, and Millicent resumed where she had left off before lunch. That is, started to resume; won the first hole, looked about the gallery to look through one young man as though he were thin air—and didn't find him. She looked again and again . . . and found him not.

The more she tried to concentrate, to listen to the caddie, the less she concentrated, the less she listened—and the more she tried to figure where Charlie Owen was.

She lost six holes in a row. Instead of being four up she was two down. And going down . . . down.

Then she saw him.

Yes, Charlie Owen had returned; was standing in the front row of the gallery. He simply couldn't stay away.

Their eyes met, and all that the future held for them was in that look. Millicent's caddie started to speak, to give instructions. She turned, for a moment listened . . . and then an odd expression went over her face; an expression that grew and grew; and then she said to the Number One caddie of Del Grande, "Thanks, but I'll play the shot, and . . . I'll choose my own clubs."

From then on there was a battle on that golf course. And Millicent Lansing, supremely sure of herself, won.

THAT evening the new champion sat with Charlie Owen in his car. Sat, as youth down the ages has always sat in vehicles . . . very close together. And talked, recapitulating, as youth has always talked and recapitulated.

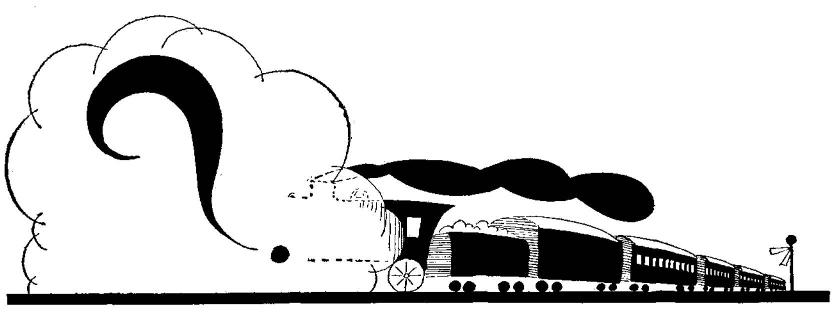
"Ooh," said Millicent, "how I hated you that afternoon I found you really could play golf!"

"Huh," said Charlie, "I had a violent dislike for you even before I ever saw you. But that," he added swiftly, "is all changed now."

"Just try and tell me otherwise!" said Millicent. And with the ability known only to youth, they managed to sit a little closer. . . .

Up in his hotel room old Joe Sturgis looked out upon the night. He tugged at the lobe of his ear. Finally he grinned.

"Well," he said, "for a while things sure went haywire. But they came around all right. You bet they came around all right!"



Keep Up with the World

By Freling Foster

A whole train, as well as single cars, has disappeared mysteriously from the railroad tracks of the United States. In the spring of 1880 a freight train of 30 cars, belonging to the Kansas-Pacific Railroad, started on a run and no trace of it or its crew ever was found. It was believed to have been washed away in a flood and buried in a landslide.—*By C. R. Lakin, Columbus, Ohio.*

The world's largest collection of breeding and racing records of thoroughbred horses is owned by the Department of Genetics of the Carnegie Institution at Cold Spring Harbor, Long Island. These records contain a complete history of more than 10,000 famous horses which have been bred in the United States, England, France and Germany during the past 200 years.

Medenine, Tunisia, has some of the oddest homes on the earth. They are five-story apartment houses, each apartment consisting of a small room with a combination door and front window. There are no inside or outside stairs. The tenants enter and leave by climbing up and down the front of the building on small, projecting stones, after the manner of a "human fly."

Russia today is using piano wire to detect the strain in dams, mine tunnels and buildings. It is buried at strategic points in the structure and connected with an electric switchboard. A change in pressure is revealed by a change in the musical pitch of the wire.—*By O. D. Scarola, New York City.*

The age of a father seems to have considerable influence on the intelligence of his son. A recent survey made in Europe among statesmen, scientists and other famous men shows that the proportion of sons who attained eminence was twice that of the normal when the father's age at the son's birth was 45, ten times the normal when his age was 60 and fifty times the normal when it was 70.

One index to the standing of the movie stars is the price asked by a Hollywood organization for disclosing their private telephone numbers to tourists and salesmen. When a star is very popular and there are many requests for his or her number, the price is $5. Other prices range all the way down to 50 cents. Today there are only four women and two men whose numbers bring $5 apiece.

The only city saved by a drink is Rothenburg, Germany. In 1631 this town was captured and was about to be burned when its conqueror became drunk and offered to spare it if any citizen could drink a three-quart tankard of wine in one draft. An ex-burgomaster did it. Ever since *Der Meistertrunk* has been commemorated by an annual pageant and a daily performance at 12 noon by two figures atop the great clock of the city hall.

As late as 1663, Colonial Virginia used to hold "trials by touch" in which the defendant in a murder case was made to touch the corpse of the victim to see if it would give some indication that he was the guilty man. In one such trial of that year, an entire family had to touch the body of a former servant, a Negro who had been murdered. But they were acquitted. The corpse "gave no sign."—*By R. A. Stewart, Richmond, Virginia.*

"Anstie's Rule," as to the quantity of alcohol a man with sound organs can consume every 24 hours without harm, was generally accepted in several countries for decades after its establishment by Dr. F. E. Anstie, of England, about 1870. This limit, which is one and a half ounces of pure alcohol, is found in five glasses of beer of ordinary strength, or two wineglasses of fortified wine or two good drinks of whisky, gin, rum or brandy.

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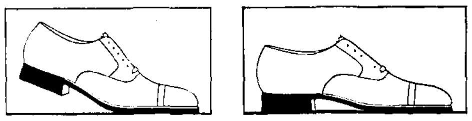

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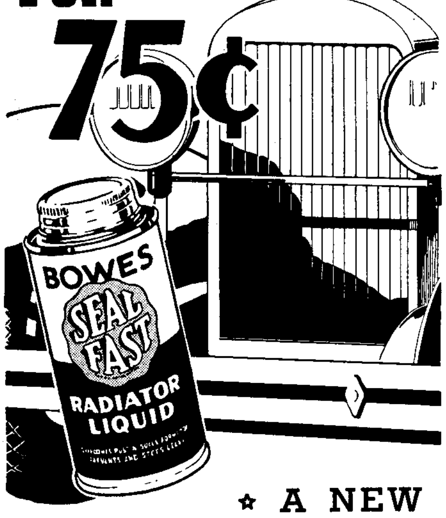

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Shadow of Doubt

Continued from page 22

all. Now, if you young people have anything extra to add—not a thing, eh? Well, I've a million things to do, so I'll be running along."

He nodded to Sturdevant and to Granby, grinned rather fatuously at Trenna, and left the apartment. The girl sank into a chair and looked at Sturdevant.

"What did they want with you, Sim?" she asked.

"They wanted to know if I killed him; that seemed to be the idea," said Sturdevant.

The girl shuddered.

"How dreadful! But it's all over now." She opened her eyes and looked anxiously from Sturdevant to Granby. "It *is* over, isn't it? Surely they believe me—and Sim."

Granby smiled faintly.

"I wouldn't worry, Miss Plaice. But it isn't over. The police, when a murder has been committed, don't ask a few questions and depart. They left now because they couldn't think of any more questions at the moment. But they will think of others. You've never owned a revolver, have you, Miss Plaice?"

"Oh, for heaven's sake, Tom," cried Sturdevant. "What are you driving at?"

"The facts," said Granby quietly. "You told everything about your visit to Haworth's apartment?" He looked at the girl.

"Everything," she replied.

Granby turned to Sturdevant.

"What about you, Sim?"

"I didn't kill him, if that's what you mean," replied Sturdevant. "I had a row with him in the Merrygoround, knocked him down—"

"You didn't, Sim," cried Trenna. "Is that what the newspaper-man meant when he said that Lisa Bellwood was trying to pacify Len? Why did you do it?"

"I had to. He asked for it. He came to me at the Merrygoround and tried to pick a fight. He said I was ugly because he'd taken you from me. He started the fight, Trenna."

"Of course," she said dully. "It's the sort of thing he'd do. Sim, I told you last night that I was going to marry Len. But I went to his apartment to tell him that I wouldn't marry him. I changed my mind. I was glad that he asked me to meet him at his place, because I thought I could leave there after I'd told him, and that I might have difficulty getting him to leave here."

"WHY were you going to break your engagement?" asked Sturdevant.

"How could I marry anyone else but you, Sim?" she replied. "I didn't realize until after you'd left me what you meant to me."

"Why didn't you mention this to the police?" asked Granby.

The girl shrugged.

"I didn't like to say a thing like that about him now that he's dead. I mean, it seemed like—I don't know what, but not nice. And it's nobody's business but mine and Sim's. And perhaps yours, Mr. Granby, inasmuch as I'm making no secret of it from you."

"The duty of a client is to hide nothing from his lawyer," said Sturdevant. He rose and walked to where Trenna sat. "Not even this," he said, as he bent over and kissed her.

Into her cheeks, that had been white with strain and weariness, came a glow of color. That her lips were unresponsive did not disappoint Sturdevant. Some other time. . . . He looked at Granby.

"Shall we turn this young woman over to her maid and let her get some rest?"

"A very good idea," said Granby.

"Will they question me again?" asked Trenna.

"I'm afraid they will," said Granby. "But you have nothing to be afraid of. I'll be around by noon. If you're annoyed before that, telephone me. Good night."

He considerately walked to the door, but Trenna evaded Sturdevant's lips.

"Not now, dear," she whispered.

Sturdevant, smiling understandingly, refrained.

"Get some sleep. Good night," he said.

In silence he and Granby descended to the street. On the sidewalk the lawyer spoke to him.

"Haven't hidden anything from me?"

Sturdevant shook his head.

"Haven't even told you what happened. But after my fight with Haworth I walked home. That wasn't so good. No taxi man to prove my alibi. And I didn't wake up my man when I came in; and there's no elevator in my apartment, no one on duty in the lobby."

"Have you got a thirty-eight?" asked Granby.

"I haven't. And I didn't kill him."

"Well, somebody did," said Granby, "and be damned certain that the police are going to pin it on somebody if they can. I don't like it."

"Don't like what?"

"The way they left Miss Plaice. Almost as though they thought they had the goods on her and were waiting for her to do something that would help them in their case."

"What could she do?" asked Sturdevant.

"Oh, hide the gun—lots of things."

"You don't think she killed Haworth?"

"I haven't had time to think anything," said Granby. "But I can't believe she'd do it. Now Bellwood—little Lisa is someone else again. So are you. Only you didn't do it. Well, good night."

He stepped into the first of two taxicabs that halted before them. Sturdevant took the other.

Sturdevant opened his eyes, saw by the clock on the dresser that it was ten-fifteen, pressed a bell at the head of his bed, swung his feet to the floor and went into his bath. He shaved quickly and stepped underneath a shower. The icy-cold spray, battering against the back of his neck, seemed to penetrate his skull, washing away the fogginess that last night's excitement and less than four hours of sleep had combined to put there.

Slippered and enfolded in a blue flannel dressing-gown, he walked into the pleasant room that served as living- and dining-room. Orange juice, toast, marmalade, bacon and eggs and coffee were on the table. He sat down and looked at the man who entered the room carrying a bundle of newspapers.

"MORNING, Dexter," he greeted his cook-butler-valet.

Dexter stared at him.

"Suppose you'd missed? Suppose that floppo binked you on the top bone? It would have been you for the sickhouse. Times I think you need a nursemaid. You with a cracked indicator mixing it up in night clubs! What was you trying to prove?"

"That he'd drop if I hit him," said Sturdevant.

"And do they serve you with plenty of garlic in the papers!" said Dexter. "A nice, tasty dish they've made of you. And why didn't you wake me up when you came in? You know damned well that what you need after a brawl is a good rub."

"I walked all the way home from the Merrygoround and didn't limp," said Sturdevant.

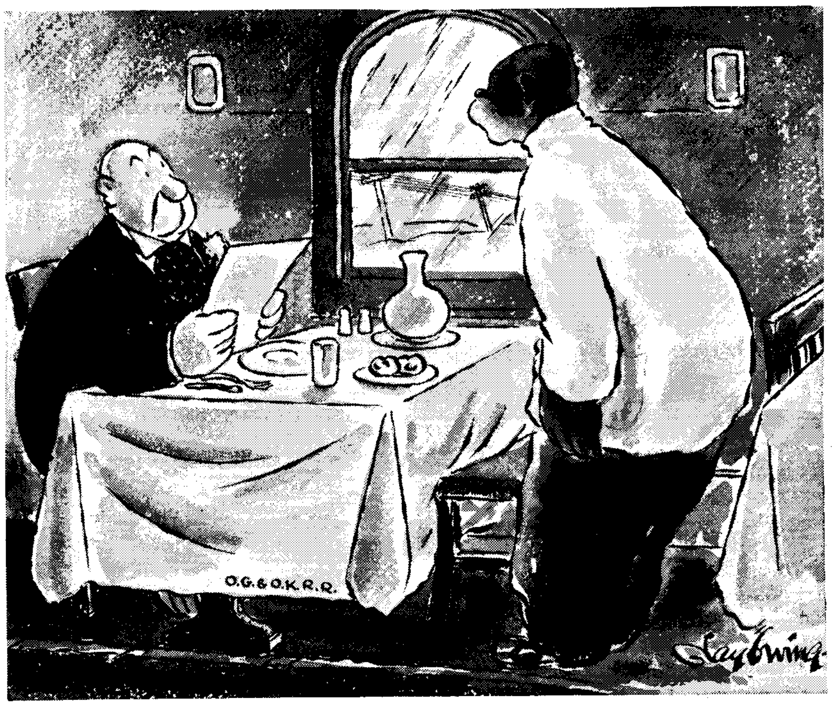
"On the level?" Dexter grinned widely.

"Let me see the papers," said Sturdevant.

Dexter put the papers behind his back.

"Eat your breakfast first," he ordered.

Sturdevant, amusement in his eyes, drank his orange juice and poured coffee. There was no use arguing with Dexter. That gentleman would throw the papers out the window if Sturdevant insisted on reading them before he had eaten. Five years ago Sturde-



"See here! I ordered lamb chops half an hour ago and here it is Wisconsin!"

JAY IRVING

vant had become involved in an argument with the driver of a taxicab. The taxi man had stepped from his seat and announced that unless Sturdevant paid the flagrant overcharge that the meter registered he would take payment out of Sturdevant's hide. The taxi man was getting off the sidewalk for the fourth time when a policeman rounded the corner from Twentieth Street into Gramercy Park. The officer was not in a pleasant mood. Despite Sturdevant's protestations, he had insisted on arresting the taxi man. Sturdevant had gone to night court, to confront a magistrate in as sour a mood as the arresting officer.

IT SEEMED that Ike Dexter was making his tenth appearance before the magistrate for assaulting passengers who rode in his ramshackle vehicle. Not all Sturdevant's persuasiveness could save Dexter from a month on Welfare Island. At the end of that month Dexter called on Sturdevant. His slang, his quick pugnacity, the honesty in his blue eyes: these and the fact that he had no job aroused Sturdevant's sympathy. Dexter claimed that in his thirty-eight years he had done every kind of odd jobs, from cooking in a lunch-room to barbering and pressing clothes. Sturdevant engaged him as his personal servant, to discover that he had hired a philosopher, mentor and intimate friend.

Obediently Sturdevant ate the food before him and then asked again for the papers.

"The morning papers didn't have it, but here's the first editions of the afternoon's," said Dexter.

Sturdevant selected the Crier:

LEONARD HAWORTH MURDERED

In type smaller than this line, which ran completely across the page, were headlines stating that Trenna Plaice, Lisa Bellwood, Simeon Sturdevant and others had been questioned. And below this were the words, "By Reed Ryan."

He read the story, two columns on the first page and three on the second. It added nothing to what he already knew of the mystery, except the fact that the weapon with which Haworth had been killed had not been found, although the police stated definitely that the bullet extracted from the body of the victim had been fired from a thirty-eight-calibre revolver. There were Trenna Plaice's story, Lisa Bellwood's statement, his own tale, an account by Manoel, headwaiter of the Merrygoround, of the quarrel at the restaurant, and an interview with Inez Johnson telling what had happened.

Ryan had written a very comprehensive, straightaway story. He left out nothing, so far as Sturdevant knew. In other columns, not signed by Ryan, were biographies of Trenna Plaice, Lisa Bellwood, Inez Johnson and himself, as well as a long story about Leonard Haworth. The latter's wealth, the clubs to which he belonged, his reputation as a gay dog on Broadway; all of these things were impartially set down. Sturdevant faintly shuddered. It was not a flattering obituary. He turned again to Ryan's last paragraph.

"Lieutenant Sackville and Sergeant Wilcox confess themselves baffled at the moment, but express confidence in a quick solution of the mystery."

He glanced through the other evening newspapers. Ryan's story—he wrote for a fairly conservative paper—was uncolored, unbiased. But some of the other papers were not so cautious. One of them hinted strongly that the police were convinced that one of the two women or Sturdevant could tell more.

Sturdevant frowned as he put the papers down. The case would be a *cause celèbre.* It had all the elements that would delight the public. A famous motion-picture star, a débutante of wealth and social prominence, a victim who had possessed money and position and a bad reputation; there was slightly involved in the story a night-club singer; there was himself, rather well known.

"We're in a jam, ain't we?" Dexter's voice intruded upon his musings. Sturdevant smiled at the "we" by which the loyal Dexter included himself. "A flock of newspaper-men are outside. Cameramen—everything. Shall I go down and put the slug on a few of them?"

"Good Lord, no," said Sturdevant sternly. "You treat them with every consideration. They want to see me?"

"Like you was Clark Gable," said Dexter. "Shall I herd them in?"

Sturdevant made a wry face.

"Wait until I'm dressed," he said. He pushed back his chair and walked toward his bedroom. As he was putting on his jacket the telephone rang. He picked up the receiver.

"That you, Sim? This is Lisa. How do you like your publicity?"

"About as well as you do," replied Sturdevant. He didn't mind hard-boiled girls; as a matter of fact, he preferred women who knew their way around. But Lisa was a bit too cynical for him. She must have thought she was in love with Len Haworth or else she wouldn't have phoned Trenna as she had last night. Or perhaps it was a queer vanity that had made her want to put the actress in her place. Perhaps she had not been in love with Haworth, had never intended to marry him. Nevertheless, she and Haworth had been obviously on terms of intimacy. That intimacy could not have been completely shattered and its pieces blown into oblivion by Haworth's conduct at the Merrygoround last night.

According to Ryan last night and to the papers this morning, she had wanted to protect Haworth from his own quarrelsome mood. So it was a bit shocking for her to speak with callous levity this morning. But that her levity was assumed was part of the hard-boiled mask she wore, he realized from her next words.

"Then you don't like it at all," she said. "Sim, I want to see you."

"Yes?" he said uncertainly.

"What about luncheon?" she asked.

TRENNA would perhaps be expecting him; last night she had uttered the few words that erased memory of past quarrels, of her brief engagement to Haworth. She'd want to see him and heaven knew he was anxious to see her, to hold her in his arms and murmur not merely endearments but assurance in her ears. But Lisa might have something of interest to say.

"Okay," he said.

"You hide your enthusiasm well," she told him.

"Sorry. Do you feel much yourself?"

"I suppose not," she admitted. "What about the Colony?"

"Why not the steps of City Hall?" he asked. "Can't we have a little privacy?"

She suggested a less well-known restaurant on the upper East Side, and he agreed to meet her there at one-thirty. Hanging up the telephone, he waited a moment, then called Trenna's number. Her maid answered.

"Miss Plaice is still asleep, Mr. Sturdevant. Do you want me to wake her?"

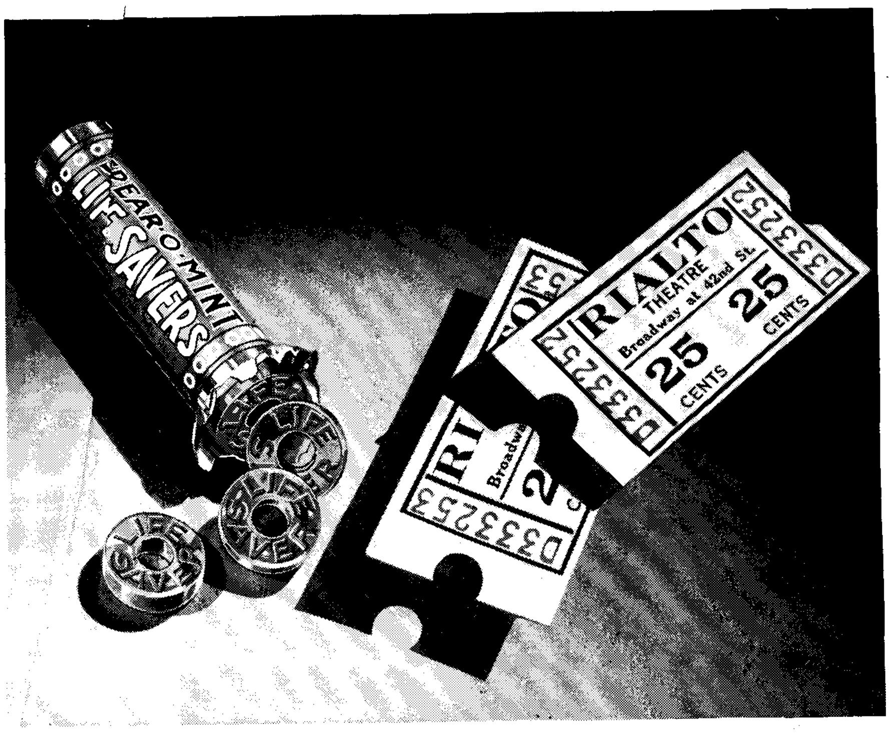
"Lord, no. Tell her I called and will ring again."

Then, with a word to Dexter, to the effect that he could be reached at his office, he went downstairs. Reporters and cameramen instantly besieged him. He held up a hand.

"Gentlemen, I want to be helpful.

(Continued on page 56)

THREE TICKETS . . . TO "REEL" ENJOYMINT



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DEALERS

"WHERE TO BUY IT"

(*Continued from page 55*)

But I told my story last night and there isn't a single thing to add to it."

"What about pictures?" asked a cameraman.

He stood there on the sidewalk while they snapped him. With better good humor, but with complete firmness, he reiterated that he had nothing to add to his statement of last night to the police. Reluctantly they permitted him to step into a taxi. He rode directly to his office on Forty-sixth Street just off Fifth Avenue. The elevator starter, the operator of the machine in which he rode to the twelfth floor, passengers who knew him by sight: to their stares he paid no apparent attention. But he was red to the ears as he walked down a corridor to his office.

Every paper in New York had printed his photograph; for a long time to come he would be pointed out as one involved in the mystery of Haworth's murder. Resentment came to him.

He threw open his office door. His secretary, a drab woman in middle life, greeted him tremulously.

"There's a man in your private office. I think he's a policeman, Mr. Sturdevant. Oh, you aren't in any trouble, are you?" Behind her glasses tears gleamed in her eyes.

"I don't see how I can be," he replied. "If you didn't do a thing you can't very well be punished for it, can you?"

He entered his private office. Sergeant Wilcox looked up from where he sat in a chair by Sturdevant's desk.

"Well, how's your conscience?" he greeted Sturdevant.

"Bad. I feel like confessing everything," said Sturdevant.

"NOW that's what I call swell of you," beamed the dapper little sergeant. "The commissioner is raising plenty hell today. Here we are with three dandy suspects and not an arrest. Well, go ahead with your confession. It'll make a lieutenant out of me."

"Isn't that wonderful," said Sturdevant. "Listen, Sergeant, I think you're a nice chap. I'd like to see you made a captain. But I don't think I'll be able to help you."

"Oh, yes, you will," grinned Wilcox. "One little thing I wanted to check up with you. You walked from the Merrygoround to Gramercy Park. Which way did you go?"

"I crossed Fifty-third Street to Fifth Avenue, went down Fifth to Madison Square, turned east there to Fourth Avenue, walked down Fourth to Twenty-third, along Twenty-third to Lexington, and then south to my apartment."

"Didn't stop in anywhere for a drink or a cup of coffee?"

Sturdevant shook his head.

"And you don't know what time you got home?"

Sturdevant shook his head again.

"I'd say it was about forty or fifty minutes after I left the Merrygoround."

"And you left there a little after eleven-thirty. Say around twelve-thirty. Think that's about right?"

"I imagine so," said Sturdevant.

"And your servant doesn't know whether you were in or not?"

"I haven't even asked him," said Sturdevant.

"Neither have I—yet," said Wilcox. "You offered to take Inez Johnson home, didn't you?"

Sturdevant nodded.

"Why was she going home a little after eleven?" asked Wilcox.

Sturdevant's eyes widened.

"I hadn't thought of that," he replied.

"Oh, come on now," laughed Wilcox. "Last night wasn't your first visit to a night club. You know that they put on a show at seven that runs until eight-thirty; they put on another, at the Merrygoround, to catch the people who went early to the pictures, at about ten. That one ends about eleven. A short show. Then they put on the regular show at about half past twelve. Why would you be offering to take her home before that third show?"

Sturdevant laughed.

"Politeness obliterated memory," he replied.

"Swell language you use," grinned the sergeant. "That's okay for you. But what about little Inez?"

"I'm sure I don't know what you're driving at," said Sturdevant.

"She went to her boss and asked for the rest of the night off. Said she was too upset to sing. Says she went home and went straight to bed. Did she tell you who she was going with?"

Sturdevant wrinkled his brows.

"Seems to me she said that one of the girls in the show lived with her and would go home with her."

"That girl didn't," said Wilcox. "No one in the building where she lives seems to know what time she got home. She was in bed at two-thirty when her friend got home, but there's no one to tell what time she got there. You people that live in these low walk-up apartments give me a pain in the neck. No elevator men to keep tabs on you."

"So she lives in a walk-up, eh?" commented Sturdevant.

"You didn't know?" inquired the sergeant.

"Certainly not. I haven't an idea where she lives," said Sturdevant.

"One of those cunning little places on West Fortieth, over by the river. You ought to see it sometime."

"I'll remember to," said Sturdevant.

"A nice little doll," said Wilcox. "Not as gorgeous as Miss Plaice nor as swell as Miss Bellwood, but a cute trick. Very cute. And you didn't take her home?"

"Sergeant, what's on your mind?" asked Sturdevant, a trifle angry.

"Who? Me? My mind? Why, nothing at all, but the classiest little murder that's been pulled in New York in years. That's all. What did you think I was worrying about?"

"I hadn't an idea," chuckled Sturdevant.

Wilcox rose to his feet.

"Well, the Johnson says you didn't take her home and you say you didn't take her home, so what's a poor sergeant of detectives to think?"

"That we both lie," suggested Sturdevant.

"And that's a thought that I'll keep in my mind," promised Wilcox. "Well, I'll be seeing you."

"I suppose you will," said Sturdevant.

His eyes narrowed as he watched the jaunty figure of the sergeant pass through the door of his private office. What was on Wilcox's mind now? Was he trying to add another suspect to the trio he already had? But that was absurd. If Trenna Plaice was not the kind to commit murder, no more was the pert little Inez. And she had nothing against Haworth except his insistent wooing, and that surely was not enough to incite a blues singer, used to men who quickly declared their amorous intentions, to violence.

THE telephone aroused him from his pondering. His secretary told him that Granby was on the wire and he ordered her to switch his lawyer on.

"How are things this morning?" asked Granby.

"Sergeant Wilcox just left. Seems anxious to know whether I went home after I left the Merrygoround last night, or not."

"The police will remain anxious until they've solved the case," said Granby. "Have you seen Miss Plaice this morning?"

"She was asleep when I phoned."

"The same here."

Sturdevant lowered his voice:

"Lisa Bellwood wants to see me; I'm lunching with her."

"I wouldn't do that," advised Granby. "You're both suspected and for you to meet each other isn't sensible. Don't meet her."

"I want to," said Sturdevant.

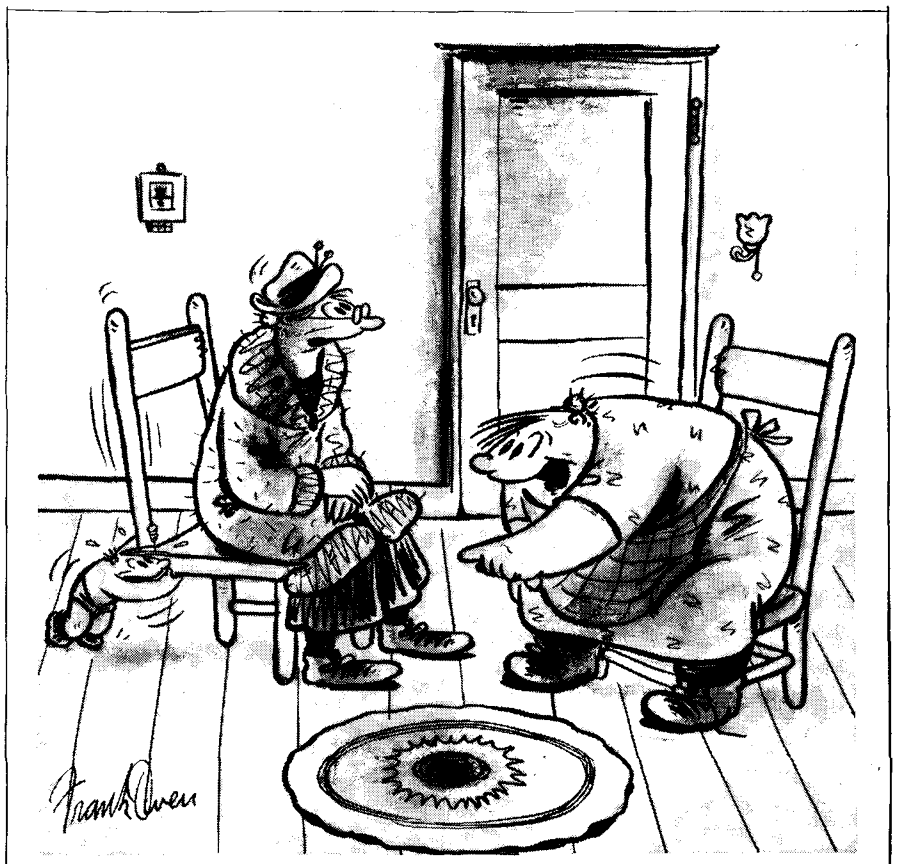
"Am I your lawyer?" cried Granby.

"Am I your client?" chuckled Sturdevant.

"All right, you idiot, lunch with her. But remember that I told you not to."

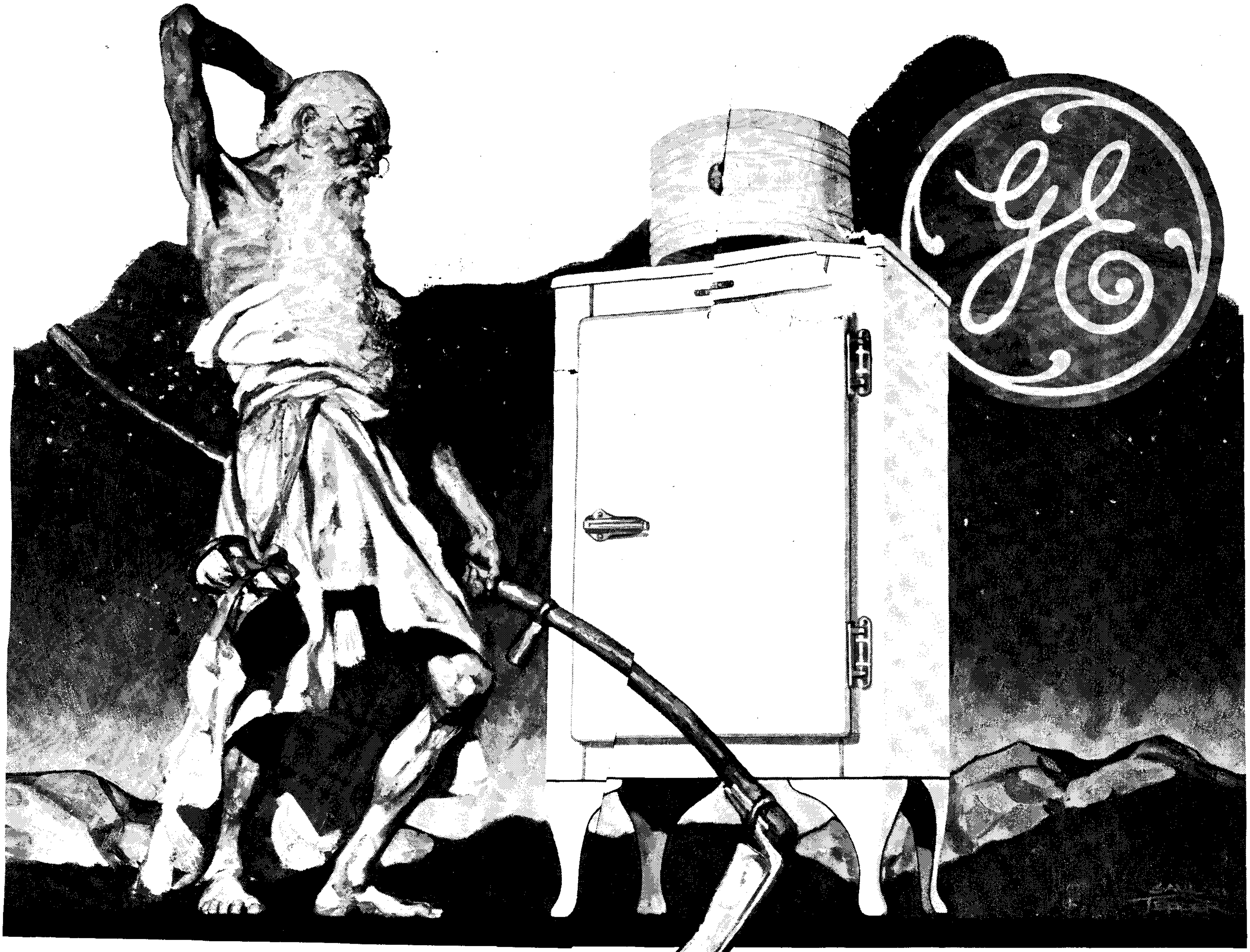
"I'll never forget," laughed Sturdevant.

(*To be continued next week*)



"Hold steady, honey, an' the next time Aunt Sarah comes Papa'll have the chair fixed!"

FRANK OWEN



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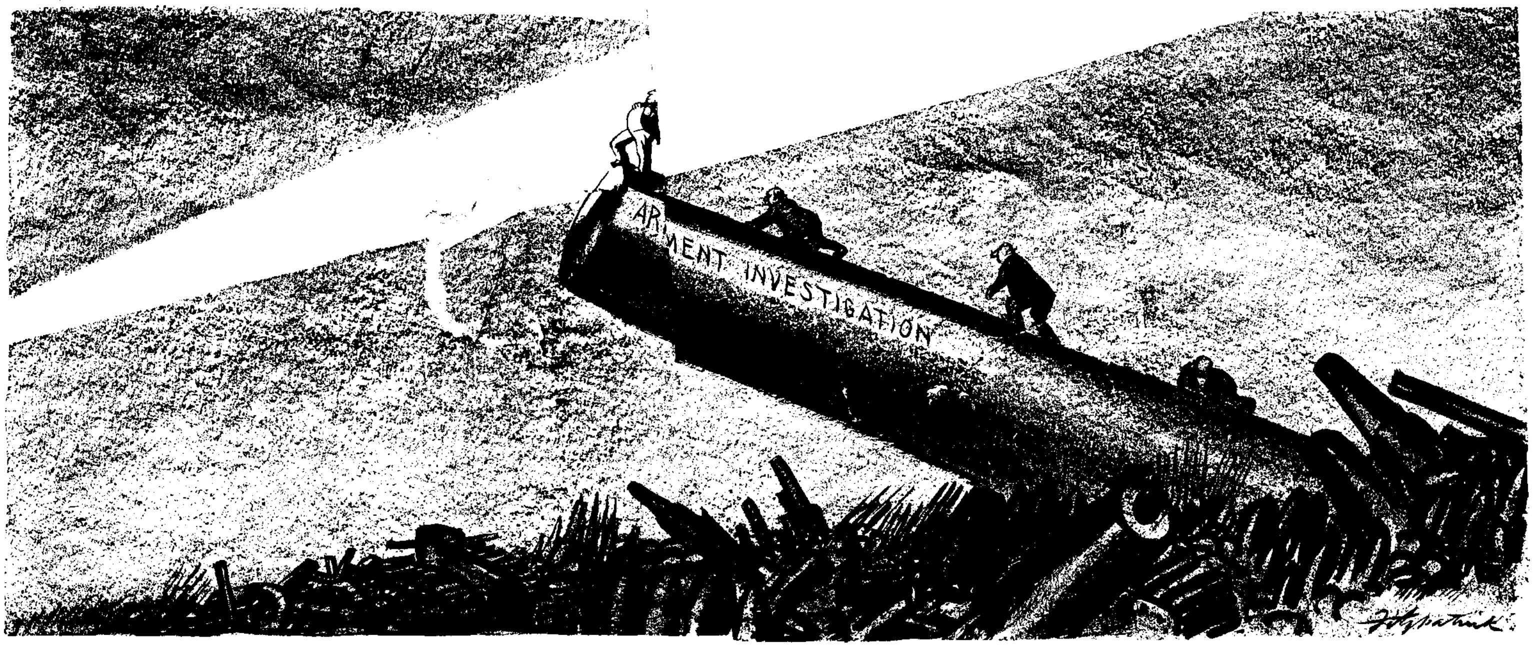

Yellow Journalism in the Senate

A GREAT cause has been ill served by the preliminary hearings of the Senate Munitions Investigation Committee. Members of the Committee have said that publicity was necessary in order to persuade the next Congress to make a large appropriation for a more searching inquiry. So without adequate preparations they staged their publicity show. The control of armaments is too vital an issue to be put in jeopardy even by senators in search of appropriations.

An intelligent investigation of the munitions industry can be of vast service to the United States and to the world. Our government and all governments have purchased material designed to be used for the national defense from private manufacturers. The munitions makers have of necessity had peculiarly intimate and often secret relationships with our government and with other governments.

It should be highly useful to examine and to consider publicly these relationships. For many years responsibility for fomenting wars has been imputed to the munitions industry. A searching inquiry might establish the truth or falsity of this belief. Whatever the facts are they should be publicly recorded.

The actual record of the first hearing, however, was a shocking example of political irresponsibility. The worst chapters of yellow journalism reveal no more frivolous attempt to exploit great names. Not even King George escaped the Committee's sensation-mongering. It was proved that the reigning British monarch had entertained a Polish diplomat. Somebody thought that the King was trying to wangle an order for the English munitions makers.

The names of various South American officials were light-heartedly and light-headedly brought into the inquiry. The natural result was to stir up a vast irritation among South Americans against the United States. The Buenos Aires nespaper, Nacion, remarked editorially:

"In the atmosphere of scandal which has been created around the United States Senate Committee the mere mention of any name, even if not connected with anything improper, is enough to cause the name to assume a dishonorable character in the public imagination. A large umber of honest officials in the line of duty ave had to treat with the representatives o munitions factories. No matter how honorable their dealings were, the mention of teir names will tarnish their reputations."

This is a true and a modrate comment. Cordell Hull, Secretary of tate, brought the complaints of foreigners to the attention of the Senate Committe. The Committee undertook later not to give out the names of men mentioned in a letter referring to a South American transaction. Instantly the newspaper reportes protested. The senators were in a quandary. They found it difficult to please both the reporters and the State Department.

That an important government inquiry should be conducted for the purpose of providing daily journalistic sensations is not reassuring. This Committee, however, has frankly chosen publicity. The Committee refrained from employing a lawyer to take charge of its investigation because some of the senators wanted personally to question the witnesses. The senators craved the newspaper credit which might otherwise have gone to the examiner. Yet they represent what was once called the most dignified deliberative assembly in the world!

Yellow journalism is not good enough for the Senate or for the country. The control of armaments must not be deferred. It will be indefinitely delayed if by incompetence or unfairness the Senate Committee discredits the inquiry. Already enough irritation has been aroused in various countries to increase immeasurably the difficulties of bringing about an international agreement. Without international agreement there will not be any control of armaments.

Hitherto we have relied largely upon manufacturers to supply munitions when we needed the implements of war. Perhaps the manufacture of munitions ought not to be a private business. Munitions-making may be an enterprise which can be more properly conducted by governments.

So long, however, as munitions-making is a private industry, it will be conducted in accordance with the traditions and rules of private business. It will seek export markets and it will be aided by governments and by public opinion in its search for foreign trade. Perhaps we have arrived at the point at which as a nation we prefer to abandon the profits of this export business. If we have, the decision will be a new one. Surely, however, the matter should be considered carefully.

Public opinion in the United States and in many European countries is profoundly concerned in laying a firm foundation for enduring peace. Everything practicable should be done to accomplish this honorable purpose. Rightly conducted, the Senate arms inquiry can be made to contribute mightily to this end.

Worse than nothing will result, however, from irresponsible headline hunting. Certainly good will toward the United States will not be developed by the publication of gossipy letters imputing dishonor to the representatives of other nations.

Surely full consideration of all the circumstances should be made before a committee of our Senate ventures to hold up to contempt officials of governments in South America, Europe and Asia. We might, in fact, obey the Biblical injunction concerning the mote and the beam. When our own thinking is straight and our behavior correct, we shall be better prepared to act as a censor of morals for the world at large.

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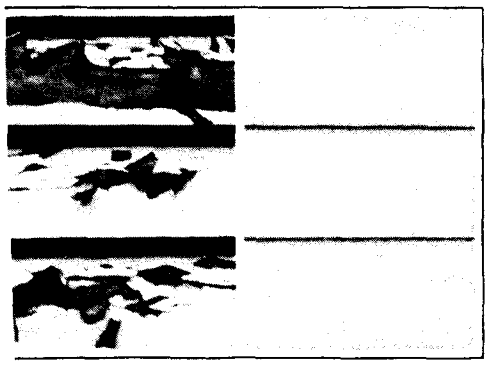

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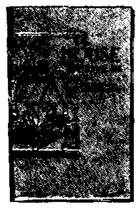
Same type of house in same middle Western city as "cheap" job. Cost, $175. Paint still good after 4 years. Yearly cost to date . . . only $44. And no burning and scraping to pay for — when repainting is done.



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Figures Tell the Story

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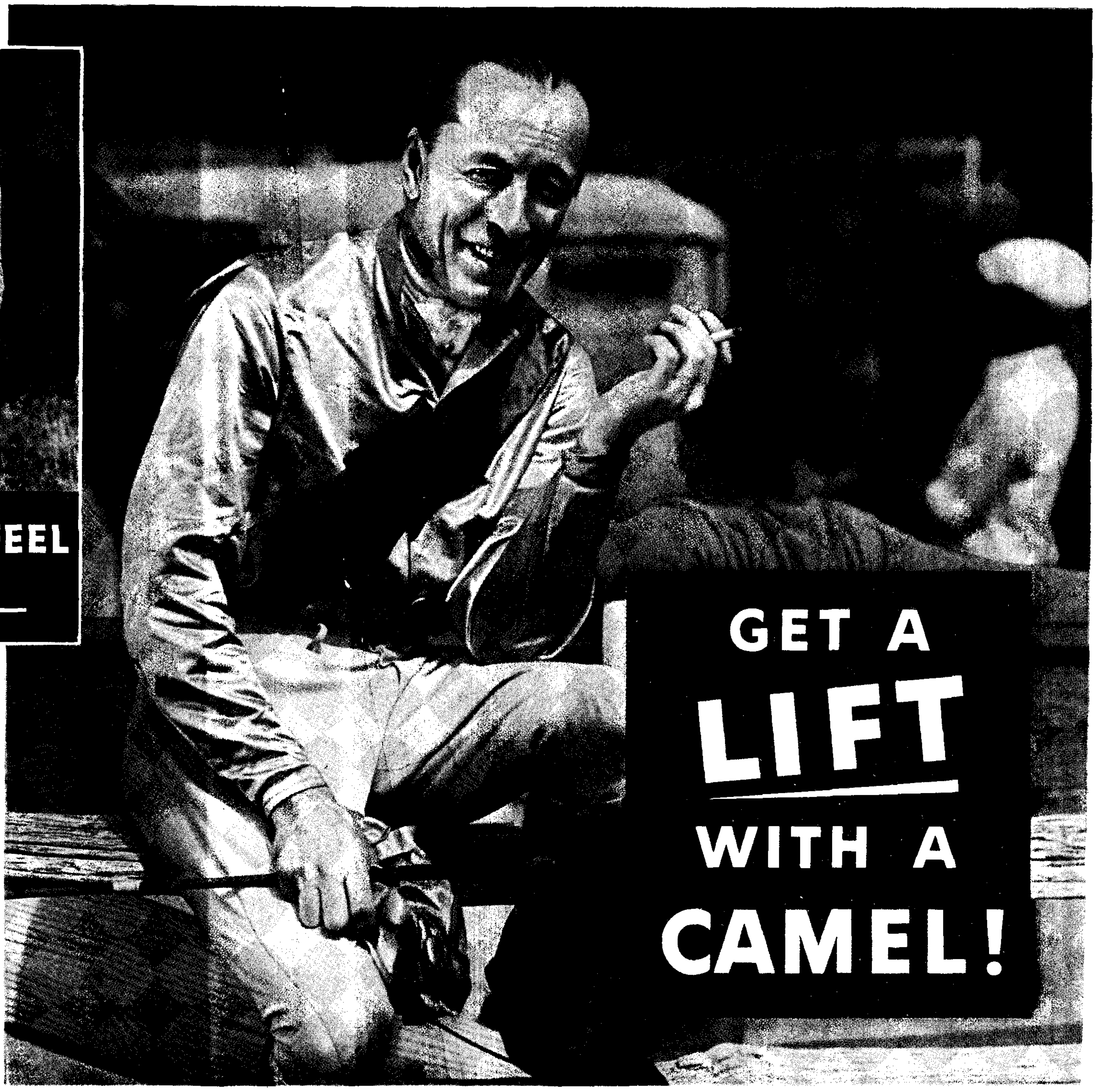

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HAVE YOU TRIED THIS ENJOYABLE WAY OF HEIGHTENING ENERGY?

MRS. CHARLES DALY, housewife, says: "Camels pick up my energy . . . and have a mild, delicate flavor that a woman likes."

REX BEACH, famous sportsman, says: "When I've gotten a big game fish landed I light a Camel, and feel as good as new."

As this magazine goes to press, reports pour in from all parts of the country . . . showing that thousands of smokers are turning to Camels . . . and that they *do* "get a lift with a Camel."

Here's a typical experience. Mr. Crawford Burton, the famous American steeplechase rider, is speaking:

"Whether I'm tired from riding a hard race or from the pressure and tension of a crowded business day, I feel refreshed and restored just as soon as I get a chance to smoke a Camel. So I'm a pretty incessant smoker, not only because Camels give me a 'lift' in energy, but because they *taste so good!* And never yet have Camels upset my nerves."

You have heard the experience of others. Science tells us that Camel's "energizing effect" has been fully confirmed.

So try Camels yourself. You can smoke as many as you like. For Camels are made from finer and MORE EXPENSIVE TOBACCOS. They never taste flat . . . never get on your nerves.

ALL TOBACC
MEN KNOW

"Camels are made fro
finer, MORE EXPENSIV
TOBACCOS—*Turkish an*
Domestic—than any oth
popular brand."

Camel's costlier Tobaccos never get on your Nerves

CAMEL
TURKISH & DOMESTIC BLEND CIGARETTES
CHOICE QUALITY